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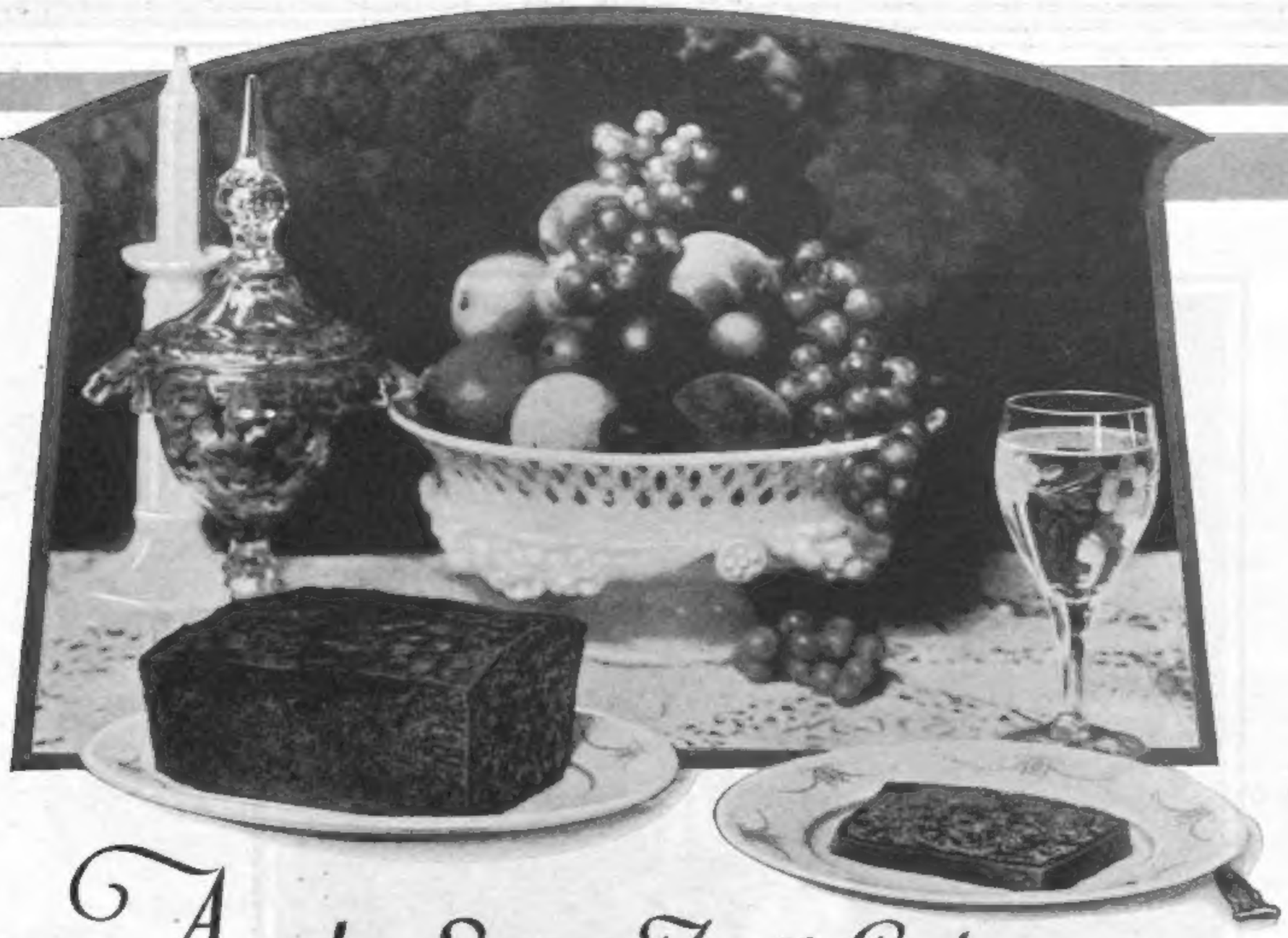

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WHY I AM A STANDPATTER

By JAY E. HOUSE

ILLUSTRATED BY RAY ROHN

IN POLITICS I am a standpat Republican. Conceivably I might be a Democrat. For me a calm and tempered outlook on life has served to bridge many of the political animosities bequeathed to me by a line of fighting Republican forebears. I can look upon a Democrat without being stirred by any of the more violent emotions. I have upon occasion, particularly within the ten years last past, voted the Democratic ticket. But it is inconceivable that I could be anything but a standpatter. And I wish to say in the beginning of this frank, friendly and intimate discussion of the matter that I am not defending the fact that I am a standpatter. Still less do I apologize for my faith. I am boasting of it. To me it is the Croix de Guerre. I wear it as proudly as I should wear a decoration won on the field of battle.

My one regret is that I did not have opportunity to write this story half a dozen years ago. As it is, my frank and open confession will shock a great many excellent persons. But had it been written six years ago, or ten years ago, it would have shocked hundreds of thousands, whereas it will now shock only thousands. I get much of my superabundant joy in life from violent contacts with the preconceived stupidities and bromidic asseverations of my fellow citizens. I should have loved to write this story half a dozen years ago, but the pleasure was denied me. To be a standpatter is no longer so disreputable as it was. The fact is, we recently elected a standpatter President of the United States. To be sure, he did not come right out and say he was a standpatter, but the story was told on him and it never was denied. It is now conceded, even by foremost progressives, that a standpatter may be an excellent, if misguided citizen. It was not always so. Over a considerable stretch of our more recent political history the word "standpatter" was considered an opprobrious epithet and was so employed. It was the last word in the expression of contumely. It was a scarlet letter. Men who were good standpatters at heart shrank from the brand it laid upon them. In the secret recesses of the polling places they upheld their faith, but they shrank from the odium a public confession of it would have entailed.

When Standpatters Were Outlaws

THE terms "standpatter" and "progressive" are fixed in the nomenclature of a nation. For a dozen years they have been approached familiarly and employed promiscuously by the entire voting population. But, curiously enough, I have never been able to wring from any authority, self-constituted or otherwise, an exact definition of either. I have tried many times. I have besought people to tell me; I have dared them to do it. I have endeavored to learn why a standpatter is regarded as an outlaw and a progressive as a noble and inspiring citizen. I have wanted to know exactly where standpattism ceased and progressivism began. No two persons seemed to agree as to the answer. And so I have been compelled to coin my own definition. I shall express it symbolically. I have said I coined my own definition. As a matter of fact I appropriated it. I got it from my friend, Cullen Cain. Cain and I were discussing the differences between the Eastern and Western types of American citizen.

"It is this," quoth Cain: "When an Eastern man discovers a beautiful tree he sits down in its shade and enjoys the view. When a Western man discovers a beautiful tree he gets an ax and chops it down."

The standpatter is content to sit down in the shade of the tree. The progressive wants to chop it down.

Speaking broadly, there is but one type of standpatter. To him the party is a fetish. His faith as to the future and his pride in his country are expressed in the regularity with which he votes his party ticket. There are half a dozen kinds of progressives, but the three marked types are the professional progressive, the constitutional progressive and the earnest progressive. The professional progressive is the gentleman who hopes to profit personally by the rookus. Skilled, as a rule, in the strategy of politics, and not infrequently gifted as a rabble rouser, he puts out the poison and then appoints himself commander in chief of the expedition formed to stamp out the infection. The constitutional progressive, usually an amiable gentleman and a good fellow, becomes one because he wants to ride in the parade. He has the instinct for action and is allured by noisy demonstration. When a procession forms he joins it. He doesn't care particularly where it is going. He just wants to be on the way. The earnest progressive is, generally speaking, a top-hole citizen. He is honest and conscientious and has ideals he hopes to see worked out in the administration of government. Usually unlettered in the practical details of politics and a stranger to the actual processes of administration, he cannot understand why his ideals of government cannot be attained by the purely human agents to whom they are intrusted. He never studies the motivation of a movement. Likely he wouldn't understand it if he did. He joins it in the hope that it will realize some of his ideals.

I suppose in the beginning I was a standpatter from instinct. I dislike the mob motif in governmental affairs, and the bunk and bathos which inspire and carry it along. Every progressive movement starts from mob formation. Eventually if it gets anywhere it is disciplined into compact marching order. I saw the first mob start; I didn't like its methods and so my instinct was to stand pat. But an extended and careful study of various progressive movements led me to a conclusion. It is that if a thing needs very badly to be done, or if it must be done, a standpatter must do it. And so I became a standpatter from conviction.

The Standpatter is Content to Sit in the Shade of the Tree. The Progressive Wants to Chop it Down

Strong on Parades but Weak on Work

ONE progressive is worth ten standpatters in the matter of lining up and starting a parade. But it is my observation that when there is work to be done the progressive either is riding with the procession that has just passed or is engaged in forming another, headed in an entirely different direction. And every progressive movement is handicapped and to some extent discredited by the caliber and character of its camp followers. In the nature of things it attracts every visionary, every zealot, every impracticable, every inefficient and every featherhead within the range of its operation. Those whose ambition for political preferment has been rebuffed or rejected flock to it. Many creditable progressive movements bog down far short of their objective under the weight of the motley crew they carry.

The preceding observations are submitted as the husk of this argument. We are, so to speak, down to the white meat. From now on, in a sketchy sort of way, I purpose tracing certain of the significant incidents of the so-called progressive movement in the state with which I am most familiar. From time to time, and under the disguise of an alias, I shall present an authentic political character.

There is, it seems to me, a very important task lying fallow to the hand of the first fairly efficient writing man who

can find time to perform it. It is something more than a task; it is an obligation. The obligation is that of interpreting, without heat and without bias, the politics of this country to the people of this country. I know of no other subject upon which there is so much popular misconception or which receives so much prejudiced exploitation. The trouble has been that those who, by reason of their eminence and their ability to reach great numbers of people through unbiased mediums, are best situated to write the truth of politics, know nothing about politics. Those who know the real truth about politics can't write.

I am only an indifferent writing man, but I know something of politics. As long ago as 1892 I sat as a delegate in the Republican convention which nominated a candidate for Congress in my district. I cast my first vote in the succeeding election. That I had not voted earlier was due to an incident of birth over which I had no control. I've been on the side lines of politics ever since. I have no illusions concerning politics and no partisan or factional emotions to be stirred to violence; I have no hallucinations on the subject of idealistic government. Better still, I have no grievance of any sort against politics or politicians.

To the mind of the average voter politics presents the aspect of a dark and mysterious proceeding for the control of government, which has been conceived in sin and is conducted in iniquity. To that type of mind the politician—particularly the politician of the so-called standpat variety—is a low, disreputable person who is out to loot the Government. As a matter of fact politics is organized effort, plus as much emotion, or as much venom, as can be stirred to life in the breast of the voter. Politics is exactly as respectable as business or society. Disreputable characters get into every expression of human activity. As elsewhere, they get into politics. Sometimes they clean up in politics. But the average politician is as honest as the average business man. As a rule he pays more attention to keeping his word than the man who blindly criticizes him. And he is not, taking him by and large, out to loot the Government. He is out to win the election.

Pulls in Politics and Elsewhere

THERE is pull in politics and there is pull in business and in our varied social relations. The man who can exert influence, or who boosts your game, or who comes to you with impeccable credentials has a little the best of it. He is favored above the average of his kind and in proportion to the pull he is able to exert. It is the net effect of the purely human element on the affairs of men. The human element is the false reckoning in the computation of those who believe some favored scheme or plan will bring about ideal government. They fail to take into account the fact that their plan, or scheme, must be administered by plain, plug, two-legged men who are prone to err, and who are susceptible, in greater or lesser degree, to all the cross currents brought to bear upon them.

In the city in which I now live I am an unknown. When I go into the box office of a theater to buy tickets to the performance I take what I can get, which is, ordinarily, the leavings. But the advertising manager of the newspaper on which I am employed is assured of choice seats any time he cares to attend the theater. He is in position to exert a certain influence on the business of the theater. He has a pull. By comparison, I get somewhat the worse of it.

One morning last June I stood in the lobby of a Chicago hotel wiping away the perspiration which copiously bedewed my brow. Physically and mentally I was in a sweat. The Republican National Convention was at perihelion. I knew that, come night, it would fade from its firmament. I wanted very much to leave Chicago that night on a certain train routed over one of the transcontinental railway lines. So, apparently, did everybody else. The chance that I should be able to secure a berth was so remote as to be negligible. I had contemplated the long lines in front of the ticket windows in dismay and with a very pronounced aversion to fighting my way through them to the portcullis.

As I stood there prickling physically and mentally the general solicitor and the general passenger agent of the line came along. They were both old and intimate friends. The general passenger agent and I had been golfing partners on many occasions. We had all belonged to the same social circle and the same clubs. I told them of my dilemma, and the general passenger agent went to the telephone. In three minutes he had secured a berth for me on the train I desired to take, had made notation as to number of berth and car, and had rejoined me. I had exerted a pull. It was one based wholly on friendship and the social relation, but it gave me a very decided advantage over the man who did not have a close personal acquaintance with that general passenger agent.

Once when I was in public office it was bruited about that I intended to fire Sam Smith. And I did intend to do that very thing. Sam was a policeman. No grievous offense of omission or commission was marked against his record. He was just lazy and lacking somewhat in general efficiency.

Dick Hoskins heard about it and came over to see me. Dick was one of my most zealous supporters and had contributed much to my election.

"I wish," he said, "you wouldn't fire Sam if you can see your way clear to keep him. I am under obligations to him."

Dick had a pull. I didn't fire Sam. Probably it was just as well. Likely the man I should have appointed in his place would have been no more efficient than Sam. It is possible he would have been less efficient.

I think the thing I most deeply resent in the progressive is the fiction of nobility, uprightness and deep concern for the rights of the people, under which he conceals his political activities. His calm assumption of superiority irks me. I am a decent citizen. I am as much interested in clean and efficient government as any man and would go as far to realize it. But every so-called progressive movement I have known functioned largely upon an unguent composed in about equal parts of bunk and bathos. Now the standpatter is not above the use of bunk and bathos, particularly in the heat of battle. They have become standard emollients of politics. They are medicaments designed to stir the emotions of the voters, and no political faction scorns their use. But the standpatter employs bunk and bathos as medicaments. He does not make a ritual of them. As far as method is concerned, every political organization, no matter what its alias, employs the same tactics. It has the same end in view—that of winning the election. And every political movement, no matter what its colors, is bossed by a boss or a set of bosses. The sovereign voter has the option of picking his boss. Except for observing the formality of going to the polls on election day, that lets him out.

In our state the campaign of 1910 found the people in the saddle. The Republican Party was cracking at the core and the progressive faction had swept the primaries, nominating its candidate for governor, several aspirants for Congress and all its candidates for the minor state offices. The party council, at which a platform and a battle cry would be adopted, was to meet within the week. It was heralded by the progressive press and such of the progressive statesmen as reluctantly allowed themselves to be quoted as an unbridled and unbossed convention of the people, which would meet in solemn conclave and enunciate a clarion call to political righteousness. The language is mine. None of the progressive statesmen I have known have flung a particularly vivid phraseology. But the idea was theirs and it was accepted as gospel by many excellent citizens, some of whom still accept it.

One afternoon, four or five days prior to the date of the convention, Dudley Pitcairn Ellis came into my room in the newspaper office and sat down to exchange quip and persiflage for such ingredients of conversation as I had in stock. Dudley Pitcairn Ellis has been the high priest of every progressive movement unleashed in the state. He is the authorized voice and interpreter of every beautiful prospect unfolded to its voters. And he is much more than the high priest of mere state movements. He is a distinguished writing man with an established reputation on two continents, and he is something approximating a national figure in politics.

Dudley Pitcairn Ellis—everybody calls him Dud—is quite a fellow. I have a tremendous admiration and a genuine fondness for the man. He is honest, sincere, indefatigably in earnest and entirely unselfish in his political activities. I don't know a finer citizen or a better fellow. But, as I see the light, he is always wrong politically. Every two years he directs the attention of the voters to a new set of vital and burning issues. And most of the vital, burning issues to which he has directed attention in the past fifteen years are either dead and forgotten, or are dull coals buried in the ashes of yesterday.

Unbridled and Unbossed

PRESENTLY, after Dud and I had exchanged the customary amenities and asperities, I leaned forward and said to him: "I hear an unbossed and unbridled convention of the people is to be held in this city next week. You are pretty close to the people. Have you any notion as to what they will say touching the great issues of the day? And have you any idea as to their attitude toward the infection that is now eating at the roots of the Republican Party?"

"I think I can tell you about what the people will say," he replied.

And he went over the impending platform, plank by plank, and enlightened me both as to its substance and its phraseology. President Taft already was a bone of contention in the party. I asked him what the people would say about the President.

"Well," he said, "the indorsement of the President will be mild—very mild."

It was. He also told me the name of the temporary and permanent chairmen of the convention and indicated those who would sit on the committee on resolutions.

I learned later the truth of that which I suspected at the moment. Dud had the platform in his inside pocket. He had written it at home and had come to the state capital to confer with two or three of the progressive bosses as to certain moot points. When it was offered for adoption the unbridled and unbossed convention accepted it without a murmur.

When I Found Two or Three Progressive Bosses With Their Heads Together I Knew the People Were About to Demand Another Great Reform

(Continued on Page 102)

LIKE A TREE

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

"Don't You Ever Want to Get Out, Margie? You Satisfied to Go On Like This Always?"

HALFWAY across the sloping field Luke MacNaughten lifted his glance from the furrow and saw her waiting for him at the fence, a figure somehow distinct and salient against a background of dulled autumn color in tune with the heather tone of her dress. In spite of the distance he was conscious of her erectness, the confident, almost impatient carriage of her shoulders, and it was not altogether the plow's demand for close attention which brought his eyes back to the gashed soil and the slow, toiling hoofs.

There was a reproach in her presence, he realized; a reminder that he had scarcely seen her since she had come back to the glen for her vacation. He was suddenly uneasy, defensive, assuring himself that Emily understood; that she would not have wanted him to come under the circumstances. She knew how much he had to do now, and how little time in which to do it. The relentlessness of the farm mechanism was as familiar to her as to Luke himself. He didn't have to tell her that sickness and death couldn't be allowed to interfere with it.

And yet the fact that she had crossed the fields from her father's farm to see him, knowing that she would find him here at the plow, persistently suggested a failure on her part to feel the pressure which drove him. And if she didn't understand, he told himself, she had a right to feel hurt at what must seem neglect.

He turned and stopped at the field's edge, and his body, relaxed and pliant to the jolt and sway of the wheeled plow, straightened awkwardly as he slipped from the seat and moved toward her. He was suddenly uncomfortable in his coarse, stained work clothes. His feet stumbled over the loose earth, clumsy and heavy in the cowhide boots. He lifted a hand to the open throat of his shirt and buttoned the collar, awake to the contrast between them, a little ashamed that she should see him so.

"I walked over, Luke." He stiffened under the crisp, distinct speech, the direct, businesslike tone. "I had to see you, and it begins to look as if you'd have no time for me while I'm here."

He fumbled for words, and compromised on a gesture toward the red roof of the house, set in its border of dying leaves near the foot of the slope.

"Oh, I know it's not your fault, of course! Don't misunderstand! But we've got to talk, Luke." Her tone softened, lowered. "How is he?"

He shrugged.

"About the same, the doctor says. Just old age, you know. He's eighty-two."

She nodded, a shadow in her look.

"Does he—does he realize ——"

"Yes, he knows, all right—better than the doctor, I guess."

"How horrible!" He felt the pitying repulsion in her tone, and his eyes widened. Death was part of it all; you accepted it as you accepted everything else—the seasons, the weeds, the sun and rain. He did not share or understand her attitude, and she seemed to know that he did not. "I mean—to lie there, helpless, and watch it coming. It must be—terrible to die that way!"

"I don't know. He doesn't seem to mind it. He acts—well, sort of interested. Talks about it as if he kind of wanted to see what it's like." He hesitated, bashful before the confession of a fancy. "Makes me think of the time we bought the gas engine—he was curious to see how it worked."

She frowned a little, as if in rebuke for some callous levity.

"I wish you wouldn't speak of it like that. I'd rather not speak of it at all—or think about it. And after all, I came to talk about—us."

He kicked at the crumbling loam, his eyes evading hers. He'd been expecting this ever since she'd left the glen. It wasn't in reason to hope that she'd keep on feeling the same about him. Only—he wished that she'd wait. There was enough to think about now without that.

"We've got to look ahead now." Her voice was brisk again. "It won't be long before you're free to get away from this."

He met her eyes, surprised out of his timidity by the hint of a reprieve. They were soft and shining, and there was almost tenderness in the smile. The old wonder repossessed him, the awed contemplation of the miracle that Emily should care.

"It looks like it," he said, and a cloud seemed to move across a sunlit space as he remembered the means and price of his release. "I—I wish it didn't have to come this way, though," he added. "I'm going to miss him, Emily."

"Of course! I'll miss him, too. But we've got to face that anyway, and we've always foreseen this. You couldn't leave him before. I've admitted that right along, even if I've disagreed with you about not going to college when he'd have sent you. That's not the point. You're going to be free pretty soon. I want to discuss what you're going to do with your freedom when you get it. Have you thought it out?"

Again he stirred the soil with his foot.

"Some. I guess Uncle Wallace would give me a chance if I asked him. He talked some about it last time he was here."

She drew in her breath with an impatient sound.

"Is that all? You haven't made any plan? You haven't made up your mind to do some one thing?"

"How could I? All I know is farming. I'll have to begin all over again, whatever I do, won't I?"

Again her indrawn sigh rebuked him.

"Oh, Luke! Aren't you ever going to have any ambition? Don't you want to do something worth while with your life? You talk as if—as if it didn't matter whether you slaved away out here or threw yourself into something big, something splendid, and made your life count for something! That's been worrying me more and more. You're twenty-five ——"

"Twenty-six."

He put in the correction thoughtlessly, anxious only to break the flow of a familiar, deserved reproof.

"All the worse! When your Uncle Wallace was your age he'd already started in for himself. And your Uncle Joe was in the legislature before he was twenty-five. Why, Stow Barton's only twenty-five now, and he's assistant to the advertising manager in the biggest store in Bufort! And you haven't even made up your mind where to begin!"

He shook his head.

"I thought I'd ask Uncle Wallace. He said ——"

"Oh, I know! It's not that there's no chance for you—the country's full of chances for anybody who wants one. It's that you don't know what you want to do; that you haven't dreamed any dream, haven't got yourself awake to your possibilities. Ambition ——"

"You're my ambition," he cut in bluntly.

It was queerly hard for him to say such things to Emily. Even before she left the glen, while they were still on a footing of neighborly equality, his tongue had balked at compliment. She flushed.

"Yes, but that's not the end of it—or rather it is the end of it. I—I've believed in you, Luke, haven't I? I've waited and kept my faith because I've always seemed to know that—that you were worth it; that you'd wake up some day and do things that would make me proud of you. But if you don't, if I'm wrong about you, why, you aren't the man I've—I've cared for. Don't you see? If I'm mistaken about you ——"

"You're mixing things. It isn't what a fellow does that matters—it's what he is."

"They're the same thing. Oh, Luke, I'm beginning to be afraid! You—you'd be perfectly contented to settle down here in this deadly backwoods and waste your life running a little farm—the way your grandfather's wasted his! There! Think about that! Do you want to look back, when you're eighty, on a lifetime with nothing more in it than his? Why, you might as well be a tree!"

He glanced at the sun, his eye measuring its height with anxious accuracy. Even now, with the girl's vivid face kindling a slow fire in him, with her eager speech in his ears, he remembered uneasily the idle team, the acres still to be plowed and fitted and sown, the relentless, sinking sun.

She read the gesture truly.

"See? You can't help thinking about the petty farm routine when we're trying to settle your whole future—our future! Luke ——"

"I do one thing at a time mostly," he said, soberly defensive. "Right now I'm supposed to be a farmer, and I've got his job to do besides my own, you know. I never realized how much he did till he had to quit. But I guess I see what you mean, all right. I'll think about it, and maybe I can hit on something I'd like to do."

She spread her hands.

"Oh, it's no use—no use! You don't care, that's all! You don't know what ambition means! You'd be perfectly willing to stay right where you are ——"

"I would if you'd stay too."

"Yes, you'd even do that! You'd let me throw away all I've made of myself, let me drudge away in your kitchen till I died, if I'd do it! You don't care what happens to you—and you don't care what happens to me!"

His hands held her shoulders tightly.

"Look here, Emily—that's all wrong! You know it! Why, I'd do anything—anywhere for you. I'm crazy to—I'm so wild to begin living—it hasn't been living yet. Don't you ever think I'd let you spoil your life for me!"

"I didn't mean that, Luke. I'm sorry." She yielded to his kiss. "Only sometimes I think you can't care as much as I do."

"Don't ever think it again then! It's like this with me: I'm used to the farm. I don't know any other business. And it kind of scares me when I think about going up against a strange game. Those fellows know it like I know farming. It sort of frightens me."

She drew free, laughing.

"That's silly! Who makes the big success in the city? The farm boy, every time! Look at the big men in any line you like—politics, business, the professions—and you'll find that most of them began on farms, just the way you have. Look at me, for that matter! Didn't I grow up right here in the glen? And I haven't exactly failed, have I?"

"There's sense to that," he conceded. "I guess you're right. I never thought of it that way. Funny, too, when you look at it. Why should we make good, we farm boys?"

She laughed again.

"Oh, that's easy! The farm makes us used to work, for one thing—to long hours and precious little fun and less money. And it makes us healthy, too, and that counts."

"That's so. You make me feel a whole lot better, Emily. I was getting scared. You see, it's coming pretty close. He might go any minute now."

He looked down at the red roof, and caught a clear mental picture of the old man dying below it. As he gazed he saw the great bell tilt slowly in the open cupola above the kitchen wing. It had swung back and lifted again before the first somber boom came up over the plowed land. He had a sudden sense of guilt, as if his speech had in some mysterious fashion actuated the crisis which the three deep notes announced.

"That's for me," he said, turning. "He's worse."

As he spoke he stooped over the trace chains. When he had unhooked the team and straightened he saw her eyes, and was puzzled by them. There was dread in them—the queer, cold dread of death he had felt in her before. And below it he seemed to see something else—something which repelled him. It was almost triumph, as if she had fought for him against the old man down there; as if, now that she was winning, she was fiercely glad.

"I'll ride down," he announced curtly. "Come along?"

She shook her head quickly.

"Oh, no! I—I'd be in the way. Just thinking about it frightens me. I couldn't ——"

"All right." He felt suddenly superior, a man tolerating the witless terrors of a child. "I'll see you as soon as I can."

He did not look back as he rode, swinging to the reluctant, clumsy gait with which the great beast lowered its bulk down the slope. Always, till now, he had looked forward to his release with only the thought of Emily beyond it; always he had confused leaving the farm with the gain of her. Now, looking out over the lower hill and the broad, flat sweep of the bottom, the two ideas were sharply distinct and opposed. He was going to have Emily. But the thought had no time to fire him. His mind moved on to the price. He was going to pay something for her. He had never known this before.

II

THE power of old habit compelled him to see to his horses before he went to the house. It did not even occur to him to let them stand while he answered the summons of the bell. He could hear their jaws at work, deliberately, relentlessly, as he moved away from the stalls. The sound somehow continued the effect of the bell. Andrew MacNaughten was dying, after eighty years; but the farm went on, scarcely heeding. Luke remembered that four generations of MacNaughtens had lived in the house before old Andrew's turn. The same bell had called him and his father and his father's father in from the fields to watch death. There was a faint reassurance in the thought that it would never ring for Luke MacNaughten. He wondered, suddenly, where he would lie and look at death; he wondered whether he would face it as Andrew MacNaughten faced it.

His imagination, always an abashed, half-repressed intruder on his brain, drew a vague picture as he climbed the rise toward the house—a great, shadowy, stately room, darkened except for a splash of yellow light on white linen pillows, himself, full of years, against that background; figures of doctors and nurses in the shadow, and somewhere a woman's scream. Emily would be in another room, he thought; yes, and she'd scream when they told her. His mind snapped back to the present as he paused at the kitchen door to scrape his soles, the appetizing smell of simmering mutton in his nostrils, faint sounds from the room beyond—the old sitting room where they had set up Andrew MacNaughten's bed when he grew too feeble for the stair.

An unrecognized tension relaxed as he heard his grandfather's voice, clear and strong for all the lift into falsetto at the end:

"There's Luke now. Fetch him in. I want to talk to him."

Halfway across the kitchen Luke stopped short, startled by the unexpected appearance of Margie Toland in the doorway. For a moment the sight of her overrode the graver question. Ever since the quarrel over the line the Tolands had borne a grudge. Luke had rather enjoyed this. The winner earned his bite and the loser was entitled to his bark, in his philosophy. The cool nod, the reluctant frosted word with which Margie Toland acknowledged his existence were merely enduring tokens of the MacNaughten triumph in court—reminders that John Toland hadn't managed to shear away an inch of MacNaughten land. But to face the girl here and now was a sharp surprise, not wholly pleasant. He felt a sudden ugly suspicion—she might have come to gloat over a dying enemy.

But her look put an end to the thought. He recognized the sincerity of her concern. He met her eyes squarely and read them—straight, fearless eyes, which somehow reminded him of Emily's. He had an instant of wonder over this. The two women were utterly unlike, and yet for once he felt a resemblance. Perhaps it was a faint doubt, a reserved decision about Luke MacNaughten, which they shared. Emily had looked like that when she had challenged him for his plans a few minutes before.

"I heard the bell and knew it must mean he was worse," she explained. "I've got the car down at the wall, and I thought perhaps you'd be wanting to send word to town. I can go back just as well as not."

"Thanks, Margie. Neighborly of you. How does he seem?"

"He's weak, but that's all. I think he just wanted you. Go in. I'll wait out here. If you need the doctor I'll go."

He nodded and passed her. Aunt Allie Breck slipped out of the bedroom as he entered, jostling him in the doorway, her fixed habit of getting in the way as irritatingly in evidence in this somber moment as in her trivial housekeeping routine. He brushed past her and strode toward the high-posted bed, wondering dully why his grandfather's hair and beard should seem gray instead of white, and accounting for it methodically by the whiteness of the pillow which lifted the old head.

"Sit down, Luke. No need to fuss. I had Allie call you, but I'm good for a spell longer. I want to talk to you while my head's clear, that's all."

Obedience was old habit with Luke. He pulled a chair to the bedside and waited silently. Andrew MacNaughten's pauses required no prodding commonplaces. One waited while he arranged his words; one spoke when he demanded an answer, not otherwise.

"I guess you'll make out well enough most ways. You know the land and what it'll do. But there's more to farming than making crops." He hesitated longer than usual. "Kind of hard to get it into words—what I mean. Maybe you've felt it yourself. The land—some folks think it's just dirt; treat it that way. It ain't, Luke. It's us—all of us—not just you and me, but everybody. We all sort of root in it. Everything 't lives has to come out of it and go back to it. Understand?"

"Yes, sir."

Luke was a little puzzled that he should see so clearly into the labored thought. It seemed as if he had always felt a sort of respect for the soil—something like his feeling for his grandfather, indeed. It ruled him, demanding his service; but it fed him, housed and clad him too.

"Thought you did, but I wanted to be sure. Makes all the difference—how a man looks at the land. You can rob it if you want to—work it out in no time at all. Or you can treat it right—same as you'd take care of your body. We been farming this place a hundred and thirty years, and it's better land now than it was when old John MacNaughten cleared it. Treated it right. That's why."

He stopped again and seemed to consider. Luke waited, his interest wakened. This was all no more than a beginning, he understood. And he wondered what would follow, and how it would concern him and the future he was to construct for himself out of his freedom.

"Guess you understand without being told. But I mind my father telling me—forty years back. No harm in telling you, now your turn's coming. You never mind the crop—you think about the land. Treat it right and it'll take care of you." His lips lifted faintly at the corners of his mouth, his familiar, reluctant smile which he had always seemed to restrain. "Get to feeling as if you grew up out of it, as if you had roots down into it. Take care of it, Luke."

Luke nodded. His mind considered briefly a question in practical ethics; his grandfather clearly took it for granted that he meant to stay on and work the farm. Oughtn't he to say frankly that he had no such intention? Was it quite fair to let the old man deceive himself? It might make a difference in his will. Luke braced himself for the explanation.

"Grandfather, I ——"

"Don't talk, Luke. I can guess what you want to say. Get the Book and read a spell. Feel like it." He closed his eyes. "Read something about trees, Luke. Always liked the places where it talks about 'em."

Luke fumbled helplessly with the thin pages. His Sundays under the hair-splitting theology of Mr. Geikie had brought him no close acquaintance with the Bible for such a task as this. Something about trees—he tried to remember a passage, his mind suddenly blank. The old head moved slightly, a familiar gesture of impatience, admonition. He went to the door of the kitchen. The two women sat by the table, Aunt Allie in full current, gabbling happily, the girl listening, her face turned to the door. Luke answered the question in her glance.

"He wants a verse about trees and I can't think of one. I guess he's wandering a little. I've got to humor him anyway. Remember anything, Margie?"

"You might try the First Psalm," she said quickly.

He was puzzled at the sudden glow in her. All the hardness seemed to melt from her eyes, and her voice was warm and round and deep. He carried a new impression of her into the sick room. It was easy enough to find this place. He had known the books of the Bible by rote long before the multiplication table.

> And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

He lifted his glance from the print as if to verify a comparison suddenly recognized as apt. He felt that he had always thought of Andrew MacNaughten as like a tree, in his lean height and strength. The old man's words lent a fresh power to the figure. His love of the soil out of which he grew, his sense of debt toward it—he was like a tree now in his prone helplessness, Luke thought; seeming taller than ever, and straighter. The lips moved faintly, and Luke leaned close.

"Tom Farrell ——"

The voice drifted into silence. Luke saw that the old man slept. He laid the open book on the table and tiptoed out. Queer that his grandfather should have thought of Farrell. He'd always disliked the brisk, prosperous nurseryman; held aloof from his amiable advances with the grave, formal courtesy he reserved for men he preferred to keep at their distance. And now, on the edge of life, he interrupted the Word to name him. Probably, Luke thought, the word "tree" had suggested nurseries. He came into the kitchen quietly.

"Asleep," he whispered. "I guess he's all right for a while. No need to send for the doctor anyway."

Margie Toland moved toward the door. He followed, aware of a certain self-reproach, as if his brevity had been ungracious. On the gravel walk which dipped toward the retaining wall at the foot of the lawn he tried to make amends.

"I—I'd like for you to know that we appreciate this, Margie. The way things stand, it's more than we could expect ——"

She moved her head impatiently.

"Oh, don't! Let's forget that! We're neighbors."

Somehow the word pleased him. He nodded.

"Yes, that's right."

He held out his hand as if there had been a compact. She took it readily, returned a firm, brief pressure.

"Let us know if we can do anything. The telephone's working most of the time, and I can get to town in twenty minutes in the car."

He thanked her, vaguely displeased at the mention of the modern luxuries which Andrew MacNaughten had stubbornly refused to adopt. As she went down the walk he observed her dress for the first time, and found himself contrasting it with Emily's. He went back to the kitchen, dully puzzled before a divided mood. He'd never been at any pains to dislike Margie Toland before. Now, strangely, he felt a certain need of effort to accomplish it. He seemed to search for defects in her, to be glad that she looked awkward when he compared her with Emily.

He had the same feeling at daybreak when he faced her at the doorway of her father's kitchen and asked her to telephone for Doctor Carroll. When he came back to the bedside Aunt Allie wept noisily. And Andrew MacNaughten's lips lifted ever so little at the corners, as if he had tried not to smile over his final thought.

III

THE carriages and cars which filled the long, curved lane from retaining wall to road and flanked the white wooden fence provided Luke with a mild sense of pleasure. He had never seen a larger gathering at any of the funerals to which his grandfather had taken him, and the fact seemed to justify his private belief that Andrew MacNaughten had been a big man—a conviction which he had learned to distrust and suppress in Emily's company.

There had been, too, a perceptible flavor of condescension in the speech of his uncles during their stay at the farmhouse, under which Luke had felt a kind of helpless anger. He stood in frank awe of both of Andrew MacNaughten's surviving sons. They almost demanded it in their friendly patronage—men who wore their prosperity like a livery; who exhibited success and the consciousness thereof in tone and attitude and gesture. And yet, listening to their speech about their father, Luke had felt a dull hostility toward them; a sullen desire to tell them that Andrew MacNaughten had been worth them both, times over.

Of course he had held his tongue; had seemed to assent by silence to their tolerant admissions that there had been fine qualities in the man who lay still in the big, stiff, ceremonial parlor, admissions which clearly conveyed their opinion that he had been undeservedly lucky in his sons. But he was glad now that the whole glen had come to the funeral, because this in some degree refuted the unspoken criticism against which he had silently rebelled.

He stood with his uncles to greet them as they came, to mumble the formula of appreciation over and again. Now and then it was necessary to name a new arrival. He resented the pretense of recognition with which Wallace and Joseph MacNaughten welcomed such strangers. Somehow the triviality lessened his faith in them.

He resented, too, their tone with Emily—a manner which seemed to exclude him from the brief conversation, as if they had something in common which was denied to him. And her eager deference irritated him even more. She needn't have been quite so respectful, he thought, remembering her impatient half scorn of his grandfather. It was to Andrew MacNaughten's memory that respect was due this day, not to the magnificence of his sons. He felt a dim satisfaction when the Toland car turned into the drive. He would have liked to explain to his uncles that the Tolands' presence meant something; that even John Toland, who had hated Andrew MacNaughten alive, was constrained to do him honor now.

"Here come the Tolands," he whispered instead.

He saw both men stiffen a little, and was angry at them for it. He was angrier at their manner when John Toland, lean and gaunt and rugged in his dusty black, paused before them, his faded wife and Margie following. They managed to be offensive in their politeness, Luke felt—to let the Tolands see they were here on sufferance, intruders tolerated under a truce of mourning.

"Neighborly of you to come, Margie," he said softly when his turn came. "I guess he'd like to say so, if he could."

He saw a quick, fierce glow in her look; a surprise which pleased and puzzled him. Their hands met for a moment, and again he was conscious of the strength in hers.

He could not follow the discourse in the gloomy parlor. Mr. Geikie's sermons were always mathematical, exercises in logic. He spoke in the fashion of one who argues a difficult case and enjoys its difficulty. Luke's glance strayed about the room. He watched Wallace MacNaughten's impressively attentive face, pink and full fed and important above the careful linen; he surveyed his Uncle Joseph, carrying the dignity of his three terms in Congress as a man might bear a weight of medals, a plain hint of self-consciousness in the composure of his face. Slowly his antipathy hardened in him. They weren't thinking about their father. They were concerned with themselves, with what these neighbors thought about them. Showing off, he thought bitterly.

He couldn't see Emily; but now and again, as her father shifted his position, he caught a glimpse of Margie Toland, and her profile held his interest. There was in it something like anger, sternness. He wondered whether she dissented from Mr. Geikie's logical proof that Andrew MacNaughten had earned a legal title to a share in paradise. It couldn't be that, he concluded. She didn't bear malice any more.

Afterward, bearing his share of the burden, he walked slowly behind his Uncle Wallace, following the new-trimmed path which led out past the garden to the stone-fenced plot above the orchard where the MacNaughtens laid their dead.

A thin, heatless sunlight lay on the countryside. The leaves which sifted down on the column were gay in gold and red. A stately White Leghorn cock led a train of hens across the path, undisturbed by the solemn pace of the procession, and Luke's collie brushed his leg and trotted unconcernedly on ahead. It seemed to Luke as if all this had happened to him before, again and again. A sense of acquiescence, almost of approval, possessed him. It was all as it should be, he felt; all decent and in order; all in harmony with some rule and scheme infinitely bigger than Luke MacNaughten and his desires.

He listened without sadness to the drum of words. There was nothing repellent in the thought of Andrew MacNaughten's return to the earth he loved. Luke felt that his grandfather would be content to be there.

Afterward, while he looked on at the departure of the cars and buggies, he realized that a crisis in his own affairs drew very near. He saw Scarlow, the lawyer, waiting ostentatiously on the porch, his pursy figure intentionally prominent, his hands clasped behind his coat tails. Scarlow was almost as much a feature of a glen funeral as Charley Pratt, the undertaker. Luke remembered having observed him on like occasions, enjoying his brief importance as custodian and reader of the will. Scarlow always retained it till the day of the funeral—the reading had come to be almost a rite. Luke felt a vague dislike for the man, without reason. He found himself wishing that he could escape the final ceremony or postpone it.

Emily drew him to one side.

"Oh, Luke, wasn't it just awful? I'd forgotten how horrible they are—these country funerals."

He frowned.

"I don't know. It seemed all right. I thought it was kind of—kind of comforting."

He saw her eyes contract and her shoulders move in a little shiver.

"How could you? I never saw anything so drab and bleak and cheap! There wasn't any—any dignity about it. It was—common! Hardly anybody in black, and chickens and dogs running about under your feet, and a grave in his own land ——"

His anger quickened.

"It's what he'd have wanted," he said fiercely. "I was just thinking that he'd have liked it this way best. No fuss, and the neighbors here, and everything sort of—natural."

She shook her head and dropped the topic.

"You'll let me know as soon as you can—about the will, won't you? I'll be interested ——"

He nodded, angrier than before. All this eager curiosity about dead men's shoes, when he shrank back from the formal division—living in the city changed people somehow; his uncles, for instance, and even Emily. He was relieved when he had helped her into her father's car and watched her down the drive.

(Continued on Page 106)

Always, Till Now, He Had Looked Forward to His Release With Only the Thought of Emily Beyond It

SAVING SISTER

By Samuel Merwin

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

P. HEIGHAM GREEN tried to give out the impression that he was considering the matter thoughtfully. His small features were gathered into a mild frown. "I suppose," he said, "we ought to get at the truth."

"It's dinner time," remarked Hibbard, glancing down at a scribbled envelope. "We may as well take the first of these addresses."

Watson Hibbard, a youngish man of perhaps thirty-four, had twice run for the state legislature on the Prohibition ticket. At the present time he was one of a self-appointed Committee of One Hundred and One that was investigating local violations of the prohibition amendment. His family was wealthy. He was vice president of the Vorse-Hibbard Company, in which P. Heigham Green served as a humble bookkeeper. Perhaps it should be further explained that he was of slender build, with a thin, serious face, and with hair growing down on his cheeks in front of his ears. You couldn't whole-heartedly call these appendages side whiskers, yet they told something of a story.

As the two young men alighted from a North Side street car and walked westward through a drab, dark street, P. Heigham found his breath oddly short. His small but earnest brain pictured scenes to come within the hour or so that might border on the desperate. The criminals engaged in the illicit traffic in liquor would hardly welcome investigation by respectable and wealthy persons from the Drive. His own appearance was modest enough in his ready-made suit; but Mr. Hibbard was unmistakably upper class from the custom-made shoes to the imported felt hat, and he carried a walking stick of a highly polished wood with a top of carved ivory. It would have been better, P. Heigham thought, to wear old clothes.

Before a row of dark houses they stopped. Two men—stocky Italians—rose out of the shadows of a high stoop and confronted them. Over a door P. Heigham noted the name, "Salvarotti." Mr. Hibbard gave a name confidently. One of the men slipped within, returning shortly with a third. Still with that confident air, Hibbard repeated the name. Followed a discussion in excited whispers among the three Italians. P. Heigham, as his nervous eyes followed their gestures, felt his scalp crinkling under his hair. He wished he were stronger. The resolve came to take up gymnasium work in the Sunbury Y. M. C. A. But at least he could be brave. He thought of men—great men—who had died for great causes.

P. Heigham found himself glancing curiously at an extremely sporty roadster that stood across the street. Even in this light he could see it was vermilion in color.

The discussion ended in their favor. The door swung open. Then an inner door opened, and closed behind them. P. Heigham noted with a shiver that it was made of heavy oak, with extra bolts. The stockiest of the Italians led them through a long front room where five or six couples sat eating and drinking. Beer and wine bottles stood undisguised on the tables. Two or three other couples were dancing to the rhythmic noise of a mechanical piano, P. Heigham observed with another shiver. They went on through a kitchen that was also a bar and down a flight of steps to a sunken garden in the rear that was crowded with merry folk and gay with talk and laughter.

Grimly the two young men seated themselves at a side table. P. Heigham found himself flushing now. A strong inclination seized him to bow his head in fear of being recognized, for many of the crowd—nearly all, in fact—were the sort that would appear elsewhere as nice people. Almost certainly there would be acquaintances. The discovery was confusing. If all classes of society were to defy the law, then things had come to a pretty pass. It depressed him to see so many young girls, hear so many bright young voices. He fell to thinking about hell. Could a whole civilization go there? Doubtless! Sodom and Gomorrah ——

Mr. Hibbard ordered wine with the dinner. P. Heigham's color deepened; he had to bend down over his plate to hide it. Never had he tasted wine, beer or spirits. Never before had he been placed in the position of accepting it. Come to think, though, Mr. Hibbard would have to do that to make the evidence valid. It had been good of Mr. Hibbard to ask him along.

It was a definite advance, even if it should lead to nothing directly in the business way.

The talk and laughter about them grew louder and merrier. A girl with bobbed hair leaned across her table and kissed a man. Four army officers, in a corner, reached the point of singing not unmusically with the mechanical piano. Couples danced between the tables.

The almost convulsive impulse of the born reformer to protest strongly rose within P. Heigham, grew out of all reason. He said, "This is too dreadful! Can't we speak to them? Point out the wickedness of it?"

"I don't know that we'd accomplish ——"

"But isn't it our duty? Can you sit here without a word and let this debauchery go on?"

In his fervor he momentarily forgot that he was addressing the vice president of the company.

Mr. Hibbard regarded him seriously; considered the light of blazing indignation in his eyes; glanced at the wicker-covered bottle of Chianti on the table and the two full glasses that sparkled so redly.

"It is usually best to confine oneself to the broader aspects of so large a problem as this," he said.

"But ——"

Little Mr. Green's voice was rising. He was good clear through, all conscience, a meticulous worker, faithful to every minute duty, but—the scene was plainly working on him nervously. Though he had not so much as sipped the wine, he was oddly like the drunken men and women about them. Mr. Hibbard decided to get him out. As they approached the stairway, P. Heigham, who was in the lead, stopped short. His face lost its nervously high color; went white. Following his gaze, Mr. Hibbard saw a remarkably pretty girl seated with an older, stoutish man in a light gray pin-checked business suit. The girl was freshly, exuberantly young, with luxuriant really blond hair, and eyebrows that were plucked down to thinly arching lines. Her eyes were wide and frank. There was a slightly bold look about her that was by no means unpleasant, a touch of striking personality. At the instant of recognition she was removing a cigarette from her pretty mouth and smiling up at them with an expression curiously near delight.

P. Heigham stood a moment in utter indecision, then he moved a step toward the girl. Then, as the man in the pin-checked suit glanced up and somewhat unpleasantly knit his brows, P. Heigham raised his chin and with grim dignity of manners marched upstairs. Out on the street he spoke, his voice choked with emotion.

"Can you wonder that I'm battling for reform?" he cried. "That was—my—sister!"

"Oh!" cried Mr. Hibbard, deeply moved in his turn. "But how can you leave her there? I'll go back if you say so."

Instead of replying at once, P. Heigham moved slowly along the street, looking askance at the vermilion roadster across the way.

"It's difficult," he managed finally to say. "The modern girl is crazy—just crazy."

Mr. Hibbard laid a kindly hand on his shoulder and said further, "But we should make the effort."

"I have made the effort. But my hands are tied. It is so difficult to explain. Goldie is independent of us. She used to work at the motion-picture theater in Sunbury, selling tickets. I never approved of that—she had to talk with everybody—but then she got the new automobile insurance agency. That man with her's the district agent. That's his car across the street—the red one. I opposed this thing once and he struck me—injured my eye. She'd say now it was business. I've tried reasoning with her, but it does no good. I can't think what to do. She isn't gentle and modest as girls used to be. She's hard. They're all hard. It's terrible to have to stand by and see her going like ——"

"We'll have to try to save her by attacking the problem in its broader aspects," said Mr. Hibbard with feeling.

"Oh, if she'd only get married!" groaned P. Heigham.

It Was Odd How Pretty Things to Wear Stirred Up One's Self-Respect

II

AT TWO minutes to five on the following afternoon Goldie Green began clearing the flat-top desk that stood in a corner of the spacious lounge of the hotel—the new Beach Hotel down at the foot of Simpson Street in Sunbury. She was precise in the matter of office hours; and as inefficiency annoyed her, loose ends of all sorts, there was never much to clear.

For the rest of it, Goldie was of the sometimes appallingly fresh generation of girls. A small part of her education—as it stood at this time—had been acquired in the public and high schools, and all the rest from the strangely vivid world of motion pictures in which the foot-loose young of the past decade and a half have grown up; with an extension course in the alarmingly primitive songs with which shrewd and unscrupulous aliens continually flood the country. The fears and moralizings of the five previous generations had simply not touched her clear young brain. She knew more now, by absorption, of the roughly human side of life than her languidly incompetent mother had ever learned.

Nearly every girl of her acquaintance possessed and prized a degree of economic independence. All regarded the ancient institution of marriage with a cynicism based on extraordinary opportunities for observation. And all, when attracted by a particular man, vamped him

as a matter of course. Not one of them had any religion. Her own went no further than extreme physical cleanliness and a usually healthy activity of mind. Nothing of the furtiveness of those five earlier generations in certain personal problems of life had a place among her thoughts. She exulted in her finely robust body, and was never happier than when diving and swimming and playing about in a bathing suit that offered the least imaginable impediment to the free movement of active young arms and legs.

As she locked the desk, smoothed her trimly fitting suit of stuff that was a shade or so darker than horizon blue with neat leather belt, and skirt as short as any in town—drew on her leather-colored tam-o'-shanter and walked briskly out, she knew pleasurably that all the occupants of the numerous easy-chairs about the spacious room, women and men alike, were following her with their eyes

The subtlest power in the world was hers, and she knew it. When she first embarked in this curious business—curious for so young a girl, or so all the men said who made such a point of talking to her; that was how they usually began—there had been crudities in her appearance. But with the change from the noisy and gaudy Parthenon Picture Palace to this quieter gathering place of transient wealth had quickly come changes in her appearance. No longer did she wear finely separated curls plastered in concentric rings against a boldly white forehead. Even the puffs over the ears had gone through a series of modifications. She was even learning to control, for occasions, the delight that was hers in slangily picturesque phrases, though never for long. Her mental color, the sheer force of her exuberant personality, was too great for continuous quiet of manner.

At times, as she walked over Simpson Street and turned north on Hazel Avenue, beyond the tracks, her pretty brows drew together into a thoughtful frown. The picture of that primly earnest little elder brother of hers in Salvarotti's place had at first touched her sense of humor. He had always been so hopelessly proper. His spare evenings went into committee work at the Y. M. C. A. He was an usher in church and a teacher in Sunday school. She had found herself to-day, however, a little blue as she thought of him. It hadn't before occurred to her that she leaned somewhat on his quaintly old-fashioned rectitude. He was the sort that went blindly about this violent world, seeing no actual facts, making no deductions, learning nothing.

"That kind falls hardest," she reflected.

She asked herself who his rich friend might be. They had wine—she saw it on the table after they left. Goldie was worried about P. Heigham.

This touch of the blues strengthened its hold as she went on into the dingier reach of Hazel Avenue, where stood the crowded rows of wooden houses that had seen so many casual families come unwelcomed and depart unmourned.

The place occupied by the Greens seemed to her, in this mood, dingier even than usual. Pickets were out of the fence here and there. Paint was flaking off the clapboards of the house. The screen door stood open, letting in the September flies. Gravely she closed it behind her, and stooped to pick up a sweater from the floor of the hall. The younger brother, Anderson Green, played football on the high-school team. It was the only interest for which he exhibited the faintest aptitude—unless we may include the imitation of a saxophone which floated down now from his tiny room upstairs, where he was booming out a jazz tune and mimicking with some accuracy the clicking sound of the keys.

As she ascended the crooked stairway, with its rail of lathe-turned golden oak and its little high window of stained glass, red, green and blue, Goldie controlled a sigh. The shiftless household, with its loose ends and its nagging little debts strung out everywhere among the lesser tradespeople of the town, was getting on her nerves. Every successful day among the pleasantly prosperous folk at the hotel aggravated the difficulty.

Papa—Henry C. Green—had seemed of late to be breaking; at least the wrinkles were deepening on his thin face, and he had lost his old taste for gardening in the back yard and doing, rather neatly, odds and ends of carpenter work.

Very lately he had complained of headaches and pains in his back. It was a treadmill for papa, keeping the family going. Goldie saw that.

Mamma would be lying down now. She always spent the late afternoons that way, with one or another sentimental novel from the public library and a paper bag of gumdrops—the kind with the soft centers. She was forever sending Anderson over to the drug store for those.

The twins, girls of eleven, with flying yellow pigtails and thick legs, would be off down the street with the neighborhood children. They were nearly always late for supper, and there was always a scene when mamma undertook to send them to bed.

Goldie opened the door of her own room, stepped within and then abruptly closed it behind her. For in the little armless rocking-chair by the window, swinging nervously to and fro, gloomy of countenance, sat P. Heigham.

Not once in two or three years had Perce caught an earlier train than the five-twenty-six. Perhaps that one wild evening had been too much for him—he looked as if he had a head. Perhaps—her quick brain shrewdly and swiftly weighed the consequences to the slender income of the family—he had lost his job. But even then, taking in the pathetic figure, for just an instant she smiled.

III

BUT his first words were, "Have you nothing to say to me?"

The only outer indication of her astonishment was a quick, slightly mocking light in her eyes. This, of course, he noted; and there at the start they were caught in the old brother-and-sister difficulty of nervous resistance that might shortly come to quarreling.

"About that certain little thing?" she murmured.

"Will you be serious?"

"As long as I'm looking at you, Perce dear."

"You were out with that man Williamson."

"Perce, you're wonderful."

She had her hat off now, and stood in tantalizing calm before the bureau arranging her hair. There was a pleasant relief in doing this. That hair was an item in her power.

"You've been out with him on other evenings."

"You've hit on the sad truth."

"I'm trying to keep my temper, Goldie, but you're making it difficult. You're flippant with me."

"It might help to change the subject, dear. Who was the other man—Mister Whoziz with the angry whiskers?"

He was still trying desperately.

"That was our Mr. Watson Hibbard."

"Oh!" Her wide blue eyes twinkled brightly. "And so our Mr. Hibbard was on the loose!"

"He was not! We were—we were ——"

He felt that it wouldn't do to go too deeply into this matter, even with Goldie; considering her present unfortunate associations, perhaps particularly with Williamson; but at least a partial explanation began to seem necessary.

"Mr. Hibbard is secretary of the Committee of One Hundred and One."

"He really had to order the wine then," Goldie murmured around a cluster of hairpins. "Yes, of course! He's the type!"

"He did have to!" cried P. Heigham hotly. Then rallying his scattered mental forces he doggedly resumed the offensive. "There's really no need of our discussing that. The question is, Goldie, are you going to carry on like this or are you not?"

"That certain little question ——"

"You were smoking. I saw you. Have I got to admit to my friends—yes, to myself—that my own sister has no character?"

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P. Heigham Stopped Short. His Face Lost Its Nervously High Color; Went White

Twelve Good Women and True

By Arthur Train

ILLUSTRATION BY HARVEY DUNN

Baby, baby, don't get in a fury;
Your mamma's gone to sit on the jury.
—*Wyoming Lullaby.*

In that day seven women shall take hold of one man.—*Isaiah iv, 1.*

IT IS not generally realized that women have been serving as jurymen in the United States for half a century. The first jury containing women to be impaneled in any court in this country was drawn in Laramie, Wyoming Territory, in March, 1870. In the East it was the heyday of tight corsets, bustles, furry stovepipe hats, the United States Hotel at Saratoga Springs, gas, the Eden Musée and Barnum's Trained Seal; in fact, of Mrs. Wharton's Age of Innocence. The antique high bicycle was not yet even an innovation. Dr. Mary Walker and women's rights—without mentioning woman suffrage—was the comedian's sure short cut across the footlights to a derisive laugh from an audience convinced that it had been divinely ordained since Eden that woman's place was the home unless man saw fit to invite her out. That was, as I say, in the East. But in the West ——

Railhead on the Union Pacific reached Cheyenne in '67; in '68 President Johnson signed the bill creating the territory of Wyoming; and in '69 President Grant secured the Senate's approval of his appointees for governor, chief justice and United States attorney, and things began to move. Out on the Overland there was a conspicuous absence of style in gentlemen's wear, kind hearts were more numerous than coronets, and the ability to hit a tin can at least twice in mid-air before it fell was rather to be chosen than purple and fine linen. They called Cheyenne the Magic City, because of the way whole streets of skyscrapers built of tar paper, lath and scantlings sprang up overnight. There wasn't much law, and people were careless about what there was. You could hear the Indians whoop, if you listened, and watch the bad men being bad. But, the total population of both sexes being limited, woman had already had an unusual opportunity to demonstrate her claims to equality with man, and, up at the mining camp of South Pass City, Mrs. Esther Morris had served a term as a justice of the peace with ability and distinction. The first territorial legislature, consisting of twenty-one members, of whom twelve made up the house of representatives, met almost immediately; and, almost as immediately, passed a bill granting women the right to vote and hold public office. For Wyoming sure needed the ladies in her business!

It is difficult to appreciate the furor that this simple precursor of the Nineteenth Amendment had upon the effete East, if not the world. The territory of Wyoming instantly made its début upon the map in spite of Mr. Webster's lack of accuracy in officially describing the Overland Trail as fit only for prairie dogs and Indians. Woman's suffrage owes a lot to Wyoming, but—Wyoming owes a lot to woman's suffrage. Lackadaisical Saratoga ladies, who had never heard of Montana or Idaho, began to refer to Campbell's Gertrude of Wyoming, innocently unaware that the Wyoming in question was in Pennsylvania, and said Campbell an English poet of the vintage of 1810. It was the first big hit of the suffrage game, and there seemed to be something almost uncannily prophetic in the motto upon the territorial seal: *Cedunt arma togæ*—Let arms yield to the gown.

The First Jury Women in America

A LITTLE further west along the Union Pacific line was Laramie, another shed, shack and shanty city, not yet the Athens of Wyoming by a jackpot full, but a typical movie frontier town of dance halls, saloons and gilded dens of vice, swarming with desperadoes and the nightly scene of every sort of violence. The ordinary juries wouldn't convict. The better element resolved to take matters into their own hands, put down the anarchy that prevailed and establish order. They did this by calling to their aid the women of Wyoming; and when the grand jury for the regular term of court of the First Judicial District was drawn in March, 1870, there appeared upon the panel the names of Miss Eliza Stewart, a school-teacher, and others, the first women to be summoned to serve on a common-law jury anywhere recorded in the world. Thereupon Chief Justice John H. Howe, who, having been appointed by General Grant, seems to have borne a rather striking resemblance to him in physiognomy and character, charged the jury in words never before heard on sea or land, beginning: "Ladies and gentlemen of the Grand Jury." He told them that the eyes of the world were upon them, declaring: "It will be a sorry day for any man who shall so far forget the courtesies due and paid by every American gentleman to every American lady as even by word or act to endeavor to deter you from the exercise of those rights with which the law has invested you."

Thereupon arose Prosecuting Attorney Stephen W. Downey and moved to quash the panel on the ground that it was not exclusively composed of male citizens, as required by law. But the chief justice swept him aside and declared boldly that he regarded women as eligible and proposed so to hold, having theretofore in a formal written communication already requested Mr. Prosecutor Downey "to make it known to those ladies who have been summoned on the juries that they will be received, protected and treated with all the respect and courtesy due, and ever paid, by true American gentlemen to true American ladies, and that the court by all the power of the Government will secure to them all that deference, security from insult, or anything which ought to offend the most refined woman, which is accorded to women in any of the walks of life in which the good and true women of our country have heretofore been accustomed to move."

How the Ladies of Laramie Made Good

THE gallant judge continued: "Thus, whatever may have been, or may now be, thought of the policy of admitting women to the right of suffrage and to hold office, they will have a fair opportunity, at least in my court, to demonstrate their ability in this new field, and the policy or impolicy of their occupying it."

And so the chief justice overruled the prosecutor, and the ladies of Laramie, under the ægis of the law, set themselves to work to help clean up the town, indicting horse and cattle thieves, murderers and illegal branders, in bills beginning: "We, good and lawful male and female jurors, on oath do say ——"

The fact that the system was being tried on the Laramie grand jury and would shortly be tried on the petit jury created a sensation throughout the civilized world, and no less a potentate than His Majesty King William of Prussia cabled General Grant his admiring congratulations. Reporters and crayon men swarmed into Laramie, caricaturing the lady jurors as repellent masculine creatures holding or nursing unattractive babies. It was at this instant that some inglorious Milton invented the deathless couplet:

Baby, baby, don't get in a fury;
Your mamma's gone to sit on the jury.

Yet those who came to scoff, even if they did not remain to pray, were forced to admit, in the language of the time, that the women had turned the trick; or, in to-day's parlance, had delivered the goods. For those same women jurors, as far as can now be ascertained, were a success in Laramie. They served, they indicted, they convicted.

The first criminal jury trial at Laramie for murder illustrates practically all the pros and cons involved in any popular discussion of the present question. For the defendant—the murderer—was a tall, blue-eyed, handsome, law-abiding young man of good reputation, named Andrew Howie, who had no business to be loose among the cutthroats and garroters in the tent town of Laramie, where a vigilant vigilance committee had the greatest difficulty in keeping even a semblance of order by the most liberal of hangings.

Pat Doran had reached Laramie before the railroad, and his Shamrock Hotel had been the scene of revelry by night since the memory of bad men ran not to the contrary. Howie, who had for unknown reasons selected the Shamrock as a place of temporary sojourn, had gone to bed upstairs, but hearing an uproar below had innocently wandered down to see what it was all about. A certain Mr. Hocter had thereupon pointed a pistol at his head and playfully remarked: "I am going to shoot you!" Whereat Howie, as some might feel, rather prudently, had—well, when the smoke cleared Mr. Hocter was no more. Later Howie modestly admitted that he had fired first.

Now here, if at all, the cynic might say that we had all the elements that would, as he would claim, demonstrate female jury service a farce. We have a man, "tall, blue-eyed and handsome" (to quote the record) of good reputation, in an evil place, his life threatened by a ruffian, in a district where murder at the time was not regarded as by any means as serious as cattle stealing.

It is safe to say that no jury of men would in those days have found Howie guilty of anything.

Not so the sturdy dames impaneled by Sheriff Nat K. Boswell, sole custodian of the public peace in a little county then reaching from the northern boundary of Colorado to the southern boundary of Montana. Sheriff Nat, ex-Indian and government scout, was the proud exhibitor of arrow scars on his face, and had a record as a fearless and dashing deputy United States marshal from Mexico to Canada. Without delay he summoned to try Andrew Howie for the murder of John Hocter the following: Retta Burnham, Nelly Hagen, Mary Wilcox, Mary Flynn, Mrs. I. M. Hartsough, Lizzie A. Spooner, Jenny Ivinson, and a few men. Then with much discernment he also appointed, as a bailiff, Mrs. Martha Boies, who usually ran a lodging house but had lost two of her star boarders "when the Vigilance Committee disposed of three outlaws"—to quote the sprightly narrative of Miss Grace Raymond Hebard, former librarian of Wyoming University, to which we are indebted for the facts herein set forth. At any rate, Bailiff Boies was and still is a woman of unusual capacity and experience. Her chief duty consisted in standing on guard all night in front of the room occupied by the six women jurors finally selected.

The jury listened to the evidence, took the case, and, retiring, struggled to reach a verdict—for two whole days and nights. At last one of the ladies, who happened to be the wife of the Methodist minister, introduced a new feature into petit-jury service by inviting the jury to join her on their knees in an appeal for divine guidance. They then arose and cast their ballots as follows, the minister's wife voting promptly for murder in the first:

	WOMEN	MEN
Murder, first degree	1	
Murder, second degree	2	
Manslaughter	3	3
Not guilty		3

It is interesting to note that neither the defendant's good looks nor the fact that he may have been in danger of his own life when he killed Hocter stood in the way of the women on this jury, unanimously voting for conviction, finding him guilty of unjustifiably taking human life. It is probable that the case against him was stronger than appears from the available records, for the verdict seems to have been a popular one and he received a sentence of ten years at hard labor. Two years later he was pardoned.

But any idea, such as was apparently entertained before the jury had been selected, that women were chicken-hearted and could be easily won over was quickly dissipated. The women, although shedding copious tears, nevertheless took the position that a man had been killed and no excuse should relieve the killer from the consequences. It is conceivable that they were, perhaps, unduly resolute in refusing to consider the plea of self-defense. Still, as the minister's wife constantly reiterated: "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."

When Women Were "Male Citizens"

THE verdict filled the bad men of Laramie with dismay, and there was an immediate exodus of crooks and gunmen. Many other verdicts of guilty were rendered by the same panel, for the court term was a long one, and at its conclusion it was unanimously agreed that the law had been enforced, crime punished and property protected. Indeed, Chief Justice Howe was lavish in his praise, assuring Mrs. Sarah W. Pease, one of the jurors chosen later, that they "would make just as good jurors as men, if not a great deal better."

Reading between the lines one might suspect the distinguished judge of being something of a feminist. Further ground for this impression may be found in his ruling that, because the Wyoming statute regarding jurors was passed three days before the statute granting the suffrage to women, the words "all male citizens" contained in the former should be interpreted to include women! However, as the saying is, he was the judge. And as he was judge both of the district court and also of the supreme court, to which appeals lay, he had things pretty much his own way.

Indeed, he warned the disgruntled attorneys that he should certainly sustain himself, for when the Hon. W. W. Corlett, who had assisted in Howie's defense, threatened such an appeal he said: "Small comfort you will obtain from that, for a majority of the supreme court—Judge Kingman and myself—will sustain the ruling of the district court, inasmuch as the judges of the two courts are identical."

"Well, in that case, Your Honor," retorted Corlett, "as judges don't resign, there is a possibility of their dying, and all we can do is to wait."

Illness soon forced Judge Howe to resign. With his departure from office women ceased to be summoned for jury service. The question of whether the word "males" means also "females" in Wyoming has never been finally settled by judicial opinion.

In retrospect after fifty years we may surmise that the women in the Howie case felt that they were equally on trial with the defendant, and that Wyoming expected every woman to do her duty; at least, that the chief justice did. Besides, as his photograph suggests, Judge Howe

was a dominating personality. Even men, when it is put directly up to them from the bench, will usually vindicate the majesty of the law. As we have elsewhere said, the trouble with the jury system is frequently the judge. Women have served on juries in various states of the Union off and on ever since.

Now, although of course the right to vote does not necessarily carry with it the right or duty to serve upon the jury and—except from the point of view of political consistency, if there be such a thing—has nothing to do with it, with the passage of the Nineteenth Amendment we may reasonably expect to see a constantly increasing number of states extending the duty or privilege of jury service to women voters.

The Legal Status of Women Jurors

EACH state has and always has had its own statute regarding the composition of its juries, which usually provides that they shall consist of "male citizens." It would seem that the phrase hardly needed or was susceptible of more than one construction, even by lawyers or judges. It is true that the Latin word "*homo*," the legal equivalent of our word "male," was used for both sexes, but even so, as Blackstone explains, at common law under the word "*homo*" the female was excluded "*propter defectum sexus*." Be that as it may, to-day a "male citizen" means a man and not a woman, incredible as that may seem.

Nevertheless, it is a fact that a large number of otherwise well-informed people—even "homos"—assume that because women have the suffrage they will forthwith as a matter of course begin, *ipso facto* and *ipsa lege*, to sit on the jury. I wish they could and would, but unfortunately they won't. They cannot and will not do so until they, with the other voters in each state, pass the necessary statutes enabling or compelling them to do so, which I trust will be soon. For it is only common sense that women should have the right, if not the obligation, to enforce the laws which they put upon the statute books.

Yet in spite of this rather obvious legal situation there has always been more or less confusion about the matter in equal-suffrage states, largely owing to the fortuitous circumstance that, as has been just narrated, in Wyoming, the first of the United States to embrace woman's suffrage, the condition of society rendered it desirable, if not imperative, that the women, who naturally represented the best element, should be utilized as jurors; and that there was, as Mrs. Mary Summer Boyd says in her careful and accurate discussion of this subject, a local judicial representative of the United States who "frankly took the law into his own hands" and "deliberately stretched the right to vote to cover jury duty and drew women on his juries on the ground that in the outlaw communities of his state they were the only solid and reliable citizens."

There are as she points out some states where women have the legal right to serve on juries, but there are others where they have served—perhaps still serve—illegally in clear contravention of the statutes. But women do not serve and never have served on juries in all the equal-suffrage states. There is only one such state—Idaho—where the word "male" has been judicially so interpreted as to compel women to do jury duty; and there, according to the attorney-general, they serve very rarely indeed. Of other equal-suffrage states, Kansas, Nevada, Utah, Washington and California permit but do not compel women to serve; Montana, Colorado, Arizona and the territory of Alaska interpret the law so as to exclude them; while in Illinois, Wyoming and Oregon, although they actually did serve at one time, they were deprived of the right later on. That suffrage and jury service do not necessarily go hand in hand is to be seen in the fact that one of the first laws relating to women introduced into the New York Legislature, after they had been given the franchise in 1917, was a bill prepared by the Woman Lawyers' Association to give women the right to serve on the jury, and it was defeated.

The decision of the Supreme Court of Washington Harland vs. Territory, 13 Pac. 453—is the usual authority quoted on the point that special legislation is necessary to give women the right to serve on the jury where they have the suffrage. Such legislation was passed in 1911, and women now are impaneled unless they plead their sex, in which case they must be excused, the law—Sec. 2 of the Jury Law of 1911—providing that women shall not be compelled to serve. Six men and six women composed the jury which sat in Seattle in March, 1917, at the trial of Thomas H. Tracy, charged with the murder of Deputy Sheriff Jefferson Beard, of Everett, Washington. The attorney-general has said: "We may say that our experience is that, although women are privileged to refuse to serve on juries, many of them do serve. We have no information at hand wherewith to make any reliable estimate of the actual proportion serving, but would guess roughly that about one-fourth of the jurors who serve are women."

Serving by Judicial Appointment

FROM time to time various judges in certain suffrage states have assumed, as did Judge Howe in Wyoming, to take the law into their own hands, even when the law had been construed by the attorneys-general to exclude women from jury service. Some of these judges were eccentric, some merely arrogant, and some, conscientiously believing that it was a good thing to do under the circumstances, did it. Thus in Illinois Judge Owen made a practice in 1913 of impaneling women juries to sit on cases involving insane women. He was much interested in social work and believed that women in such cases could act more intelligently, or at least more sympathetically, than men. Consequently he simply assumed the responsibility of appointing them. But Judge Owen failed of reëlection and women no longer serve. As to his course the attorney-general said: "I know of no authority in this state which authorizes the

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There Wasn't Much Law, and People Were Careless About What There Was. You Could Hear the Indians Whoop, and Watch the Bad Men Being Bad

TOM

By WILL IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

A PUZZLED outsider might have noticed when Mattie Harrington kissed her husband good-by that morning that she patted with a little light caress of her fingers a bit of court-plaster covering a new razor scrape on his cheek. Also, her words would have been cryptic.

"Good-by, Tom, dear," she said—"you don't mind it from me?" She patted his cheek again before she released herself from his arms and added, "Now—you are not to worry."

His expression indeed showed at the moment no sign of worry; but it was a face, you could see on first glance, which did not readily register any emotion whatsoever. It was a big, broad face, but muscular; the overlay of muscle gave it the general appearance of an armored warship. His nose dropped straight from a low but broad forehead, between gray-blue eyes which should have been hard and somehow were not. He spoke as she released her arms from about his neck; spoke slowly and with a dead stop between words, as was his custom.

"Fine chance I stand," he said.

The anxious playfulness went out of her face for a second and her brown eyes became serious.

"Tom," she said, "you stand all the chance in the world."

He gave a half shake of his head, released her, was gone. She stood at the door, watching him down the gravel path between the two strips of autumn-faded lawn. For all his bulk, he stepped lightly. And the look of amusement, coming back into Mattie's eyes, mingled there with her tenderness. Somehow, he always held for her that humor which one grants to an engaging child. She watched him hop into his little car and jam himself into the front seat; noted the characteristic little motion with which he tried the lever before pressing the self-starter; and still her eyes looked amused. Only when the car slid round the corner, Tom giving her his hailing sign with uplifted palm, did that look die away. She turned back, closed the door, proceeded to the back room, where Thomas Harrington Jr. was trying to climb the side of his crib. Before she picked him up she indulged herself in the luxury of speech with herself.

"Mr. Harrington indeed!" she said with scorn as she bore away Thomas Harrington Jr. and his paraphernalia to the bathroom. By now she was laughing, though without mirth, and "Mr. Harrington!" she repeated.

All of which, for the most part, went back many months, but more specifically to the talk at dinner last night, when, after long feminine boring into that fascinatingly silent personality, she had reached the foundation of his troubles.

He had been for three years plant superintendent of the big Mandrill works; which meant that he hired, fired and kept working a force of some four hundred-odd men. He had come up from the ranks, with very little technical education, but he had taken his turn at nearly every job about the plant, from firing the engines to doing analysis in the laboratory. When he had married, the job of assistant general manager seemed to be looming just ahead of him. That meant, in time, general manager.

Then Doane, the general manager, died suddenly; and the directors brought out Maurice Philbin from the East. In the course of a few months Philbin became the personal devil of Mrs. Thomas Harrington. He was a highly educated technician, with a string of degrees after his name, this Philbin—inventor of two or three new appliances, contributor of heavy papers for technical journals and conventions. He discharged at once most of the office force, which had grown up with the plant, and replaced them with technicians like himself. He installed also an elaborate card-index system of checking up on things—a system which Tom Harrington was never given a chance thoroughly to understand. In the days of Doane, Tom had dropped into the office every evening before he left the plant to talk things over impersonally with that grizzled old adventurer in production. And in emergency Mr. Doane was always accessible. From the day when Philbin arrived Tom Harrington was made to feel a thousand miles away from the office. It began, indeed, with their first talk.

"Sit down, Harrington," said Philbin; "you may be gratified to learn that we are keeping you on."

"Of course you thanked him?" inquired Mattie when Tom reported this conversation to her.

"Yes, I guess so," replied Tom.

As a matter of fact, he had simply blushed, run the rim of his hat round and round, and made a sound like a dying rabbit.

"I understand, Harrington, that you have no special technical education," continued Mr. Philbin. He had a sharp, keen face with a pair of bright gray eyes which he reënforced, when he had occasion to read, with nose glasses attached to a broad black cord. Mrs. Harrington, meeting him later at a perfunctory dinner, found her psychology fixed on that cord. In the moments when she indulged invidious thoughts about Philbin she became fascinated with the idea of using it to jerk his glasses off his nose. He adjusted his glasses now and glanced over a paper on his desk.

"I have asked an impartial observer to report on some of the old employees," he said. "I find that your work in keeping down labor costs is approved. Every well-organized plant must have a link between the men and the management. In our scheme of organization you will be responsible to Mr. Deems—especially if you need advice. I hope we shall get on, Harrington."

When Mrs. Harrington excavated the pieces of this conversation from her husband that evening and pieced them together, she tossed her head and said bravely, "Well, the world is wide!"

"It sure is," said her husband, "and there's other jobs."

But Mattie, when he agreed, was overcome by the instinctive conservatism of woman. Tom Junior had not yet arrived.

"I think you'd better hold on, dear, until you see what's going to happen," she said. "Perhaps he won't last."

But he did last; for the war came. The Mandrill factory was an essential industry, and though Tom had his enlistment fever and tried, master of men that he was, to resign and get a commission, his draft board held him flatly to the job. There followed sixteen hectic months, during which Tom reached the yard before the graveyard shift went off, did not leave until the day shift was gone, slept with one ear open to the telephone beside his bed. And after the war—the period of strikes. The force of the Carson-Coolidge works, rivals to the Mandrill, went out. But the Mandrill forces refused to follow, though there were ominous murmurs; and twice Tom stayed at the plant all night.

"We're safe, I guess," said Tom as he settled down to breakfast after the second of these watches.

"Mr. Harrington Indeed!" She Said With Scorn as She Bore Away Thomas Harrington Jr.

When it was all over, and the Carson-Coolidge was working again, Tom brought home news from the plant that gave Mattie a sleepless night; during which, in imagination, she twenty times jerked the glasses off the pointed nose of Maurice Philbin. The directors had met, had passed resolutions highly commending Mr. Philbin for his "considerate management in trying times," and raised his salary.

"Well, I guess I know who stopped that strike!" said Mattie. "The Carson-Coolidge Company working its shovelers eighteen hours on a stretch when they change shifts—and you —— Oh, I could bite! Tom Harrington, you're going to ask for a raise in salary. If you don't I'm going to ask for you."

Tom looked positively startled. But there was reason besides emotion in Mattie's remarks. Tom Junior had arrived during the war. The housework, plus Tom Junior, called for a maid. The cost of living soared; so did the wages of the workmen in the Mandrill plant; but Tom went along on the same old salary. At the birth of Tom Junior, Mattie had begun to put into the savings bank every week a sum for his college education. It grew no longer. It had been a year since she had worn anything but made-over clothes, and nearly two years since Tom had had a new suit.

However, three days passed before Mattie lashed him up to the point of action and made him promise that he would see Philbin that very afternoon. She was waiting for him as he came up the gravel walk, the dust of chemicals dingy on his working coat.

"Well?" she asked.

"Nothing doing," he replied, and slumped into the house.

As she extracted the interview, piece by piece, from the deep recesses of his psychology, it went something like this:

Mr. Philbin had seemed astonished, positively astonished.

"With the labor costs going up as they are," he said, "we can't afford to raise salaries in the directing force."

"Did you remind him that his own salary had been raised?" asked Mattie, biting off her words.

"No," replied Tom.

"I wish I'd been there!" exploded Mattie.

"You know how near we came to having a strike last month," continued Philbin. "And of course, with the period of war orders over, we're down to straight competition again. If we're going to increase our expenses for human material we've got to put it into the laboring force. Otherwise, we may have another strike."

"Did you tell him that it was you who stopped that last strike?" asked Mattie.

"No," said Tom.

"Well, maybe it's just as well I wasn't there," said Mattie, with an expression as grim as possible for a young person with soft brown eyes and a mouth like a chain of red fuchsias.

Then Tom said something about management of the labor being essential.

"Harrington," replied Mr. Philbin, "in a thoroughly scientifically organized plant, the management of the labor largely takes care of itself. Someone, I grant, must be out among the men to make little adjustments; but such help is easily obtained. Advancement in this business requires technical knowledge—the rewards are to the educated. Your technical education is deficient. Are you keeping up with the latest scientific developments? Are you taking and reading the scientific journals? There lies your chance for advancement." Mr. Philbin added something hazy about putting the application on file, nevertheless; and Tom found himself outside.

As Mattie dragged this from him, broken sentence after broken sentence, he suddenly came out of himself—he did that about twice a year, and usually when the subject was his job. He produced an old envelope and a pencil, began to sketch a diagram; and he grew almost articulate.

"Our organization!" he quoted with a snort. "This is it: The superintendent and the assistant superintendent and his

assistant, running like that down into the plant"—he sketched a series of links. "Too many of 'em; all fancy-salary jobs. When anything goes wrong who's responsible? Nobody. Or me, maybe. There has to be a goat If anything breaks or anything's needed it has to pass all the way up through the organization to get a decision. Of course it doesn't happen that way. Of course I can't wait. I just fix it. Half the time I don't report it. What's the use?

"It ought to be this way," continued Tom. He stopped to sketch out another diagram. "A responsible head to every department. He runs it and gets results. If his costs are too high, or if his production's too low, or he hasn't a good excuse for a breakdown, he's responsible—you can call him onto the carpet and jack him up. Then a wild deuce under the superintendent, who knows all the processes and watches everything. If the head of a department drops out he can fill in. Some all-round good man like ——"

"Like you," interrupted Mattie.

He did not answer for a moment; and when he spoke it was more slowly even than was his wont. Then, too, Mattie noticed he had dropped his eyes.

"No, not for me," he said; "I am only Tom."

Now these rare moments when her husband revealed himself, by speech—not as he usually did, by inference and action—were Mattie's opportunity. She had touched there some tender spot, whose existence she had for a long time half guessed. She waited, fairly holding her breath, to see if he was going on.

He said no more; and when the possible moment of speech had passed, she prompted him with: "You mean—everyone calls you Tom?"

He nodded.

"I don't get any respect. It's Mr. Philbin and Mr. Deems and Mr. Seymour. Even that young cub just out of college they've put in the laboratory—the men call him Mr. Mason. I'm just Tom."

Mattie Harrington yielded to an impulse, perhaps undiplomatic, which she had been resisting for some moments. She rose, rounded the table, threw both her arms round his neck and nestled her head beneath his chin. He made no responsive motion.

"If they say that, it's because they love you, and they don't love any of those"—Mattie was searching her young lady's vocabulary for an expression sufficiently scathing—"those college-bred stiffs!" she concluded.

"It's because," rumbled the voice of Tom above her, "they don't respect me."

"Tom," said Mattie, "I wish you'd go right over to the Carson-Coolidge people and have a talk with them. They know—after that strike they must know ——" Here Mattie, her head lying close to his heart, felt a muscular reaction which in a woman she would have called a shudder. And she understood. The Mandrill plant was the blood of his blood; to leave were not only tearing up all his roots; it was downright disloyalty. She shifted her affectionate attack.

"It's because they love you, Tom," she repeated.

"Well, that don't get me anywhere apparently," he said. Gently he disentangled her arms, rose, strolled into the living room and picked up the evening newspaper. She forbore to follow him. She knew that he had so broken away in order to avoid showing too much emotion.

A fortnight later the great perturbing news came. Tom heard it at first as a rumor among the men; then it came out directly from old Matthews, the head clerk, one of the few people in the office force left over from the Doane régime and Tom's sole intimate link with the office. The Mandrill works had been sold—to the trust. The sale was an accomplished fact. The office force was putting things in order for the transfer. The managing director of the trust was coming to look into the plant and to reorganize.

Before He Could Catch Philbin's Opening Remark Tom Had Muttered "Excuse Me" and Swung to the Ladder

"No job's safe, even Philbin's," concluded Matthews. "Better look round, Tom. We're all running to cover. That's why I'm telling you."

Mattie took this news at first with a spurt of joy. Now justice was to be done! Now everyone would know who was who in the Mandrill works! It was only after a day or so that she caught the infection of her husband's mood and began to reason along his line of thought.

"He's mighty good at one thing—holding his job," said Tom one evening, apropos of nothing.

"They'll know who's really making the plant go—probably they know already—you can't tell me they haven't watched the place," said Mattie bravely.

"Then they've found," replied her husband with an air of finality, "that I'm just old Tom."

Two weeks passed. The news that the plant had been sold was now an open secret. Had it not been so, one might have guessed from the bustle of preparation, the activity with the card index in the office, the general clean-up in the plant. It reached, at last, the newspapers. And two days after that, Matthews, meeting Tom in the garage as he was starting for home, chucked him another piece of vital news.

"Next week's the week, Tom," he said. "Two big vegetables from the trust are coming to look over the plant. Transfer right after that. Watch Tuesday. If you have visitors in the yard it'll be them—looking you over"

The days, each bringing further signs of impending change, dragged on toward that vital Tuesday. At dinner Monday evening Mattie found Tom withdrawn tight into his shell, which resisted all her gentle boring. When she rose next morning she did not, as usual, proceed with the early cares of the exigent Thomas Harrington Jr., but peeked into her husband's room. He was already up. A faucet sang in the bathroom at the end of the hall. The door was open. He stood before the mirror, his great, muscular arms bare, his face lathered. He was beginning to shave.

"Why, Tom!" she called.

At this she saw his back and shoulders jerk with a start. Never before, in two years of matrimony, had she known such a thing to happen. His nerves usually had the mathematical certainty of a well-tuned machine. You could touch him unexpectedly in the dark, and he would make no move. This perfect, manly control of his was one of the things which Mattie remembered with a thrill and a glow whenever she sat contemplating this man whom she had been fortunate enough to marry.

By the time she reached him a little trickle of blood was tingeing the white lather on his face.

"Here, Tom," she said, "let me—poor dear!"

She flew for a wash rag, caustic, court-plaster, wiped away the blood, stopped the bleeding. Eyes and mouth took on their look of tender amusement as she noted his attitude, like that of a little boy having his ears washed.

"Did the great big girl scare him?" she said as she worked. But when her surgery was over and he had resumed shaving she sat down on the edge of the bathtub and drew histrionically across her face the expression of a schoolmistress who lectures a naughty scholar. "Tom," she said, "you're not to worry to-day at all. Those men are no fools. They know more about this business than even—than even you. They know that the war was the reason that the plant paid, and that it won't pay now—the way things are going. Philbin can't fool them! Now to-day just go on with everything as though they weren't there at all!"

Tom spoke, spluttering through the lather.

"Yes, and everybody, even the water boy, will call me Tom. I won't get any respect ——"

The shade in Mattie's eyes proved that in spite of her bold front her husband's fears had been a little contagious.

"It's too late, of course," she said judicially, "to change that, and you can't order them to call you Mr. Harrington." Her eyes lightened now, as with the birth of an idea. "Do you generally call the men by their first names?"

"Generally," he said.

If he had replied "Always" he would have been more truthful. By two days after any man entered the Mandrill works Tom knew and remembered his first name and something of his worldly circumstances.

(Continued on Page 121)

WEEDS

By NEWMAN FLOWER

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

HE ALWAYS called himself Monsieur Jacques. It may have been the name given him at his baptism in some place which no one had ever been able to locate. But most of those in the boarding house believed that it was a name he had assumed, or which maybe clung to him through old association. Or perhaps—so they speculated—there was hidden under it a name far more ugly, better forgotten and as discreetly buried. But from habit more than anything else they called him Monsieur Jacques. Not that he seemed French. He spoke English perfectly. But there was a certain immaculacy about his dress and habits that suggested French influence.

Possibly he was fifty-five—certainly not more—and rather short and bald, with a tendency to fatness. "Tubby" would perhaps describe his peculiar opulence better. His forehead was abnormally wide, and the skin seemed stretched white and thin over it; and his eyes were gray and deep, and rather searching and fearless.

"Don't Play the Giddy Fool! You're a Funny Sort of Flunky, Aren't You? You—You Old Rip!"

He appeared to be particular about his clothes; not that he dressed to fashion. On the contrary, he seemed to wear old clothes—a blue lounge suit usually, which somehow by attention and manipulation was always respectable and clean. His shirts, too, though a little behind the fashion in color, bore no real antiquity; and the cuffs, if somewhat worn, were carefully trimmed with a pair of scissors each morning. Indeed in this boarding house, where life seemed a little soiled and spent, he had a modernism that clung rather particularly to him. That gave him style.

In looks he was perhaps ordinary. A little pointed gray beard, a mustache carefully waxed. In his left eye he wore a monocle with a broad black ribbon attached. But he wore the monocle and its attachment with ease, as though it were an appendage rather than a necessity, but without affectation or conceit.

Monsieur Jacques was, in fact, an essential part of this boarding house; as much a part of it as the early Victorian furniture, which struggled now to appear Georgian, and in the darkest corners seemed to achieve its aim. He occupied two rooms in the house, a sitting room facing on the main street and a bedroom adjoining; and he always sat at the window of this sitting room. They sometimes said that he sat there from breakfast time till the darkening of the gas announced that Monsieur Jacques was going to bed. If he were not at the window during the day some of the boarders waited for him rather anxiously at dinner, when he came down to the main room. In short, his habits, if peculiar, were never startling. They were merely ordinary, with a tendency toward eccentricity.

Miss Flannery, an elderly person with silvering hair and a hooked nose, who sat beside Monsieur Jacques at dinner and as regularly ate his bread in mistake for her own, took him to task on this particular evening about his habit of sitting at his open window. She lisped a little, and Monsieur Jacques was in consequence overattentive to her, because physical handicap always hurt him and softened a nature which in many ways had become hardened

"I alwayth knowth our houth becoth of you at the window," she told him. "It ith thupid of me alwayth to look for you firth. Motht thupid. But I do. When you dithappear I am lotht. I am really. Why do you alwayth thit at windowth?"

Two slight furrows furtively crept round Monsieur Jacques' eyes and were gone. He smiled with the old geniality which they knew so well.

"Have you ever looked into an orange sunset at the end of our street and seen things?" he asked rather quietly.

Miss Flannery lifted her eyebrows. She waited, wanting to speak but shuffling for words. Verily the good m'sieu seemed a little peculiar and unusual.

"Oh, yeth," she said nervously. "But what a peculiar quethion!"

"I don't think so," he answered her, and picked up two rose petals that had fallen from the late rose at her breast and put them carefully on her plate. "I really don't think so. In a way, it's natural. We are all dreamers in here. We meet once, twice a day at meals—rather shy people who happen into a crowd—and the rest of the time we dream. Just for those two hours or so that we gather together do we show each other round our lives as if they were our gardens. And we apologize for the weeds. Always we apologize for the weeds."

"I haven't any uthe for weedth," said Miss Flannery affably.

"Maybe, dear lady, you have never known them in your garden," Monsieur Jacques answered. "But with me it has been so different. I suppose the soil was bad. I don't know. But there can be great beauty in weeds."

"I thuppose there can," Miss Flannery agreed, and chased the chicken's drumstick round the plate.

"Always!" he said with emphasis.

"And what thort of thingth do you thee from your windowth?" she inquired.

Once again Monsieur Jacques' face clouded.

"I look for weeds," he said, "down there in the street. Now and again I see something else. I suppose it is imagination really, or the quiet that stirs things. But when the sun is orange and plays hide and seek round the spire of St. Michael's Church I often see in it my ships."

"Thips?" said Miss Flannery in a foolish, distant echo.

"Yes, ships—my ships. We all have ships, which belong to some day that is going to follow an orange sunset, when we'll get up, glad in the morning, to greet them. I watch for my ships just as the light is going, when the street lamps begin to glimmer like harbor lights and the houses in the dark look like lumps of rock with horrible edges. Sometimes I see these ships of mine, but I usually lose them in the dark."

"The dark ith very bad for thome thips," Miss Flannery agreed. He nodded.

"Always for mine," he said, and turned the subject.

The dinner-table conversation at Belmont House was ever like that. It led to nowhere. It was a great solemn river, heavy, slow flowing. And one floated down upon it, only to become becalmed in a side water. The reason may have been that everyone in Belmont House lived on memories and never on ambitions.

In the drawing-room that evening Miss Flannery repeated the conversation about "thips" to those assembled. Monsieur Jacques never went to the drawing-room, for as soon as dinner had ended he always sought the solitude of his own room.

Miss Flannery excitedly asked the company what the funny m'sieu had meant when he spoke of his "thips."

"Balmy!" exclaimed Major Tremaine, pushing a florid face round the edge of the evening paper. "Balmy! Damned balmy!"

"He thits at windowth and thinkth of thips!" mocked a youth, running his fingers up and down the piano.

"You are rather rude!" exclaimed Miss Flannery, flushing hotly. "Very rude. In my dayth youth wath conthiderate of thuffering."

"Sorry! I didn't mean to be. Only most infernal incredulous." And the youth rolled into a jazz tune.

Monsieur Jacques, sitting beside his window in the dusk of the autumn evening, was supremely unconscious of this little passage at arms. It never occurred to him that he was ever the subject of criticism, even of remark. He was utterly alone. And when he withdrew from his solitude and appeared at meals his attitude was that of a man who knew that life was good, who had a wonderful good nature which seemed to radiate contentment and sometimes was more than a little soothing.

But ultimately the first whisper of scandal closed about him—he who had so long neglected it—just as bubbles in a stream inevitably close round a passing twig. And then Monsieur Jacques suddenly became aware that they had begun to stare at him when he appeared at meals; that they appeared to draw more toward themselves and leave him alone. They talked together and nodded as he passed. Others merely held aloof—frigidly aloof. Even Miss Flannery ceased to nibble his bread.

The story became conviction in the boarding house that Monsieur Jacques was known—frequently known—to call those of the other sex who passed by in the street up to his sitting room, where he would talk to them, usually with the door ajar, it is true. At first those in Belmont House believed that his visitors were friends of his, or poor relations whom he wished to secrete in some manner, since

he never introduced them to his fellow boarders, even when they passed on the stairs. But now by some curious intuition they became convinced—they appeared suddenly to discover it—that all was not well. Monsieur Jacques was not quite the person they had supposed him to be, and his visitors were beyond the pale of decent society. The discovery was something of a terrible calamity and upheaval which seemed to blast to the very roots the moral rectitude of the people in Belmont House, and they would have asked him to leave, but there was no definite evidence of any wrongdoing.

Monsieur Jacques became a tainted personage to them. They shunned him, and thereby forced him to still greater solitudes. Thus driven, he now rarely appeared at meals, but took his food at small restaurants and eating houses in odd by-streets, rather happy with his cutlet and half flask of Chianti and his evening paper, and a little soothed by the steady coming and going of small hustled people like himself.

At Belmont House they remarked that his abstention from their society was open confession and cowardice. Then, as someone remarked, his nattiness was that of a person of questionable record. Presently even his eyeglass lost its respectability and was declared to be a means to a disreputable end.

"Weedth and thips! Thuch nonthenth!" exclaimed Miss Flannery.

"Rank outsider! Of course he drinks!" replied the major, rather certain that all people, including himself, drank more than was really good for them, but not so much as they might. "Of course he drinks, I tell you!"

Vaguely Monsieur Jacques heard these things. Perhaps they meant him to hear them. But he only smiled a little.

II

MONSIEUR JACQUES padded lightly up the stairs of the boarding house toward his apartments, and following close behind him was a young woman. It was late in the afternoon and the boarding house was almost empty. Tea was over and a maid was clearing the cups and plates noisily from the drawing-room.

He glanced along the passage rather furtively as he passed up, and was glad to be unobserved. Not that he was afraid, but his soul had become a little sensitive to criticism. When he thought about it he realized the folly of caring at all. Some people rushed into these things and brazened them out; but a man must be born to do it. He knew that. It seemed so easy, and yet to him so difficult.

The woman who followed him could not have been more than twenty years of age. She had low folds of brown hair that drooped over her ears beneath the brim of her hat. Her eyes were deep brown, with very black lashes; her mouth small, with firm lips rather red and with a promise of ripeness; and she had a plaintive prettiness which attracts men—a prettiness which in odd flashes is suggestive of beauty that on closer attention is ever elusive, but the presence of which is haunting. She was quietly and well dressed in a tailor-made costume, with short skirts, and rather bold open-work stockings terminating in suède shoes that moved noiselessly on the stairs.

They entered Monsieur Jacques' sitting room, and he let the door stand ajar, as was his custom.

"Sit down," he said. He was a little abrupt, but possibly nervousness or the threat of discovery had caused it. "I want to go on talking as we did in the tea shop." He sat down in the armchair facing her and crossed his legs. "I'm not adventuring really, but you talk differently from other women—most women. You know"—he opened the cigarette box on the table beside him and held it out to her, but she shook her head—"you know, it did me good, your brave view of things, hearing you talk. You've a wonderful courage."

She did not seem to be listening.

"I don't know why I came here," she said. She looked aimlessly round the room, out at the window, and then slowly fixed her eyes upon him. "I really don't know why I came. Bit of a mug's game."

"I know why you came," he replied, drawing happily at his cigarette. "We'd been friends for two hours. That's why you came."

She laughed. She liked the camaraderie in his mood. He looked rather fat and happy, perched in the chair, and he amused her. She knew the dour moods in men, and he was anything but dour. He almost seemed to be sincerely glad because he had her to talk to.

"Are you a lonely sort of bird?" she asked wistfully.

"I say!"

"What's the matter?"

He got up and knelt down quickly before her.

"Your shoes are infernal wet. I'm going to take them off."

"The devil, you aren't!" She twined her legs round the chair. "Don't play the giddy fool! You're a funny sort of flunky, aren't you? You—you old rip!"

He sat back on his heels and looked up at her, laughing.

"I think you said your name was Alice—and I'm not a rip! And I'm not philandering. You gorgeous bit of youth—Alice!"

"Miss Royds to you, if you're going to muck about with my shoes."

"D'you know, Alice, when I was a youth girls used to say if I ordered them to do things ——"

"Ordered them! The sauce! I knew you were the sort of man who'd been brought up wrong. One of those chummy sort of rascals. I know your kind!"

"I wonder if you do!" he ruminated. "Anyhow, I'm going to take your shoes off."

He caught a reluctant foot, tugged at the lace and had removed first one shoe and then the other before she could protest. He got up quickly, stepped backward toward the fire and stood on the curb, laughing at her angry face.

"It's useless getting the wind up," he said. "You might have got pneumonia and died. What about that? You're one of those girls who remain pretty after they've become old, so it's no good trying to die young."

"I think you're a bit of a cad!" she snapped.

"You must make allowances. I've always been accustomed to having my own way. I've been rather spoiled—and you've got rather pretty feet."

She drew them quickly under the chair.

"I don't see that it matters to you if they are wet." She bent down and picked up one of the shoes and examined the sole, then looked up at him hesitatingly. "Why did you come up to my table in the tea shop and sit down and talk to me?"

"You wanted me to. You expected me to. You'd have been rather hurt if I hadn't. You watched me far more carefully than you did that egg you were eating. I know what you were thinking—'I will make him come to this table!'"

"I couldn't quite place you," she admitted.

"So you meant me to come to your table in order to explore me."

"I suppose it was that. Women have to be curious to live—some women."

They fell then into easy conversation. Her temper had disappeared. She was like the sun peering round the edge of an April cloud. He told her about Paris—somehow she liked hearing about Paris—and Lisbon. He had been to Lisbon and traveled up through Portugal. He tried to describe the rugged strength of the mountains, but she cut him short by asking if he had been to Oporto, because she loved port wine.

"I was going to marry a man in the wine biz," she told him.

"And you didn't?"

"Oh, no. He didn't want marriage." The smile crept from her face. "That's why I was in the tea shop."

Monsieur Jacques adjusted his eyeglass carefully.

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For a Few Seconds Monsieur Jacques Smoked on, Glancing Now at Louis and Now at the Revolver

GOVERNMENT BY CHARTER

The Story of Corporation Rule in Rhodesia

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

FOR fifty-eight hours the train from Johannesburg had traveled steadily northward, past Mafeking and on through the apparently endless stretches of Bechuanaland. Alternately frozen and baked, I had swallowed enough dust to stock a small-sized desert. Dawn of the third day broke, and with it came a sharp rap on my compartment door. I had been dreaming of a warm bath and a joltless life when I was rudely restored to reality. The car was stationary, and a blanketed Matabele, his teeth chattering with the cold, peered in at the window.

"What is it?" I asked.

"You are in Rhodesia, and I want to know who you are," boomed a voice out in the corridor.

I opened the door and a tall, rangy, bronzed man—the immigration inspector—stepped inside. He looked like a cross between an Arizona cowboy and an Australian overseas soldier. When I proved to his satisfaction that I was neither Bolshevik nor boche he departed with the remark: "We've got to keep a watch on the people who come into this country."

Such was my introduction to Rhodesia, where the limousine and the ox team compete for right of way on the veldt and the ricksha yields to the motor cycle in the town streets. Nowhere in the world can you find a region that combines to such vivid and picturesque extent the romance and hardship of the pioneer age with the push and practicality of to-day. Here existed the King Solomon's Mines of Rider Haggard's fancy; here the modern gold seekers of fact sought the treasures of Ophir; here Nature gives an awesome manifestation of her power in the Victoria Falls.

Cecil Rhodes (Left) and One of His Secretaries, J. Grimmer, Camped on the Rhodesian Veldt

The Impress of Cecil Rhodes

IT IS the only country where a great business corporation rules, not by might of money but by chartered authority. Bound up in that rule is the story of a conflict between shareholder and settler that is unique in the history of colonization.

It is the now familiar and well-nigh universal struggle for self-determination, waged in this instance between all-British elements and without violence.

All the way from Capetown I had followed the trail of Cecil Rhodes, which, like the man himself, is distinct. It is not the succession of useless and conventional monuments reared by a grateful posterity. Rather is it expressed in terms of cities and a permanent industrial and agricultural advance. "Living, he was the land," and dead, his imperious and constructive spirit goes marching on. The Rhodes impress is everywhere. Now I had arrived at the capstone of it all, the domain that bears his name and which he added to the British Empire.

Less than two hours after the immigration inspector had given me the once-over on the frontier I was in Bulawayo, metropolis of Rhodesia, which sprawls over the veldt just as a bustling Kansas community spreads out over the prairie. It is definitely American in energy and atmosphere. Save for the near-naked blacks, you could almost imagine yourself in Idaho or Montana back in the days when our West was young. Before that first day ended I had lunched and dined in a club that would do credit to Capetown or Johannesburg; had met women who wore French frocks; and had heard the possibilities of the section acclaimed by a dozen enthusiasts. Everyone in Rhodesia is a born booster. Again you get the parallel with our own kind.

To the average American reader Rhodesia is merely a name, associated with the midnight raid of stealthy savage and all the terror and tragedy of the white man's burden amid the wild confines. All this happened, to be sure, but it is part of the past. Though South Africa still wrestles with a serious native problem, Rhodesia has settled it once and for all. It would be impossible to find a milder lot than the survivors and sons of the cruel and warlike Lobengula, who once ruled here like a despot of old. His tribesmen—the Matabeles—were put in their place by a strong hand, and they remain put.

Summary Methods

BULAWAYO was the capital of Lobengula's kingdom. The word means "Place of Slaughter," and it did not belie the name. You can still see the tree under which the portly potentate sat and daily dispensed sanguinary judgment. His method was quite simple. If anyone irritated or displeased him he was haled up under the greenwood and sentenced to death. If gout or rheumatism racked the royal frame the chief executed the first passer-by and then considered the source of the trouble removed. The only thing that really departed was the head of the innocent victim. Lobengula had sixty-eight wives, which may account for some of his eccentricities. Chaka, the famous king of the Zulus, whose favorite sport was murdering his sons—he feared a rival to the throne—was an amateur in crime alongside the dusky monarch whom the British suppressed, and thereby gained what is now the most prosperous part of Southern Rhodesia.

The occupation and development of Rhodesia are so comparatively recent—Rhodes and Doctor Jameson were fighting the Matabeles at Bulawayo in 1896—that any account of the country must at the outset include a brief historical approach to the time of my visit last May. Probe into the beginnings of any African colony and you immediately uncover intrigue and militant imperialism. Rhodesia is no exception.

For ages the huge continent of which it is part was veiled behind mystery and darkness. The northern and southern

Remains of Lobengula's Kraal at Bulawayo

extremes early came into the ken of the explorer and after him the builder. So, too, with most of the coast. But the vast central belt, skirted by the arid reaches of Sahara on one side and unknown territory on the other, defied civilization until Livingstone, Stanley, Speke and Grant blazed the way. Then began the scramble for colonies.

Early in the eighties more than one European power cast covetous glances at what might be called the south-central area. Thanks to the economic statesmanship of King Leopold, Belgium had secured the Congo. Between this region, which was then a free state, and the Transvaal was an immense and unappropriated country—a sort of no man's land, rich with minerals, teeming with forests and peopled by savages. Two territories, Matabeleland, ruled by Lobengula, and Mashonaland, inhabited by the Mashonas, who were to all intents and purposes vassals to Lobengula, were the prize portions. Another immense area—the present British protectorate of Bechuanaland—was immediately south, and touched the Cape Colony and the Transvaal. Portuguese East Africa lay to the east, but the backbone of Africa south of the Congo line lay ready to be plucked by venturesome hands.

Kaiser and Kruger Blocked

NOR were hands lacking for the enterprise. Germany started to strengthen the network that had already yielded her a million square miles of African soil, and she was reaching out for more. Control of Africa meant for her a big step toward world conquest. Paul Kruger, president of the Transvaal Republic, which touched the southern edge of this unclaimed domain, saw in it the logical extension of his dominions.

Down at Capetown was Rhodes, dreaming of a greater Britain and determined to block the Kaiser and Kruger. It was largely due to his efforts while a member of the Cape Parliament that Britain was persuaded to annex Bechuanaland as a crown colony. Forestalled here, Kruger was determined to get the rest of the country beyond Bechuanaland and reaching to the southern border of the Congo. His emissaries began to dicker with chiefs, and he organized an expedition to invade the territory. Once more Rhodes beat him to it, this time in history-making fashion.

The Grave of Cecil Rhodes on the Matoppo Hills

Following his theory that it is better to deal with a man than fight him, he sent C. D. Rudd, Rochfort Maguire and F. R. [Matabele] Thompson up to deal directly with Lobengula. They were ideal envoys, for Thompson in particular knew every inch of the country and spoke the native languages. From the crafty chieftain they obtained a blanket concession for all the mineral and trading rights in Matabeleland for twelve hundred pounds sterling a year and one thousand rifles.

Rhodes now converted this concession into a commercial and colonizing achievement without precedent or parallel. It became the Magna Charta of the great British South Africa Company, which did for Africa what the East India Company did for India. Counting in Bechuanaland, it added more than seven hundred thousand square miles to the British Empire.

Like the historic document so inseparably associated with Clive and Hastings, its charter shaped the destiny of empire and is associated with battle, blood and the eventual triumph of the Anglo-Saxon over the man of color. Other chartered companies have wielded autocratic power over millions of natives, but the royal right to exist and operate bestowed by Queen Victoria upon the British South Africa Company—the Chartered Company, as it is commonly known—was the first that ever gave a corporation the administrative authority over a politically active country with a white population. The record of its rule is therefore distinct in the annals of big business.

It was in 1889 that Rhodes got the charter. In his conception of the Rhodesia that was to be—it was first called Zambezia—he had two distinct purposes in view. One was the larger political motive which was to widen the empire and keep the Germans and the Boers from annexing territory that he believed should be British. This was Rhodes the imperialist at work. The other aspect was the purely commercial side, and revealed the same shrewdness that had registered so successfully in the creation of the diamond trust at Kimberley. This was Rhodes the business man on the job.

The charter itself was a visualization of the Rhodes mind, and it matched the Cape-to-Cairo project in bigness of vision. It gave the company the right to acquire and develop land everywhere, to engage in shipping, to build railways, telegraph lines, to establish banks, to operate mines and irrigation undertakings and to promote commerce and manufacture of all kinds. Nothing was overlooked. It meant the union of business and statesmanship.

Under the charter the company was given administrative control of an area larger than that of Great Britain, France and Prussia. It was divided up into Northern and Southern Rhodesia, with the Zambesi River as the separating line. Northern Rhodesia remains a sparsely settled country—there are only two thousand white inhabitants to eight hundred fifty thousand natives—and the only industry of importance is the lead and zinc development at Broken Hill. Southern Rhodesia, where there are thirty-five thousand white persons and eight hundred thousand natives, has been the stronghold of chartered interests and the battle ground of the struggle to throw off corporate control. It is the Rhodesia to be referred to henceforth in this article without prefix.

The charter is perpetual, but it contained a provision that at the end of twenty-five years—1914—and at the end of each succeeding ten years the imperial government has the power to alter, amend or rescind the instrument so far as the administration of Rhodesia is concerned. No vital change in the original document has been made so far, but by the time the next cycle expires in 1924 it is certain that the company control will have ended and Rhodesia will either be a part of the Union of South Africa or a self-determining colony.

Excavating the Tomb of Rhodes

The company is directed by a board of directors in London, but no director resides in the country itself. Thus at the beginning the fundamental mistake was made in attempting to run an immense area at long range. With the approval of the Foreign Office, the company names an administrator. The present one is Sir Drummond Chaplin, who, like the average governor-general, has little to say. The company exercised a copper-riveted control, and this rigid control led to its undoing, as you will see later on.

A Stirring Drama of Development

THE original capitalization was five million dollars—afterwards increased to forty-five million dollars—but that is only a part of the stream of pounds sterling that has been poured into the country. In all the years of its existence the company has never paid a dividend. It is only since 1914 that the revenue has balanced expenditures. More than forty thousand shareholders have invested in the enterprise. To-day the fate of the country rests practically on the issue between the interests of these shareholders on one hand and the thirty-five thousand inhabitants on the other. Once more you get the spectacle—so common to American financial history—of a strongly intrenched vested interest, with the real exploiter, or the consumer, arrayed against it. The company rule has not been harsh, but it has been animated by a desire to make a profit. The homesteaders want liberty of movement without handicap or restraint. An irreconcilable conflict ensued.

We can now go into the story of the occupation of Rhodesia, which not only unfolds a stirring drama of development but discloses something of an epic of adventure. With most corporations it is an easy matter to get down to business once a charter is granted. It is only necessary to subscribe stock and then enter upon active operations, whether they produce soap, razors or automobiles. The market is established for the product.

(Continued on Page 91)

WHITE SHOULDERS

VI

By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

IT WAS between sessions with me. An evening or two after the Rose Pageant, about three o'clock, I was sitting again in my office in the Beauregard Block when the door opened and there was Cole Hawkins.

"Well," I said to him, "you certainly made a nice public scene scaring that dressmaker out of town."

"Maybe I did."

"What was your idea?" I asked him. "What started you anyway?"

"I told you, didn't I? I didn't like the looks of his face."

"You'll kill somebody in this town," I said, "before you get through. It's God's mercy you haven't already, in some of the things you've been mixed up in," I told him. For he had broken up one or two men already something scandalous. "When are you going to let the liquor alone," I asked him, "and stop being the town devil?"

"Look here, judge," he said, giving me that black devil-may-care stare of his and not answering me, "what are these cackling women here trying to do to that girl?"

I told him as much as I knew about the story, the situation about that dressmaker, as we understood it at that time.

"Since when," he wanted to know, "has it been made a crime in this state to owe money to a dressmaker—a blank tailor? There'd be several of them in jail right along—if that was law," he told me.

"There's some truth in that," I told him. "But you've got to remember," I said, "they haven't proved even the dressmaker's bill against her yet. It's all conjecture and guessing still."

"And lying, cackling gossip! But that'll be enough and plenty for the women."

"Cole," I said, "you don't always talk so respectful about what you should—the women especially."

"I'm sorry for that girl," he said, going along his own line of thought as usual, "with everybody after her. You heard the news, didn't you? What they're saying to-day?" he asked me.

"No, sir. I don't know's I have."

"Gordon Gordon, they say, is leaving town to-day; called off sudden on a business trip. You know what that means."

"I expect I can guess."

"He's quit her. He always was a yellow-bellied pup."

"That ain't the language of the polite drawing-room, Cole," I told him.

"Who said it was?" he asked me back. "You know what I'm going to do," he asked me after a little bit, "if he's really gone? I'm going to give her a good time myself, if she'll let me. I'll give her a chance to show these screechers she ain't out of a man, if she wants one."

I grinned at that. And yet it was just like him too.

"They'll be getting after you pretty quick—and your character, Cole," I said. "What'll all your fine friends and relations say—for you to start beauing this strange girl round?" I asked him. For in spite of his rough talk he belonged to one of the first families in our county.

"To hell with all of them," he said. "And all the women in this little mean-spirited town. I'd do it for nothing else than to spite them. I hate the whole squawking, backbiting lot of them."

"Yes, I know you do," I said, grinning at him. "But how'd you go about it? How would you amuse a girl?"

"I could give her some excitement anyhow," he told me. "That's more than Gordon could do—to anybody. I could give her a ride or two in the old child of hell."

"She Must be Desperate, I'll Say That for Her, to Go Out in That Death Trap"

"You don't expect," I asked him, "for a minute that you'd get any woman in her right senses to ride out with you in that murder car?"

"Well, she don't have to. If she don't want to all she's got to do is to say so," he told me; and he went out and shut the door after him.

I had to smile a small fraction of a smile after seeing him watching and defending the girl the day of victory, without the least provocation; and yet I knew it wasn't just the looks of the girl, her beauty, either. He was always that way, a generous great-hearted type of boy, from the time he got into long pants; always willing and ready to fight for anybody or anything that he believed was getting worsted—and more than ever since that trouble of his own. In spite of all they said about Cole, I always liked the boy and was sorry for him; and more than ever since that great disappointment he had had, that accident at the beginning of the war.

In war, I always held, the first line out is made up of the natural fighters—the ones who are really looking to fight. There's always a certain percentage of roving, foot-loose, devil-may-care boys who just jump at war as the one great big adventure. It was just the same with us in this war as in the old Civil War—young boys begging and cheating and lying to the Government to get out and get shot to death. This Cole Hawkins was one of that kind always—a natural-born, reckless, devil-take-the-hindmost, harum-scarum fighter.

He was a double orphan, with all the money that was good for him and a little more. One of the kind that always go in for speed. For horses, it was, in my day—fast horses—but now it's gasoline. Ever since the automobile came he had been round breaking speed laws in one. So the first thing he did, naturally, when war came, was to go in for this aeroplane flying—death not being sure and certain enough on the ground. He was especially suited for it, they claimed—too good, too anxious and reckless. One day, as they explained it, he stole in and got out his machine against orders, before he'd hardly learned to run it; and he was down on the ground again, it seems, about as soon as he was up; through flying and all other warlike pursuits; one leg shorter than the other, and lucky to get off—after months spent in the hospital—with his life.

Since then he had been drinking too much, to put it plain and bald; driving in that big red car of his, that child of hell, that he had bought himself; staying by himself and reading the newspapers on the war; and getting blacker and uglier and louder, sitting at home, nursing his wrath, like natural fighters have, when they can't get into a fight, ever since the days of Achilles. He got worse and worse as the war went on without his assistance; every battle fought was a personal insult to him because he wasn't in it. He was a public menace to the town, riding round in that roaring speedster, half drunk very likely, trying to forget that way.

He was right—I believed then and as it finally turned out—in what he had said about Gordon, and what he had thought about him and the girl. Gordon was gone, nobody knew for how long or how far. He had not committed himself publicly to any engagement to the girl, no matter what might have been agreed between them for announcement on that day of victory.

Anyhow, whatever your theory might be, the fact was that the situation was entirely changed. Almost at once Gordon was gone, and the girl, White Shoulders, whiter faced and stiller yet, was taking her first ride with Cole Hawkins, the Lame Duck, as Cupid Calvert kindly called him, but only occasionally, to a select few, not desiring, I assume, that appropriate and kindly name to get back to its bearer as originating from his lips. Yet if you are a humorist, I often notice, humor will out—regardless of consequences.

"She must be desperate, I'll say that for her," said Julia Blakelock, "to go out in that death trap with that drunken murderer."

"Without even taking out a death warrant," said Cupid.

"Let me tell you something, Cupid," said Belle Davis: "Cole Hawkins can drive better drunk and asleep than you ever will with all your faculties. I only wish he'd ask me to ride—but he never will, I expect. I've given up all hope now!"

"Speak for yourself," said Julia Blakelock.

"I will. Don't you fret."

"I don't want to die yet awhile," said the Blakelock woman. "But at the same time you can't blame her, either. It was a godsend to her, after that exposé—after that scandalous thing about the dressmaker. If it wasn't for this new man they'd both have been laughed out of town the next day after the day of victory."

"It was a bitter end to a hard-fought campaign," said Ella Armitage.

"It was a rout, I should say," Cupid Calvert contributed, "with just one avenue of escape."

"A poor avenue," said Julia Blakelock. "You know as well as I do how likely that devil of a Cole Hawkins is to marry her or any other woman. And how long they could live together if he did. But what I don't see," said Julia Blakelock, going on, "is how those two can stay here at all—after what's happened."

"Why not?" Belle Davis asked her.

"After what has come out?"

"What has come out? What do you know?"

"We're practically certain," said the Blakelock woman, "that they are just two adventuresses who came up here to marry off the girl, with a wardrobe they'd bought on installments from that terrible creature from St. Louis, who came up here looking for his money."

"How do we know even that much about them?" asked Belle Davis again.

"We know it—practically speaking," the other woman told her.

"We don't know a thing that we can prove," repeated Belle Davis, "except a stolen telegram and a stolen business card—and what we saw of this man."

"Wasn't that enough?"

"No. We know there's something very strange—very funny there. But that's all we do know."

"It was enough for Gordon Gordon, evidently," said Julia Blakelock.

"We don't know that either," Belle Davis insisted. "For all you know he's on a business trip—as he says."

"We can guess," said the Blakelock girl.

"Yes. That's all you can do—about the whole thing."

"There's one thing sure, anyhow," said the other woman, "and that's the reception they're getting everywhere since the thing happened."

"I'm not so sure about that either—as far as I am concerned!" Belle Davis told her, snapping her black eyes. "I'm sorry for them, myself, and especially for the girl. She looks more like a girl of ivory than ever—stiller and whiter. And her face has got that kind of haunted look on it, deeper than ever."

"That's one grand idea! Haunted by a dressmaker!" said Cupid Calvert

"What do you think, judge," Belle Davis came out suddenly at me, "sitting over there, wiser than a barrelful of old owls, listening?"

"They're haunted, I expect, all right, Belle," I told her, "with you all after them. They've got that look. They look to me now like two lost souls, as old Sam Barsam used to say; just two short hops ahead of the devil."

"That's what the Cockatoo sounds like, anyhow, since the unfortunate event."

"Her gayety does grow," I said, "a little excruciating, I'll have to say."

"Gordon Gordon may come back," said Mrs. Pennyworth, the Boarding-House Pessimist.

"Or they may be getting ready for a good old breach-of-promise suit," suggested Julia Blakelock.

"More business for you, judge," said Calvert.

"I believe we had all better shut up and keep still till we know more," said Belle Davis, who was taking the girl's part more and more now she was down

The exact fact was that there was nothing in the testimony yet sufficient to warrant more than a general arraignment in the women's courts of the two women as suspicious characters, which they had been all along. On the other hand, there was something more to the point now in evidence—a warning to the men, especially to a man of Gordon Gordon's finer sensibilities; and so the probability that the women were right in their belief that we were witnessing the last stages of the matrimonial campaign.

The appearance and manner of the Scarlet Cockatoo were the best evidence of this. Her rouge was redder than sin, but not red enough to cover up the purple circles round the eyes; and her gayety, aimed at those who would still listen to it, was more hysterical than ever. She was directing attention mostly now to the delicacy of White Shoulders in her speech since that unfortunate indisposition on that dreadful day—that terrible happening

She reverted in detail to this—how natural it was, after all, in a girl who had been so delicately reared, so sheltered from everything that would disturb a sensitive nature. She was discussing this that night before her next misfortune fell.

"What can you expect, sir," she was saying to me, "when you care for them and shelter them the way we Southern folks do?"

She might be an impostor from St. Louis, I said to myself, watching her and listening to her, but she did not sound like it; she talked like the genuine old-time Southern country woman.

And then she went upstairs to get ready for dinner again. And just precisely at that minute Cupid Calvert was coming in, grinning. I saw him enter.

"Come over here," he called in a low voice, and cocked his finger at Belle Davis and grinned a kind of secret way.

"Come over here," he said, "in the corner. I've got something to show you."

"The judge won't mind," said Belle Davis, and came over and sat on the arm of my easy-chair.

"It's the opening of the second act, dear friends," said Calvert, and brought out that typewritten letter.

"What's this?" Belle Davis asked him, with her eyes out on her cheek after reading it.

"Read it to Julia," said Cupid, "before she blows up entirely."

So she did.

"Just a word," it said, "to a wise boy. If you're looking for some amusement, ask that woman that calls herself Mrs. Fairborn if she ever heard of the Pitman family—the celebrated Pitman murder case."

"Murder!" whispered Julia Blakelock

"It isn't signed?" asked Belle Davis.

"No. Nor dated."

"Just typewritten "

"The plot curdles," said Calvert, grinning one of his happiest grins, from ear to ear.

"Just an anonymous letter," said the Davis girl. "I don't believe it."

"Don't you understand yet?" Calvert asked them. And the two looked at him.

"You're slow," he said.

"Oh," said Belle Davis, flushing up. "The telegram!"

"Certain sure. Don't you remember? What we couldn't understand at that time?"

"How was it it ran? I forget," said Belle Davis

"Like this," he told her, taking it out of his pocket once more and reading it: "'So you would make a get-away? Now you come through. Five hundred—by Saturday. Or letters start. Wire answer. A. G.'"

"Letters start!" said Julia Blakelock, nodding her head. They were all naturally talking in half whispers.

"That dressmaker!" said Belle Davis

(Continued on Page 77)

She Lay With Her Arm Trailing Down Upon the Floor and Her Head at the Extreme Edge of the Bed

THE WRONG TWIN

By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

CHAPTER XVIII

A WEEK later one of the New York evening papers printed an inspiring view of Merle Dalton Whipple in what was said to be the rough garb of the workingman. He staunchly fronted the world in a corduroy suit and high-laced boots, a handkerchief knotted at his throat above a flannel shirt and a somewhat proletarian cap set upon his well-poised head. The caption ran: "Young Millionaire Socialist Leaves Life of Luxury to be Simple Toiler."

A copy of this enterprising sheet, addressed in an unknown hand, arrived at the Whipple New Place, to further distress the bereft family. Only Sharon Whipple was not distressed. He remarked that the toiler was not so simple as some people might think, and he urged that an inquiry be set on foot to discover the precise nature of the toil now being engaged in by this recruit to the ranks of labor. He added that he himself would be glad to pay ninety dollars a month and board to any toiler worth his salt, because Juliana was now his only reliable helper, and it did seem as if she would never learn to run a tractor, she having no gift for machinery. If Merle Whipple was bent on toil, why should he not come to the home farm, where plenty of it could be had for the asking?

Both Harvey D. and Gideon rebuked him for this levity, reminding him that he did not take into account the extreme sensitiveness of Merle.

Sharon merely said: "Mebbe so, mebbe not."

There came another issue of the New Dawn. It was a live issue, and contained a piece by the associate editor entitled This Unpopular War, in which it was clearly shown that this war was unpopular. It was unpopular with everyone the writer had questioned; no one wanted it, everyone condemned it, even those actually engaged in it at Washington. The marvel was that an army could continue to go forward with existing public sentiment as the New Dawn revealed it. The time was at hand when an end would be put to organized exploitation and murder, which was all that the world had thus far been able to evolve in the way of a government.

In a foreword to the readers of the New Dawn, however, a faintly ominous note was sounded. It appeared that the interests had heinously conspired to suppress the magazine because of its loyalty to the ideals of free thought and free speech. In short, its life was menaced. Support was withdrawn by those who had suddenly perceived that the New Dawn meant the death of privilege; that "this flowering of mature and seasoned personalities" threatened the supremacy of the old order of industrial slavery. The mature and seasoned personalities had sounded the prelude to the revolution which "here bloodily, there peaceably, and beginning with Russia, would sweep the earth." Capital, affrighted, had drawn back. It was therefore now necessary that the readers of the New Dawn bear their own burden. If they would send in money in such sums as they could spare—and it was felt that these would flow in abundantly upon a hint—the magazine would continue and the revolution be a matter of days. It was better, after all, that the cause should no longer look to capital for favors. Contributors were to sign on the dotted line.

There were no more New Dawns. The forces of privilege had momentarily prevailed, or the proletariat had been insufficiently roused to its plight. The New Dawn stopped, and in consequence the war went on. For a time, at least, America must continue in that spiritual darkness which the New Dawn had sought to illumine.

"'It Is Only Important That He Keep on Being a Fighting So-and-So, as They Say in the Army'"

Later it became known in Newbern that the staff of the New Dawn would now deliver its message by word of mouth. Specifically, Merle Whipple was said to be addressing throngs of despairing toilers not only in New York but in places as remote as Chicago. Sharon Whipple now called him a crimson rambler.

"

MEANWHILE news of the other Cowan twin trickled into Newbern through letters from Winona Penniman, a nurse with the forces overseas. During her months of training in New York the epistolary style of Winona had maintained its old leisurely elegance, but early in the year of 1918 it suffered severely under the strain of active service and became blunt to the point of crudeness. The morale of her nice phrases had been shattered.

"D—n this war!" began one letter to her mother. "We had influenza coming over and three nurses died and were buried at sea. Also, one of our convoy foundered in a storm; I saw men clinging to the wreck as she went down.

"Can it be that I once lived in that funny little town where they make a fuss about dead people—flowers and a casket and a clergyman and careful burial? With us it's something to get out of the way at once. And life has always been this, and I never knew it, even if we did take the papers at home. Ha, ha! Yes, I can laugh, even in the face of it. 'Life is real, life is earnest'—how that line comes back to me with new force!"

A succeeding letter from a base hospital somewhere in France spelled in full certain words that had never before polluted Winona's pen. Brazenly she abandoned the seemly reticence of dashes.

"Damn all the war!" she wrote; and again: "War is surely more hellish than hell could be!"

"Mercy!. Can the child be using such words in actual talk?" demanded Mrs. Penniman of the judge, to whom she read the letter.

"More'n likely," declared the judge. "War makes 'em forget their home training. Wouldn't surprise me if she went from bad to worse. It's just a life of profligacy she's leadin'."

"Nonsense!" snapped the mother.

"'And whom do you think I had a nice little visit with two days ago? He was on his way up to the Front again, and it was our Wilbur. He's been in hot fighting three times already, but so far unscathed. But, oh, how old he looks, and so severe and grim and muddy! He says he is the worst-scared man in the whole Army, bar none. He thought at first he would get over his fright, but each time he goes in he hates worse and worse to be shot at, and will positively never come to like it. He says the only way he can get over being frightened is to go on until he becomes very, very angry, and then he can forget it for a time. You can tell by his face that it would be easy to anger him.

"'But do not think he is cowardly, even if habitually frightened, because I also talked with his captain, who is an outspoken man, and he tells me that Wilbur is a regular fighting so-and-so. These were his very words. They are army slang, and mean that he is a brave soldier. A young man, a Mr. Edward Brennon from Newbern, a sort of athlete, came over with him, and they have been constantly together. I did not see this Mr. Brennon, but I hear that he, too, is gallantly great, and also a regular fighting so-and-so, as these rough men put it in their slang.

"'Wilbur spoke of Merle's writing about the war, and about America's being rotten to the core because of capital that people want to keep from the workingman, and he says he now sees that Merle must have been misled; as he puts it in his crude, forceful way, this man's country has come to stay. He says that is what he always says to himself when he has to go over the top, while he is still scared and before he grows angry—"This man's country has come to stay." He says this big American Army would laugh at many of Merle's speeches about America and the war. He says the country is greater than any magazine, even the best. Now my rest hour is over, and I must go in where they are doing terrible things to these poor men. For a week I have been on my feet eighteen hours out of each twenty-four. I have just time for another tiny cigarette before going into that awful smell.'

"Mercy!" cried the amazed mother.

"There you are!" retorted the judge. "Let her go into the Army and she takes up smoking. War leads to dissipation—ask anyone."

"I must send her some," declared Mrs. Penniman; "or I wonder if she rolls her own?"

"Yes, and pretty soon we'll have the whole house stenched up worse'n what Dave Cowan's pipe does it," grumbled the judge. "The idee of a girl of her years taking up cigarettes! A good thing the country's going dry. Them that smoke usually drink."

"High time the girl had some fun," returned his wife.

"Needn't be shameless about it," grumbled the judge. "A good woman has to draw the line somewhere."

The unbending moralist later protested that Winona's letters should not be read to her friends. But Mrs. Penniman proved stubborn. She softened no word of Winona's

strong language; and she betrayed something like a guilty pride in revealing that her child was now a hopeless tobacco addict.

A month later Winona further harassed the judge.

"'I think only about life and death,' read Mrs. Penniman, 'and I'm thinking now that the real plan of things is something greater than either of them. It is not rounded out by our dying in the right faith. Somehow it must go on and on, always in struggle and defeat. I used to think, of course, that our religious faith was the only true one, but now I must tell you I don't know what I am.'"

"My Lord!" groaned the horrified judge. "The girl's an atheist! That's what people are when they don't know what they are. First swearing, then smoking cigarettes, now forsaking her religion. Mark my words, she's coming home an abandoned woman!"

"Stuff!" said Mrs. Penniman crisply. "She's having a great experience. Listen! 'You should see them die here, in all faiths—Jews, Catholics, Protestants, and very, very many who have never enjoyed the consolation of any religious teachings whatsoever. But they all die alike, and you may think me dreadful for saying it, but I know their reward will be equal. I don't know if I will come out of it myself, but I don't think about that, because it seems unimportant. The scheme—you remember Dave Cowan always talking about the scheme—the scheme is so big that dying doesn't matter one bit if you die trying for something. I couldn't argue about this, but I know it, and these wonderful boys must know it when they go smiling straight into death. They know it without anyone ever having told them. Sometimes I get to thinking of my own little set beliefs about a hereafter—those I used to hold—and they seem funny to me!'"

"There!" The judge waved triumphantly. "Now she's makin' fun of the church! That's what comes of gittin' in with that fast army set."

Mrs. Penniman ignored this.

"'Patricia Whipple feels the same way I do about these matters; more intensely if that were possible. I had a long talk with her yesterday. She has been doing a wonderful work in our section. She is one of us that can stand anything, any sort of horrible operation, and never faint, as some of the nurses have done. She is apparently at such times a thing of steel, a machine, but she feels intensely when it is over and she lets down.

"'You wouldn't know her. Thin and drawn, but can work twenty hours at a stretch and be ready for twenty more next day. She is on her way up to a first-aid station, which I myself would not be equal to. It is terrible enough at this base hospital. For one who has been brought up as she has, gently nurtured, looked after every moment, she is amazing. And, as I say, she feels as I do about life and death and the absurd little compartments into which we used to pack religion. She says she expects never to get back home, because the world is coming to an end. You would not be surprised at her thinking this if you could see what she has to face. She is a different girl. We are both different. We won't ever be the same again.'"

"Wha'd I tell you?" demanded the judge.

"'The war increases in violence—dreadful sights, dreadful smells. I am so glad Merle's eyes kept him out of it He would have been ill fitted for this turmoil. Wilbur was the one for it. I saw him a few minutes the other day, on his way to some place I mustn't write down. He said: "Do you know what I wish?" I said: "No; what do you wish?" He said: "I wish I was back in the front yard, squirting water on the lawn and flower beds, where no one would be shooting at me, and it was six o'clock and there was going to be fried chicken for supper and one of those deep-dish apple pies without any bottom to it, that you turn upside down and pour maple sirup on. That's what I wish."'"

"Always thinking of his stomach!" muttered the judge.

"'But he has gone on, and I can't feel distressed, even though I know it is probable he will never come back. I know it won't make any difference in the real plan, and that it is only important that he keep on being a fighting so-and-so, as they say in the Army. It is not that I am callous, but I have come to get a larger view of death—mere death. I said good-by to him for probably the last time with as little feeling as I would have said good-by to father on departing for a three-days' trip to the city.'"

"Naturally she'd forget her parents," said the judge. "That's what it leads to."

III

LATE in June of that year the shattered remains of a small town somewhere in France, long peaceful with the peace of death, became noisy with a strange new life. Two opposing and frenzied lines of traffic clashed along the road that led through it and became a noisy jumble in the little square at its center, a disordered mass of camions, artillery, heavy supply wagons, field kitchens, ambulances, with motorcycles at its edges like excited terriers, lending a staccato vivacity to its uproar.

Artillery and soldiers went forward; supply wagons, empty, and ambulances, not empty, poured back in unending succession; and only the marching men, gaunt shapes in the dust, were silent. They came from a road to the south, an undulating double line of silent men in dust-grayed khaki, bent under a burden of field equipment, stepping swiftly along the narrow, stone-paved street, heads down, unheeding the jagged ruin of small shops and dwellings that flanked the way. Reaching the square, they turned to cross a makeshift bridge—beside one of stone that had spanned the little river but now lay broken in its shallow bed. Beyond this stream they followed a white road that wound gently up a sere hill between rows of blasted poplars. At the top of the rise two shining lines of helmets undulated rhythmically below the view.

At moments the undulations would cease and the lines dissolve. The opposing streams of traffic would merge in a tangle beyond extrication until a halt enabled each to go its way. A sun-shot mist of fine dust softened all lines until from a little distance the figures of men and horses and vehicles were but twisting, yellowish phantoms, strangely troubled, strangely roaring.

At these times the lines of marching men, halted by some clumsy clashing of war machines, instantly became mere huddles of fatigue by the wayside, falling to earth like rows of standing blocks sent over by a child's touch.

Facing the square was a small stone church that had been mistreated. Its front was barred by tumbled masonry, but a well-placed shell had widely breached its side wall. Through this timbered opening could be seen rows of cots hovered over by nurses or white-clad surgeons. Their forms flashed with a subdued radiance far back in the shaded interior. Litter bearers came and went.

From the opening now issued a red-faced private, bulky with fat. One of his eyes was hidden from the public by a bandage, but the other surveyed the milling traffic with a humorous tolerance. Though propelling himself with crutches, he had contrived to issue from the place with an air of careless sauntering. Tenderly he eased his bulk to a

(Continued on Page 49)

"As You Were!" Ordered the Fat Private

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Predictions That Fail to Materialize

FAIR sailing does not train a steersman for rough weather. Theories of economics are not tested out in times of prosperity. The contemplacence of the eighteenth century is not a foundation for twentieth-century practice. The present crises test everything with strong acid. The shrinkage in inventories of commodities is no more marked than the shrinkage in stocks of theories. Theories that prove good now we may probably trust for all time. It is true the times are abnormal.

The world has never before experienced such destruction in material values or witnessed such inflation in the circulating mediums of exchange. Every fresh inventory of facts should be accompanied by an inventory of theory.

The quantity theory of money is a time-honored hypothesis. With free flow of commodities, prices were supposed to vary directly as the volume of circulating mediums. With currency must be classed banking credit, since both symbolize and facilitate exchange of goods. Double the money and the price doubles.

This hypothesis was one basis for the statement, so commonly made last summer, that prices could not recede rapidly because the volume of circulating mediums could not be quickly contracted.

That increase in production of goods and trade leads to increase in circulating mediums and credit was amply demonstrated during the past five years. That recession in production of goods and trade would lead to contraction of currency and credits was also postulated, especially as related to banking credits. But that prices could fall heavily while inflation of currency was being increased was not contained in the quantity theory of money. Yet that is exactly what is happening all over the world. In November and December prices were descending precipitously almost everywhere; inventories of goods shrank overnight; stocks and bonds contracted while one looked at them.

At the same time the volume of note circulation and of banking credit was inflated almost to the bursting point. Other factors continue to operate to maintain the volume of note circulation; the fall in prices does not influence it. In some of the European countries fresh issues of paper money signalize falls in prices. Someone may interpose that it is the quantity of gold, not of paper money, that is related to price of commodity, but then one has abandoned the quantity theory of money.

Accompanying their efforts to demonstrate that equality may exist without liberty and coöperation without personality, the Russian theorists, in order to transfer the tools of production to the proletariat and the reins of distribution to the government, have decreed that money shall be exterminated. This accomplished, producers and consumers would touch hands, no longer separated by the capitalistic dead man's land of distributive agencies. By unlimited issues of paper money the Russian medium of circulation has been practically exterminated—the producer would not sell for money and the consumer could not buy for money. Then barter of goods through the state should have intervened. According to their theory, when all production was in the right hand and all consumption was in the left hand, distribution should have occurred spontaneously.

It did not materialize. What did happen was recession of production. When goods could not be sold for a money value that meant a commodity value, when money wage meant no goods wage, producers lapsed into inaction.

The bridge of currency was indeed destroyed, but the goods did not swim or dive or fly over; they piled up on the bank of the stream and then ceased to come.

This is the real reason for failure to nationalize the industries in Russia; distribution has passed into anarchy. The hypothesis that the sign of currency parallels the substance of goods breaks down. In Russia they have learned that there is no datum point from which barter of goods can be based upon cost of production; goods are related to psychological valuation instead.

When credits are frozen production hibernates; when currency evaporates production still hibernates. Distribution is not parasitic on production; it is symbiotic. The hypotheses of money that overlook these relations break down in times of stress.

Success or Failure?

IS IT part and parcel of the sugar-coated new thought of our time that failure is commendable? The question is not silly; it is serious, and the apparently fast-spreading support for such a belief makes the interrogation one which goes to the vitals of civilization. If people are veering around to the view that mediocrity and inferiority are no longer to carry any penalty with them, it is high time to take stock of this attitude, and either combat or accept and adjust ourselves to it.

The gist of this new and popular condition of mind is to wave aside as of no importance the ability of a few exceptional and superior individuals to attain success. What has been called the great-man theory of history is thrown overboard with scant ceremony. Greatness, it is said, is merely thrust upon men by fundamental social and economic changes. In an earlier or a later age the same speech and actions would stamp great leaders as harmless fanatics or dangerous enemies of society. Why credit these leaders with causing the operation of forces of which they are only the results? Would not the same currents flow on if there were no such men?

Fortified with this theory, the socialist is unconcerned with any except the inferior, or at least the average man, the masses of workers, the proletariat. Nor are his arguments overturned by any superficial rejoinder. When the workers strike for shorter hours they are told that great administrators and successful captains of industry work twice as long. But the telling if only partial answer is that anyone is willing to work long hours, provided his work be intensely interesting, without deadening monotony, and carries with it influence, power over other men and a tremendous sense of achievement.

The worker is often accused of being lazy, indifferent and grasping. But the socialist replies that this is the logical outcome of money-making as the sole standard of modern industry. The average business concern, asserts the socialist, gets as much money for as little service rendered as possible. Why then should not the worker do the same? The capitalist may call the laboring man a Bolshevist, but the laborer retorts by calling the capitalist a profiteer.

Even the invested capital, risks and losses of the employer are waved aside with the statement that an employee has ten times as much invested and risked—namely, himself.

The employer may object to any given worker and let him go, but the worker usually has to take his employer as he finds him. The capitalist-employer rarely has his whole livelihood at stake in an enterprise, whereas the job is all that stands between the worker and starvation.

It is necessary and wholesome to understand the point of view of those who do not reach the top. Indeed it is more than unsound—it is positively malignant—to regard the success of the superior individual as the sole end and aim of civilization. But the reaction from this view has already gone to unwise extremes, and at present we are in danger of losing sight of all individual responsibility by shouldering off upon an intangible social collectiveness entire blame for the ills of mankind.

Neither wealth nor income can be created or maintained by active public will. It is true that men in groups, in a regiment, possess a force quite different from the sum of their individual powers. But this sum varies with every leader. The worker accomplishes more or less, not only as his companions vary but to an even greater or less extent as his leaders change.

The raw recruit under Napoleon the Great is vastly different from his cousin under Napoleon the Little; and an army of sheep led by a lion will almost always defeat an army of lions led by a sheep.

The employees of a street-railway company in a great city have a savings fund of a million dollars which would never have existed at all had it not been for the enthusiasm and persistence of the president of the company. The chief owner in one of the country's largest corporations recently said that the two cheapest employees he had were receiving a total income of two million dollars a year.

A student of labor conditions, broad-minded and certainly as sympathetic to labor as to capital, says in the final chapter of his book, in which are surveyed the more hopeful experiments in industrial democracy:

"During many years of journeying . . . I tried to find the origin of any conspicuous local improvement. So invariably does one find it inspired and started by some person, that its later institutionalized or organic form seems secondary and derivative."

The world has always been and always will be plagued with folk who are glad to make use of its accumulated labor, which is the same thing as its capital, but who do not wish to contribute to this fund by their own labor. There can be nothing for mankind to enjoy without the virtues which have been sneered at as bourgeois, such as persistence, enterprise or adventure, thrift, foresight, judgment, experience, observation of men's wants, precise information, knowledge of human nature, capacity for managing men and organizing ability.

It is just as true to say that all wealth is created by these virtues, by these employing-managing qualities, as it is to assert with the socialist that all wealth is created by labor.

Because in the struggle of free competition many average and inferior men have failed to succeed, the socialist proposes to abandon the struggle altogether. He clamors for a system in which the inferior shall be relieved from the inevitable results of inferiority. The gradual improvement of the inferior, the modification of the struggle and the whole method of progress and reform are far too slow for him.

He proposes that everything move at the rate of the slowest unit. What we have to live on to-day, our necessaries, comforts, conveniences, luxuries, the relatively healthful surroundings and freedom from a thousand possible perils—all these have come to us, an accumulation through centuries of struggle under hard, severe conditions. Is it not a leap into the dark, a blindfolding of all logic, to assume a continued welfare with these conditions wholly and suddenly changed?

It is too much like Darius Green, who with wings attached to his arms jumped off the top of a building and expected to fly.

Salesmanship in Transportation

By Edward Hungerford

DECORATION BY J. EASLEY

A MAN went into the Pennsylvania station in New York a few weeks ago and asked for a round-trip ticket to Flushing, Long Island. "You'd better buy two single-trip tickets," suggested the man behind the ticket window. "They only cost thirty cents apiece; the round trip under the new tariff is sixty-four cents."

The prospective traveler bought the two single trips, then asked a question.

"Why did you make that suggestion?" said he.

The answer came without hesitation.

"Oh, I'm trying to sell transportation. I've been taking a correspondence-school course in merchandising, and doing my durndest to make it fit into the railroad game."

Some weeks ago while in Chicago I found of a Sunday morning that I should be unable to use a compartment which I had purchased down to St. Louis on the Alton that evening.

I went to the telephone in my hotel room, called up the Union Station, got the Pullman agent and told him that I should be unable to use Compartment B in Car 99 on the eleven-forty-five that evening.

"Don't you know that you can't cancel Pullman space over the telephone?" he growled back at me.

I explained that I knew that perfectly well, and that I would come over there some time later in the afternoon and turn in the ticket itself for cancellation. In the meantime I thought an informal verbal suggestion to some desperate soul who really wanted to go to St. Louis that overcrowded Sunday night that a compartment space would be turned in within a few hours might be of some mental consolation.

"We don't do business that way; that ain't according to our rules," growled an agent as he hung up his telephone.

How Freight Follows Passengers

PERHAPS that was not within his rules; for his rules I was not responsible, but I did think that any business, even a railroad, would appreciate the forethought and the courtesy of a patron going to the trouble and expense of telephoning in order that some other person might not be discomfited. As I understood it in my feeble way, this was merchandising, salesmanship, and I had not before understood that transportation was exempt from the ordinary rules of salesmanship that apply to other businesses.

"Selling transportation?" said the old traffic man to me, in answer to my innocent question, based upon my Chicago experience. "Why, bless you, my boy, there isn't any such thing!" Then he lowered his voice to indicate a particular degree of confidence, and added: "You see, our business is peculiar; it's specialized, and vastly different from most others. We're not merchandising, you know."

I did not see. A hundred times before I had heard that plaintive note in other businesses, each protesting its difference from all others. So they might have been, all of them and in greater or lesser degree; but not a single one of them was exempt from the virtue and necessity of salesmanship. The man who prints a newspaper, he who sells shoes or candy or flowers or soap, the lawyer at his desk, the preacher in his pulpit, the physician upon his daily rounds and he in whom is vested the problem of finding traffic for a railroad, all rise or fall according to their ability to understand salesmanship and to make good use of such understanding. The railroader exempt? Nonsense! If he were, what would be the use of a traffic department at all? To make rates? Oh, no! Under the operation of state and Federal laws and regulatory commissions to-day this has become a mere clerical job. Only tradition keeps it out of the auditor's office, where it now really belongs.

One of the pet arguments of old-time railroaders, when asked in other years,to advertise their freight service, was to explain a firm declination by saying that freight traffic is never an upbuilder; that it exists always in a more or less fixed volume, and so for one line to advertise would only result in traffic being taken for a time from another, which in turn would then resort to the device of advertising on its own behalf; the net result of all this being that eventually all the railroads would advertise, and that then the traffic would divide exactly as it divided before any of them began, according to the routings and conditions that best suited the desires of the individual shipper.

The utter speciousness of such argument need not be dilated upon. Freight traffic can be created, to say nothing of being held in these days when the motor truck has become a pretty active competitor of the box car. But even admitting the practical difficulties of creating it in large volume to-day, the fact remains that passenger traffic not only can be created, and in tremendous volume, but that in most cases it must be created; in which case it has a tremendously effective reflex action upon the freight business, which in the opinion of many railroaders, even in these supposedly enlightened days, is not only the chief, but practically the only excuse for the existence of the railroad.

The late James J. Hill, upon being asked by an enthusiastic traveler which was his favorite train upon his beloved Great Northern, replied, with hesitation, "A freight train." Yet Mr. Hill was not quite blind to the fact that a railroad which maintains a passenger service so attractive as to bring much competitive patronage to it, by that very step brings competitive freight business to it. A road which may have good freight facilities, but which scorns its passenger trains, sooner or later drops out of sight of the shippers. They have a habit, unexplainable perhaps, but unfailing, of preferring to route their freight over the line upon which they are in the habit of traveling. It is in their minds; its goodness appeals to them at first sight. As they ride upon the cars they keep their eyes open. They observe.

"You had better cut out the B," says Jones, the wholesale grocer in the small midcountry city, to his shipping clerk as he returns to his store from a trip to the seaboard, "and tell our manufacturers to ship to us over the X, Y & Z. That's some road, boy! I came back over it, for the first time. You ought to see their motive power! It's up in high G.

"I've a hunch that they'll lay down to us here thirty-six to forty-eight hours better than the B. Simkins came back on that old streak of rust last week. He says never again for him. Before they were four hours out of New York they were a full hour behind schedule."

Two Great Traffic Salesmen

IF I WERE to be asked whom I should name as one of the very great exponents of the values of salesmanship in transportation I should nominate without a particle of hesitation that same James J. Hill, and in the next breath his son, Louis W. Hill, who has succeeded his father in the management of so many of the family properties. It was the elder Hill who knew—he did not waste much time in mere guesses—that traffic could be created; and because freight traffic was always so close to his heart he set about creating it.

He found that the volume of freight upon the Great Northern was always and forever eastbound, the products of the mines and farms of his beloved Northwest; and so he set about the establishment of the transpacific-ocean route in order to bring a profitable westbound movement of manufactured products from the Eastern United States to the distant Orient. It matters not that Mr. Hill was at least two decades ahead of his time; that in 1900 he was doing a thing then unprofitable that could be done at a profit to-day. He had real vision. The failure of his great pioneer shipping enterprise was rendered all the more lamentable because of that fact.

His son has been a fervent believer in selling transportation. As an earnest of this, witness the Glacier Park of Montana. Without a Louis Hill it probably still would be unknown to nine out of every ten Americans. Now if you go down into the nearest freight yard you will see Great Northern box cars which roll across the land from one coast to the other, from Winnipeg south to the Mexican line, and upon each of them is stenciled coarsely but unmistakably

the trade-mark of a government park. The younger Hill went north, studied the remarkably successful propaganda methods of the Canadian Pacific in the upbuilding of the Canadian Rockies, then improved vastly upon them, with the result that he not only created traffic for his road but performed a remarkable public service to the nation in opening up a direct path to one of its largest public parks.

Recently the Interstate Commerce Commission at Washington handed down a rather remarkable rate decision. It was not only fair to the railroads, which stood in great and critical need of fairness at that hour, but it was generous. It created no little astonishment among the rank and file of the railroaders, not because it was generous but because it placed a goodly portion of the increased operating costs of our national transportation machine, not upon the back of the freight revenues, where it generally has been placed in recent years, but upon the more sensitive passenger traffic—the thing which not only can be created in large measure but on the other hand can be most easily driven away. Twenty per cent flat increase to all passenger fares is not only a generous upward peg but to it there was added a fifty per cent surcharge upon all parlor-car and sleeping-car fares, of which very much more in a moment.

That our railroads were entitled to increased rates—and generously increased rates at that—no fair-minded man will to-day deny. That has passed quite beyond the point of argument. The point in question is as to the method of the division of the increase. If the freight rate plays so small a part in the ultimate cost of any one item to the consumer as the railroad executives would have us believe—and I think that in this they are entirely right—it would seemingly have been no very great additional burden even upon his well-tired shoulders to have had the entire advance in income to the railroads placed upon this single phase of it. In the long run the consumer would have paid it anyway. He always does. In spite of the elaborate protestations of the railroad executives' committee the work of putting the added freight charges on the dear old common public already has begun. Coal for the householder in the city of New York went up eighty-five cents a ton early last September, with proportionate raises in most of the other sections of the country.

Losses Taken for the Sake of Profits

I BELIEVE myself, however, that this is quite the wrong way to go at the argument. If the railroads in the United States were a business like the making and selling of boots and shoes and canned goods and clothing and furniture, it might be quite right to base the entire question on the primary principle of making each share of a business pay its own part in the expense and in the returning of the profit. Yet even pretty coldly commercial businesses long since learned that sometimes the losing of money in one end of the enterprise for the good of the whole is ofttimes the very best economics of the situation. The merchants make real bargains.

I have known silks in Fourteenth Street to sell all the way down from a dollar to a few cents a yard. These businesses know selling. Transportation does not seem always to know it. This is particularly true when it comes under the shadow of politics.

Yet no one ought to recognize more quickly than the glib regulatory commissions—both state and Federal—the inherent fact that the railroad business is far more than a business. Upon it all other businesses place their dependence.

It becomes a utility—a public utility. A factory may shut down its activities, a merchant close his doors, a newspaper suspend publication; but the community does not feel the loss that it would feel if its railroad service was suspended for a week, or even two or three days. Being a public utility, the railroad performs more than business service. It becomes in truth as well as in theory a social arm of the community. No really broad-minded transportation economist has any right ever to lose sight of this essential fact.

The railroad is the servant of the land in the largest sense of the phrase. To be a good servant he must be well paid. That, as we have just seen, is fundamental. It is, again, merely the method of his paying that comes into question here; and that in turn is predicated upon the extra form and quality of service that he is expected to render.

For the moment let me digress, seemingly; in reality, not at all. We have seen a good deal in the public prints in the past few years about the prime necessity of nationalizing the United States in a far more thorough fashion than has ever before been even attempted. One of the potential dangers which forever face a land physically as great as ours is the inherent possibility of its falling apart through its sheer size and weight. Under certain circumstances it might not be particularly difficult for us to disintegrate as a nation into groups of separate states—in fact if not in name; groups of states not particularly sympathetic or coöperative. We have had in our history already one very tragic instance of this very sort.

In order that this potential tendency may be overcome it is highly important that every possible measure be utilized toward binding the country more and more closely together. Transportation—railroad transportation in particular—forms an ideal binder. Utilized to its fullest degree, it means that New England will know California better; and California, New England. And each knowing the other better, they will understand better, sympathize better, coöperate better. If Minnesota goes to Louisiana, and Georgia to Montana, each becomes more understanding, more tolerant, more closely bound in almost every conceivable fashion.

Passenger traffic, brought to a high degree of development, will make such understanding possible. Little else can do it, even half as well. Freight traffic will not do it, not at least to any particularly large degree. A better circulation of national periodicals will help. This ever-present problem of encompassing our perplexing problem of nationalization, of making a group of forty-eight separate states, separate in climate, in soil and even to a perceptible degree in racial and language characteristics, into a more coherent and closely knit state, is one of the most potent arguments against the postal-zone system in this country.

But even the national circulation of publications may not accomplish quite so much as travel. The Easterners who journey to the west coast each winter are full of understanding to-day as to the problem out there—what the Japanese question really means to the Californians and the whys and the wherefores of most of the lesser questions that perplex them. If there were as fascinating rates from Los Angeles to Boston and New York as there used to be from Boston and New York to Los Angeles, the Californians might in turn be a bit more tolerant at times of the political situation in Massachusetts or in New York. It is intimate knowledge that makes for real understanding.

To make my point even clearer, let me take you far overseas with me—to Italy in the days before the coming of the Great War. The Italian Government even then saw a most imminent necessity for far better national thought and understanding. How by practical planning could it best accomplish such a thing? A little study quickly enough showed how—by not only letting Italians see every corner of their land but by urging them to do so.

So a most attractive ticket plan was developed. In practice it worked somewhat after this fashion: A resident, let us say, of Milan, in the great high plains of the north of Italy, might have business which called him to Florence. When he went to the Milan Union Depot, or whatever it is that passes for a union depot in Milan, the ticket agent, who was well schooled in the active art of selling transportation, attempted to beguile him into buying a little longer ticket—to Rome perhaps. His bait—his selling ammunition, if you will—was a rate per mile from Florence to Rome much lower than that prevailing between Milan and Florence.

Very well; suppose that our resident of Milan was prevailed upon to go down and spend that long-promised week-end in the city by the Tiber. Bargain sales have always spelled attractiveness to men as well as to women.

"If only you would continue on to Naples," suggested the ticket seller, "you would find the supplemental fare so slight as to be a mere nothing to your purse."

Very well again. Date the pasteboard up to Naples. Perhaps it would be a little warmer, a bit more balmy down there anyway than in old Rome. But the ticket seller was not content even yet.

"From Naples to Messina, it is a mere nothing, and the climate still lovelier, and the supplemental fare much less per mile than even that from Rome to Naples."

A Game That Two Can Play At

WITH the final result that the prospective traveler at Milan would probably find the Italian State Railways about ready to make him a present of the Island of Sicily if only he would have the graciousness and the very good sense to extend his voyage to and round that fascinating place.

Now turn that rule back. Henry Blank finds his way into the Grand Central or the Pennsylvania Station in the city of New York. He has a business errand which will carry him six hundred miles west of the Hudson River—for the first time in his life. He plans to go to Cleveland, stay two days there, in which he will do the work of six, and then come right back to Broadway once again. But the ticket seller, the expert seller of transportation, has studied in the Italian school of railroading.

"Make it Toledo or Detroit," he hints, "and we will make the mileage rate from Cleveland to either one of these towns a flat three cents a mile instead of the three and six-tenths cents which the Interstate Commerce Commission made the law of the land in August of 1920."

Blank hesitates. The ticket seller does not.

"While if you can be tempted to go on from Toledo or Detroit to that smart young town, Chicago," he urges, "we will bill you for the intervening distance between them for a mere two and seventy-five-hundredths cents, a historic percentage, you will remember; from Chicago to the Missouri River, two and a half cents a mile more. Two cents a mile flat on the next big lap, down to El Paso or Albuquerque or over to Cheyenne or Denver; lower all the time you go farther west—until that New York-Cleveland ticket that you are buying of me now, Mr. Blank, will carry you all through California at a cent and a quarter a mile. You cannot afford to keep out of California at such a rate."

And there is a strong probability that he will not.

My friend, the old traffic man, snorts at this suggestion.

"What do you think that the California Railroad Commission is going to say about some fellow from Boston riding all over their state at a cent and a quarter a mile, simply because he bought a ticket from South Station down to Providence and had it extended once or twice?" he asks. Then adds: "I don't think—I know. They will say, 'Very good, Mister Southern Pacific, if you can afford to carry him at a cent and a quarter a mile, you carry the man in Stockton who wants to go up to Sacramento or to Marysville at the same identical rate a mile. That's fair, and it's our business to make you be fair.'"

At first glance it would seem as if the venerable traffic man is right; a second and third one, however, will show the possibilities of his being quite considerably wrong. If the railroad commission at Sacramento has one-half the advertising sense that the rest of the Californians possess, it is going to recognize that here is the way to popularize its state—in the best and broadest sense of the word, to nationalize it. Moreover, it will know that the man who buys a ticket from San Francisco to Stockton, to Sacramento or Marysville will have his own opportunity to extend it in just the same way and upon exactly the same basis. He can go riding all over Cape Cod at a cent and a quarter a mile, while the folk round about him will be paying their three and six-tenths cents. *Quid pro quo.* Turn about is fair play, and all the rest of the fine copy-book maxims of our boyhood days.

Side Trips for Next to Nothing

IN FRONT of me lies the handbook of the Italian State Railways in those blessed days of before the war. From it I find that I could have started from the Milan Union Depot and made a circular trip through Bologna, Florence, Rome, Pisa, Genoa and Turin back to Milan again for 157.5 francs, first-class, or, at the then rates of exchange, a little more than thirty-two dollars. As a matter of fact, the ticket sold at exactly the same rate from any other point upon this designated belt and from it was good in exactly the same way. We are using Milan here merely as a convenient point from which to study the system.

But suppose the ticket agent in that brisk manufacturing city of the north suggested Venice—a little side trip off the main circular route, up the line from Padua and back again to Padua before we were ready to go on to Florence and to Rome. The inclusion of the side trip added but 8.9 francs to our original pasteboard, or less than two dollars. Suppose that we wanted not only Venice but Naples—this last considerably more of a side trip. We could retain Venice and do Naples as a side trip from Rome, and still have our first-class round-trip ticket going by one route to Rome and returning by another and entirely different one at 187.9 francs—or about $37.50 as we were then wont to figure it—while the period of availability of the ticket was lengthened from thirty to forty-five days.

I shall dwell no longer on these fares. And for fear of making my aged traffic friend choke himself to death I shall not go into the details of the Italian system—though used in many of the other countries of Continental Europe—under which a man may buy a season card ticket corresponding very much to the annual card passes under which American railroad officers travel—and travel upon it as much as he pleases, for a day, a week, a month or a year. That is supertransportation salesmanship such as is not even to be thought of in connection with our railroads at the present moment. We shall be quite glad enough in this country to get for ourselves the plainer or more garden-like forms of the article.

The new and greatly increased passenger rates are for the moment at least so firmly established by the mandates of the Interstate Commerce Commission as not to be easily overturned. The possibilities of extending the passenger opportunities in America through attractive special fares deserve more than ever before a general and careful attention, not only on the part of railroaders but also of the public at large. For the moment, and unless one digs deeply into the situation, it does not look as if the railroads of this country needed any form of special rates in order to fill their cars. On the contrary, their chief problem has been for the past two or three years to get enough cars of almost every class to accommodate the folk who wished to ride upon them. The upper berth that once went begging is now a coveted thing. One no longer cavils at it. Yet the shrewder of the traffic folk are already convinced that this abnormal situation is only transitory.

A man who rode across the continent the past summer, as he has been doing for a good many past summers before it, noticed a vast change in the type of folk who were

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"A marksman keen and bold
The highest prize I hold
I'm never content with an arrow sent
Unless it strikes the gold."

"It's a bull's-eye!"

Not merely "fair" health, but positively good health—abounding vitality and vigor—this is the only health mark worth aiming at. And it can be attained if you aim steadily at the simple sensible living which insures it.

Above all insist on plain nourishing food and a properly balanced diet. Serve good soup on your table every day without fail.

Start today's luncheon or dinner with Campbell's tempting Tomato Soup. It is not only a delightful appetizer but it supplies elements which are positively necessary for complete nutrition.

Such a soup served regularly is at the very foundation of the nourishing diet which builds up energy and strength. Keep it on hand.

21 kinds 15c a can

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 24)

undertaking that expensive trip. The familiar faces of the old-time regulars were missing. They were staying East—were motoring up to their summer haunts in New England or taking the great ships across the Atlantic. The folk who were California bound were for the most part going there for the first time. They said so, and they showed it. Railroad fare and Pullman charges—both greatly increased even then—were no deterrent factors for them. They had the money to spend, and spend it they did, freely and generously, though the anomalous fact went alongside that a great many of this new school of transcontinental travelers have persisted in bringing their own lunch boxes along from home and delving into them all the way across the land. As yet there is nothing in moral or statute law or constitutional amendment, to say nothing of the voluminous ruling of the Interstate Commerce Commission, which says that a man shall or shall not devour his lunch upon the train from a lunch box. A good many of the railroaders wish that there was. For even the most *de luxe* of the transcontinental limiteds are not free to-day from this abomination—abomination is the word when the train is more than two days out and the uniced lunch box has been the soggy seat of commissary for more than forty-eight hours!

In everything else expenditure has been the word. The man who yesterday rode in a day coach or the so-called chair cars of the Western roads to-day rides in a Pullman standard lower, while he of the erstwhile lower grows morbid or apoplectic if his telegram demanding the reservation of a stateroom or compartment has failed to produce that travel luxury. Until yesterday at least there were not nearly enough of the all-compartment Pullmans to meet the present emergency. How about the tourist sleeper of but a little time ago, you inquire—those quaint and venerable boxes which after a couple of decades of service in carpeted and upholstered magnificence were wont to go a humbler way, in cane and linoleum?

The High Cost of Traveling

TOURIST sleepers? The word to-day has a faintly familiar sound. We remember for ourselves the tourist sleepers that used to wend their way across the main line of the New York Central between Albany and Buffalo en route to and from Boston. Thrifty New England had a distinct preference in yesteryear for the half-price tourist car, and did not hesitate to express it. But the tourist sleeper might not turn south of Albany on the New York Central—not for one blessed mile, not even in emergency or excursion service. Two big trunk and far-reaching lines that threaded New Jersey and Pennsylvania on their way into Manhattan from the South and West had ruled against tourist sleepers—and under one of the thousand and one gentlemen's agreements the New York Central was forbidden to do the same thing, even though its Boston-Buffalo line competed against various wicked Canadian roads by doing that selfsame tourist-sleeper trick. Varied are the ways of railroad competition, as well as blessed!

For the moment, then, the tourist cars are out of fashion. This apparently is an hour that wots not of thrift or economy. It wants the best, and hang the price. Yet sooner or later this hour will pass out of existence. The wise old economists will tell you that thrift and spending always run in well-marked cycles. They have been compiling statistics for the past two or three centuries to prove this very thing. The hour of the tourist car will yet return. The canny railroader feels that in his very bones, without recourse to the statistics of any of the wise old economists.

That passenger traffic, already hesitant, is to-day beginning to be driven away from our railroads is noticeable already to keenly observant regular travelers. The new increased passenger rates went into effect nationally the last week in August. A man riding to Washington and back from New York the first week in October, and choosing the Congressional Limited for his convenience, found that the train was barely half filled in each direction. In other days seats in its six Pullman parlor cars—the handsome train carries no day coaches—had been at a premium. On both of these October days, however, the entire passenger list of the train could easily have been seated in three parlor cars. A total one-way passenger and Pullman fare, with war tax, of $13.21 is some different from the long-time one-way fare of $5.63—only $4.50 if you used the interchangeable two-cent-a-mile mileage book—and the one-way parlor-car fare of $1.25. There were no war taxes, and you could ride from New York to Washington and back on the Congressional Limited for $13.76, or only a few cents more than the present one-way fare.

Such sweeping increases in passenger fares are bound to tell—and upon the Congressional they are already beginning to shout. Other trains still are terribly crowded. The wave has receded only the least bit as yet, but it is receding; of that there can be no doubt. Neither can there be any real doubt that it will follow the course of clothing and shoes and other staples of American life in a downward course, if not to the low levels of before-the-war prices, at least to a level appreciably lower than that which has prevailed during some uncomfortable months recently passed.

In such an hour the canny railroader will have to find recourse in the art of selling transportation. A little more lightening of the pressure and he may find that his road will have to fight for enough traffic, particularly passenger traffic, to make its establishment even decently remunerative. The cars will be seeking the people instead of the people seeking the cars. And a new light will be shed upon the wisdom of increasing the flat-rate passenger fare in the United States to three and six-tenths cents a mile; practically four cents in the cases of those poor wights who are compelled to go long distances and so to ride in Pullman and in turn to pay a surcharge tax to the roads, which long ago sold for a mere mess of pottage one of their most valuable avenues of passenger revenues to a *concessionaire*. The disposal of check-room and cab-stand privileges to outside interests, without public letting, in order that these too might become *concessionaires* upon travelers, at the best prices that the traffic might pay without shrieking too highly to heaven, was not more of a scandal than the imposing of this surcharge upon sleeping-car and parlor-car passengers in order to camouflage an early economic mistake of the railroads themselves.

These things are set down without the slightest criticism whatsoever of the Pullman Company. It is hardly to be blamed if long ago it succeeded in making a good bargain for itself, and there have been few times when it has not given a good value for the money received, though its total fare increases within the last ten or fifteen years have not been in excess of twenty-five per cent—which compares more than favorably with that of other transportation companies. The new fifty-per-cent surcharge, it will be remembered, though added to its tickets, does not go even in a fractional part to its coffers. It is the tax which the public pays through it to the railroads, which long ago neglected to reserve for themselves a fair proportion of the Pullman revenues.

Though few of them are in a position to give utterance to them, the wiser of the railroaders realize these things to-day. They know, too, that quite apart from the question of service, which will have to be vastly improved, and in the very near future, if the public is going to pay the new rates, is this question of going out into the highways and the byways and getting in the traffic when it ceases to come of its own volition. They know that this can be done in only one way—by the making of attractive special rates; for the increased flat per-mile charges and the Pullman supercharges are not going to be lowered; not in the near future at any rate. In fact, it is more than likely that they will be further increased.

Yet with each step of advance a new and more forbidding factor enters into the situation. You can lead a horse to water, but you cannot make him drink. Similarly you can raise passenger fares, if not freight tariffs, to a point where traffic, already hesitant, begins to be driven away. Never was this more true than to-day, when the motor bus looms as a more and more portentous competitor of the railroad, and for longer and longer hauls. To combat its increasing popularity and strength the railroad in this country has generally done one or all of three things—fought it in the courts and legislative halls, reduced its own competing service or else raised its charges; and then has wondered perhaps why these unorganized transportation units—the railroads like to refer to them as guerrillas—have gained still more popularity and patronage.

The Field of the Motor Bus

NOT all of these last have learned the secret of transportation salesmanship. Not many months ago I rode in a motor bus from the capital of a far Western state to its chief city, some forty miles distant. There was little that was attractive about the service of the motor car. It was dirty and neglected in its upkeep. It was a fine, bright day, but extremely chilly; and the driver had put up the side curtains to keep off the north winds. They too were very dirty, with the direct result that all view of the fine scenery was shut off from the passengers save the two or three who were fortunate enough to gain places upon the driver's seat. That would not do. I waited an hour for the next bus. It was of the inclosed type, with the windows none too clean, however; with the seats placed longitudinally in the car instead of crosswise, a most disagreeable feature in a high-speed forty-mile trip.

There is much in favor of the high-speed motor bus in reasonably short-distance runs. Not only is it generally run at more frequent intervals and at higher speeds than its competitors of the branch-line steam railroads, but it has an adaptability in running in and out of the hearts of towns, little and big, of being able to stop here and there and everywhere within them, which its more bulky and awkward competitor entirely lacks. But in the long run even the popular motor bus will have to study, and study carefully, not only the needs but the tastes of its patrons. It will have to try to discover what they desire in the way of seat arrangement, of schedules, and of clean windows. No matter what may be its natural advantages, it cannot live permanently against any real competition without a consideration of every one of these seemingly slight things.

This, however, is not a preachment upon the motor bus. It has come, and it has come to stay. The point, as I see it, is what was the railroad doing that served the two cities between which I rode upon the motor bus? There was a direct railroad track connecting them, a branch line of one of the important trunk-line systems of the land. Little or no through freight ran upon those rails. In the general offices, in a city many hundred miles to the east, it probably was regarded as a liability rather than as an asset. Two passenger trains a day in each direction moved between the two cities, and so far as I can ascertain this is the same schedule that prevailed when the line was first laid down a quarter of a century or more ago. If the citizens of, let us say, the smaller of the two communities had ventured into the offices of the general passenger agent of the big road at any time within the past twenty years or so and asked for more train service the agent probably would have received them courteously, opened a box of cigars and given a thousand reasons why another train could not be added—and not one of them valid. That was his job.

"There simply isn't the traffic, gentlemen," would probably have been his final refuge. "We know! We study the situation. That is why we know."

This last with great finality.

Yet whence has come the traffic that completely fills those motor busses—twelve hours out of the twenty-four, and at the regular one-way passenger railroad rates? Could the railroad have put on a train for each of those twelve hours and completely filled them also? Probably not. But it might have devised a gasoline-unit car or overhead-trolley-wire service and sent a car or two each two hours or thereabout and so claimed for itself a well-patronized and steadily growing service. That, as I see it, would have been still another phase of transportation salesmanship. Unfortunately, however, our great systems have to-day grown to a size where the intensive study of their salesmanship possibilities has become all but impossible; and we are calmly considering permitting them greatly to extend their bulky unwieldiness—as a step down the pathway of national efficiency!

The Slump in Railway Service

THE other day I rode upon a local train of an important and generally well-managed railroad which is situated in the state of New York, and which is to-day protesting to high heaven that the local public-service commission of that state will not permit it to raise its local fares from a three-cent-a-mile basis to the three and six-tenths cents, with Pullman supercharges, recently granted by the interstate organization. It was a Saturday afternoon in late summer, very hot, and from the city from which it started there was a great outflow of folk to near-by lakes and beaches.

The district managers of the railroad might have—should have—anticipated this outflow. They did not. To the branch-line passenger train they attached two passenger coaches, no more—a day coach and a smoking car. Both were completely filled before the train had been standing in the terminal station a brief five minutes. Before it was ready to leave the station women had invaded the smoking car and at least sixty persons were standing in the aisles of each of the two overcrowded coaches.

The conductor of the train protested his helplessness in the situation. Were there not additional passenger coaches at the important terminal? Oh, yes, there were. Then why were they not attached? The conductor, terribly harassed, was completely honest in his reply.

"We have to make important connections out of Syracuse," said he. "Our engine is well-nigh worn out. If we were to add another of these heavy steel coaches to our train for the hundred-mile run we would never make our connections."

And so folk stood for each of the hundred miles of the slow journey that hot afternoon; no one person for all of the hundred miles, of course, but from eighty to one hundred all the while. And each man in his heart raving at the railroad. What sort of transportation salesmanship was this? Of what use was the railroad's elaborate and persuasive advertising when its service was pulling that way? The day has not yet come when salesmanship is to be regarded as separate from service. They pull forever in double harness, never alone, and the railroad is no exception to that rule.

I have digressed, and offer no apologies for the digression. It would have been futile indeed to have considered transportation salesmanship at any length and ignored the fundamental and eternal relationship of transportation service to it. Return, however, to the direct question in hand. How else can the railroad make its service more financially attractive without sacrificing too much of the rate increase which it felt—and still feels—was necessary to meet its increased outgo? A volume might be written on the increased bulk of travel that lowered rates might induce. But when all was said and done, much of this would be purely speculative.

There are other things, however, that are less speculative. Consider for a moment, if you will, the question of

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NATIONAL BRANDS

NEW YORK CITY

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

Metal-Mining Industries

THE present serious wave of depression that has swept over the metal-mining industry of the world is of particular interest to all civilized peoples, because mining is one of the two basic industries of man. The other primary pursuit of the human race is agriculture, and, though of earlier origin than mining, it is now almost entirely dependent upon the manufactured tools made from the earth's minerals.

Here in the United States in 1920 the farms of the country produced record crops, while the metal mines worked only part time or not at all. That is the difference between mining and agriculture: The first is sensitive to every business fluctuation, while the second, as a general rule, goes on nearly full blast, whether times are good or bad.

A Desert Gold-Mining Camp Near Tonopah, Nevada

Among the metal-mining industries the production of gold is a business apart. Gold mines are not affected by adverse business conditions as are other mines. The prosperity of the gold miner depends upon the purchasing power of the dollar, and this is sometimes least when prosperity seems greatest. Gold, therefore, is a story by itself.

Man's ascent to his present plane of intelligence was a slow process so long as he merely scratched the surface of the earth in an endeavor to cultivate food crops. His real advance did not begin until he discarded his stone implements and his wooden bow and arrow and dug down into the earth and secured materials from which he made the plow, the hoe, the ax and the sword. Agriculture was a primitive pursuit until the coming of metal tools. Science and engineering were crude arts until metal devices made experimentation possible, the diffusion of knowledge an accomplished fact, and the control of steam and electricity a common reality. Without the metals there would be no great transportation systems on water, on land or in the air throughout the world. There would be no printing presses and consequently no literature. We should have no telegraph lines, telephones, cables, harvesting machinery or lofty skyscrapers. All of us would have to forsake the big towns and take to the woods, for without metals there would be no water or sewerage, and our cities would soon become dangerous pest holes.

It was the mines of England and Scotland that transformed the small British nation into the greatest of world empires during the nineteenth century. Up until 1871 Great Britain produced more coal than all the other countries of the world, and it was no longer ago than 1885 that the British produced more iron than all other nations. The United States passed Great Britain in its total of yearly iron production in 1897, while in the matter of coal the American output did not surpass the British production until 1900. Early in the present century Germany commenced to forge to the front as an iron-producing nation, and in 1905 the Teuton output of iron ore first exceeded that of the British.

Without doubt, civilization has been developed on a metallic basis, and the miner has been the real pioneer of industry and of empire. The story of the early progress of man is really a tale of the gold of Ophir, the silver of the Laurion Mountains in Greece, and the copper of Mount Sinai in Egypt. Hannibal, the famous Carthaginian general, would never have been able to conquer Rome in the Second Punic War had it not been for the metals obtained from the mines of Iberia. When Carthage and Rome were overthrown mining practically ceased, the dark days of the Middle Ages commenced and the advance of civilization was halted. The discovery of a great New World beyond the sea in 1492 marked the beginning of a new era of romance and adventure in which the hardy miner again came into being and played the principal rôle.

First came Cortez, Pizarro and other pirates who looted the accumulated treasures of the New World. It was unfortunate for Spain that many of her pioneers were filibusters who destroyed but did not develop. Following the spoilers came the Cornish and Saxon miners, who introduced the art of mining into the New World. It is true that trade follows the flag, but far in advance of the flag was the man with the pick.

No news that ever circled the earth created a greater stir or caused such a mighty tide of migration as the reports of the discovery of gold in California. It is fortunate for the United States that back in 1848 there were no speedy and efficient means of communication between the outposts of civilization and the seats of government in this country and Mexico; otherwise the map of North America might be different from what it is to-day. J. W. Marshall discovered gold in California on January twenty-fourth, while California was not ceded to the United States until nine days later. Neither the Mexican nor the American Government was aware of the finding of the precious yellow metal in the foothills of the Sierra Nevada Mountains until after the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo had been signed on the second of February. Three years later California was yielding gold at the rate of eighty million dollars a year.

It was the discovery of gold in Australia in 1851 by a returned Australian who had just spent months in the newly opened gold fields of California that supplied the necessary impetus to the country's development, to make this land of the South Pacific one of the world's great sources of wealth. Next came the discovery of diamonds in South Africa in 1867, which turned the tide of miner adventurers toward the Dark Continent. Not long afterward gold was discovered in South Africa, and although but a single generation has passed since then, the South African mines have increased their output until now the gold production of the Transvaal totals nearly one-half of the world's gold production each year. Never was a nation better served by a loyal son than was England by Cecil Rhodes, the young Oxford student who went to Africa as a miner and returned to his native land the founder of the richest colony now under the British flag.

The story of the development of gold on the West Coast of Africa is a tale of adventure and hardship no less romantic than the story of the opening of South Africa. M. J. Bonnat, first a bootblack and afterward a cook in a Paris hotel, went to Africa as an ivory hunter, was captured by a native chief who held the Frenchman a prisoner for three years. While a captive, Bonnat saw the gold treasures of the chief of the tribe, and discovered the location of the diggings from which precious metal had been taken. Later, when liberated, he obtained a concession from another native prince, and with a number of adventurous spirits started the development of certain rich diggings which later furnished such wealth to the subsequent owners that this portion of the West Coast of Africa is now known as the Gold Coast.

In similar fashion, it was the lure of the yellow metal that started the development of Northwestern Canada and the Alaskan Peninsula. From pole to pole and from East to West, it has always been the miner who has led the way to the opening of new provinces. After him has come the railway, the telegraph and the steamship. It has been the search for gold that has led to the discovery of most of the other great mineral deposits. Fur traders and others travel in the vanguard of the forces that extend civilization; but it has been only the miner who penetrated to the heart of the lonely regions throughout the earth.

Close on the heels of the prospector came the mining engineer, who, being more of an economist and something of a manufacturer, saw values that the gold seekers overlooked, and which in the aggregate were greater sources of wealth than the gold deposits which had been the original lure. Copper and iron sound less romantic, and are not so spectacular as gold, but these two great basic metals have furnished the foundation for the building of industries that far surpass in magnitude the business of producing the more precious metals. The control and exploitation of the world's minerals during the next fifty years will provide the greatest political problem that confronts the nations of the earth. Every American should seek to become informed of the division of ownership of the world's supplies of petroleum. In the years that are close upon us we shall need a clear understanding of the importance of the international oil situation, so that we may be prompt in taking the initiative when action is required. In the matter of coal we are well supplied, and the question will not be so acute. These subjects, however, like the question of gold, are stories apart, and are only mentioned here because of their relationship politically to the metal-mining industries.

In the past the United States has paid small attention to the development of the metal resources of other nations. In future years we must not only take careful stock of our own supplies, but we must closely follow the exploitation of the mineral deposits of all the other countries in the world. The United States is the last of all the leading nations to comprehend the vital political significance of the commercial domination of the earth's mineral wealth. Already our slowness in grasping the importance of this matter has permitted other nations to take action that is even now affecting the international trade interests of the United States. With the rapid increase in the world's population is coming an equally rapid depletion of the earth's minerals, and the result will be a keener competition in the future for all the natural resources that remain undeveloped. Vegetable materials duplicate themselves successively each year, but though there is a vague theory that there is a similar law of growth in the mineral kingdom, such propagation or duplication of the mineral resources takes place so slowly that for all practical purposes the law, even if true, is of small interest to man to-day.

If there are wars in the future it is likely that the bone of contention will be the possession or control of mineral deposits that are thought to be essential to the welfare and progress of the rival nations. It was the iron deposits of Alsace-Lorraine that made Germany a great world power. There is every reason to expect that the transfer of this mineral wealth will initiate a vast commercial growth in France which will make that country the leader of the Continental nations. The dispute between Poland and Germany as to who shall get Upper Silesia has not been a question of sentiment, nationality or acres. It has been merely a contest for the possession of the greatest coal field of Europe and for the ownership of important deposits of lead and zinc. With Silesia under her flag, Poland can eventually equal Germany in importance and wealth. It is

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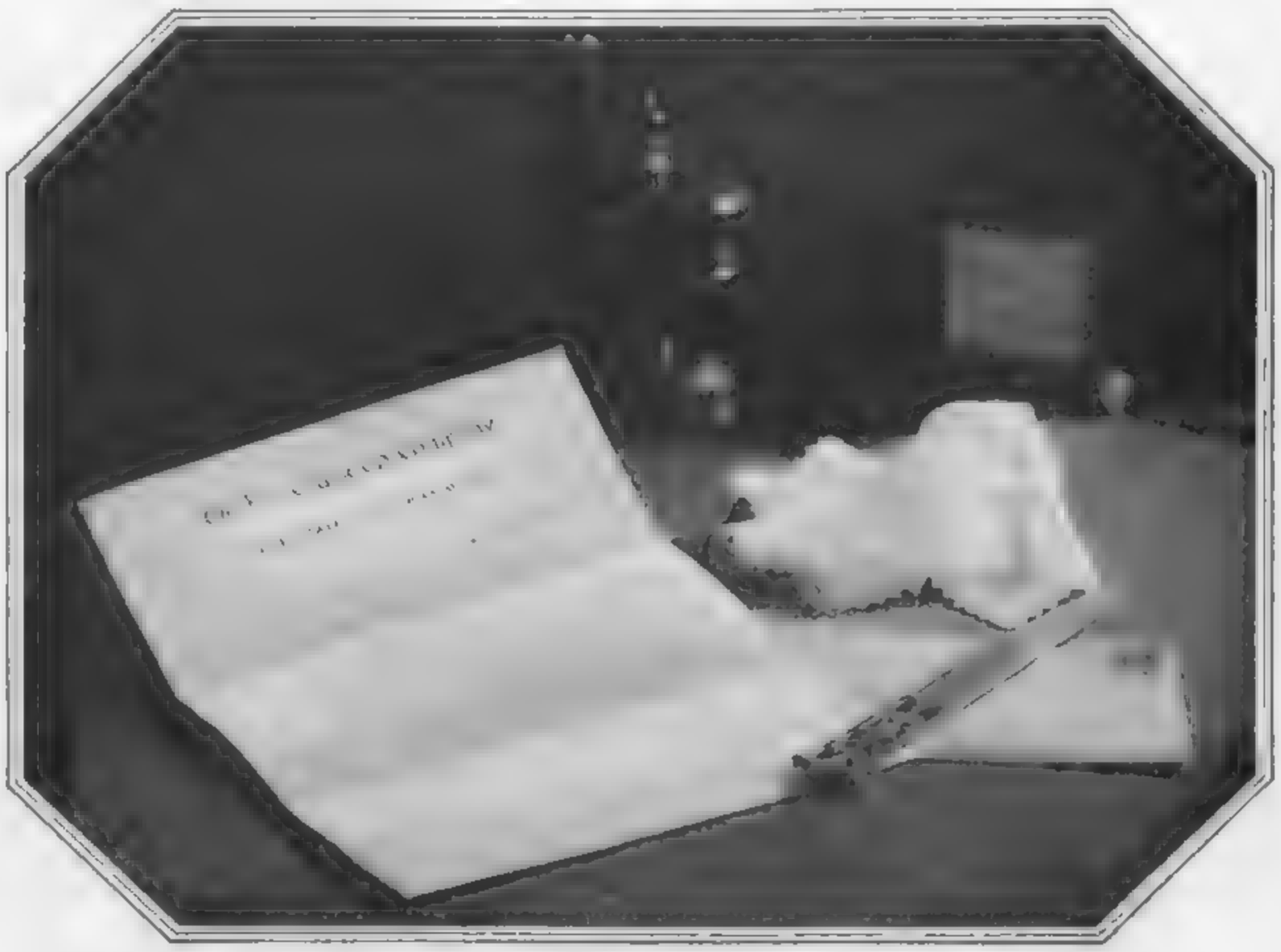

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fortunate, of course, that the mineral deposits of the United States are so vast in extent and so rich in value, but it is to be regretted that because of our bounteous supply of the essential metals Americans have found it unnecessary to invest their money in foreign fields as the Europeans have done.

Just now we are much disturbed by the slump that has taken place in our metal-mining industries. As is the case in all times of depression, the majority of the expressions of opinion have anything but a roseate hue. In Denver, Colorado, at the recent meeting of the American Mining Congress, the representatives of the metal-mining interests there present were very much exercised over the dark outlook for the immediate future of mining, and devoted hours and days to discussing causes and remedies for the trouble.

From a time of unusual prosperity, caused by the war, the metal-mining industry has settled down to a period of dullness and readjustment which is in marked contrast to the busy, profitable days of only a year ago. Gold mining is waiting on the advance of the period of deflation and the return of prewar purchasing power to the American dollar. Silver mining in those properties where that metal is the primary product is in good shape, and continues to be a profitable business because of the relief afforded the silver producers through the working of the Pittman Act, which law practically fixes the price of silver in the immediate future at the level of a dollar an ounce.

When it comes to the question of copper mining, there the atmosphere is of a dark blue. Copper, next to iron, is the world's most important basic metal. The United States controls sixty per cent of the world's copper output. Next to the United States as a copper producer comes Japan, and after the latter come Chile, Mexico, Canada, Africa, Peru, Australia and Spain. Practically all the copper production of Chile is controlled by United States capital. While the United States produces more iron than any other nation in the world, it produces more copper than all the other nations combined. It is easy to understand, therefore, that with an industry built to supply a world market the prosperity of the business depends upon the maintenance of a substantial foreign demand. European nations, especially Germany, are just now unable to finance large purchases of copper as in former times, and the result is that the mines must curtail production until the foreign demand again becomes normal.

Large deposits of copper have been pretty generally identified throughout most parts of the earth. Other nations have gone into the business extensively, and in recent years have largely increased their production of the metal. But notwithstanding this competition in recent times, the United States has managed to maintain its position of preëminence as a copper producer. In addition to producing sixty per cent of the world's copper, the United States imports nearly one-half of the copper produced each year by foreign countries for final treatment in our big refining plants. This means that if we include in our estimate the foreign copper that is refined here in the United States we may state in truth that American capital actually controls nearly eighty per cent of the world's production of the metal.

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Silver-Mining Camp at Cerro de Pasco, Peru

The red metal, as copper is commonly called, possesses certain physical qualities and characteristics which insure its continuance as the chief metal of industry after iron. Only gold and silver surpass copper in malleability, and silver alone in electrical conductivity. The whole future of copper depends on the growth of the electrical industry, for this latter business is the principal consumer of the red metal. Large quantities of copper are also used in the manufacture of sheets, tubes and other wares, while in China copper coins are the money standard of the lower classes.

Prior to the war Germany was one of the world's largest consumers of copper, and one of the remedies for the present depressed copper market is some practical arrangement whereby financial credit may once more be extended to Germany, so that the copper-manufacturing industry there may again resume its normal purchases here in the United States. In fact, the American copper industry is probably more dependent for success upon the recovery of European nations financially than any other great American business. But let no one forget that copper is one of the chief essentials to the advance of civilization and the prosperity of the world.

Of the many problems the mining industry is now facing none is more important than the question of high freight rates. It is an astonishing fact that the total products of the mines of the United States form approximately sixty per cent of the normal freight carried by all the railroads of the country. During the first quarter of 1920 fifty-two per cent of the carload freight shipped in this country consisted of the raw products of American mines. Measured by the tonnage it produces, the American mining industry is the biggest industry not only in the United States but in the world. During the three months mentioned there were four and a half tons shipped from our mines to one ton of products shipped from our farms. During the same period the shipments of mine products were two and one-fifth times greater than the shipments of all manufactured articles, and five times as great as the shipments of forest products. The tonnage of iron ore alone was greater than corn, wheat and flour combined, and three times as great as the total shipments of cotton. Even salt, one of the minor products of our mines, is a commodity of such importance that if we were to have a salt famine for a few months the consequent suffering entailed would make the late sugar shortage seem a matter of small moment. However, the mining industry of the nation is handled by one bureau of the Department of the Interior, just as Indian affairs and patents and pensions are handled.

Few people realize what the recent freight advances have meant to the mining industry. For instance, if we figure in the recent freight increases, we find that the additional cost of sending a so-called Paris gown from Chicago to Amarillo, Texas, is sixty-seven cents. In like manner we can show that the increase in freight rates on a pound of butter, a pair of shoes or a knitted necktie is a matter of small consequence when viewed only in the light of its effect on the cost of a single article. But when we start to figure the additional costs that must be borne by the producers and consumers of the products of American mines it soon appears that the new schedule of transportation charges is a matter of great concern to the mining industry.

For example, let us assume the case of a miner who is producing iron ore in New Mexico for shipment to the furnaces at Pueblo, Colorado. In 1916 the carrying charge for a ton of this ore from New Mexico to Colorado was two dollars and a quarter; to-day the freight rate on this same ton of ore between the same identical points is four dollars and sixty-seven cents. In other words, the freight rate is now more than twice the value of the ore at the mine. The reports of the largest fuel-and-iron company in the Rocky Mountain region show that the recent increase in freight rates has added about one million seven hundred thousand dollars to the company's annual freight bill. Since this concern produces approximately four hundred fifty thousand tons of steel each year, it is evident that the freight-rate advance has added nearly four dollars a ton to the company's finished steel.

The situation in the production of iron ore is not so bad, and the outlook is less uncertain than is true of the mining of copper. However, the recent increases in wages, freight and the prices of equipment are so narrowing the margin of profit that closer attention is being given to discovering ways and means for effecting economies in the mining and metallurgical treatment of the raw ore. Some years ago important mining interests hit on the idea of converting the seemingly worthless low-grade copper deposits into wealth-producing resources by perfecting plans to handle this porphyry rock on a scale of magnitude heretofore unheard of. The plan worked out successfully, and the copper-producing industry of the world was revolutionized. Now these same interests have turned their attention to iron ore in the hope that a similar scheme can be put into practical operation.

The supposed large deposits of soft iron oxide which have been worked in the Mesaba range of Minnesota on what was considered a large scale are practically nothing more than little pockets of high-grade ore, sprinkled here and there in a vast geological structure of sandstone impregnated with a magnetic oxide of iron. The new proposed plan is to treat this whole mass of iron-bearing rock very much as the huge deposits of low-grade copper rock are treated. This low-grade iron ore runs about thirty-five per cent iron, and has never been looked upon as commercially valuable ore. In the scheme contemplated the operators would have to handle no less than three tons of ore to get one ton of metallic iron. In copper handling they are obliged to handle five tons of material to get something like sixty pounds of copper. In securing the iron it is proposed to crush the low-grade ore to the fineness of flour or cement. This means that the ore would be crushed so fine that it would run through a two-hundred-mesh screen. The next step would be to run this pulverized ore over a magnetic separator, in which process the iron is pulled out by magnets, after which it is mixed with powdered coal and spread on huge gridirons and burned until all that remains is a spongy mass of iron oxide. Engineers estimate that in order for this plan to be successful it will be necessary to handle a hundred thousand tons a day.

The spongy mass of iron that will be obtained in the working of such a process is called sinter, and bears the same relation to iron in form that coke does to coal. It has a slightly higher value for furnace use than iron ore, and a slightly lower value than finished pig iron. We have heard much concerning the huge scale on which iron mining is conducted in this country, and yet if a plan of this kind becomes a working reality the iron-mining operations of the present time will be small in comparison with the developments of the future.

The principal additional worries of the metal-mining industry are concerned with tax reform, blue-sky legislation, standardization and a protective tariff. In the matter of state mine taxation the metal producers are on solid ground in their contention that the so-called ad valorem basis of taxation for mining property is not economically sound as comparable to the same basis of taxation for real-estate holdings or agricultural lands, because the value which is potential in the mining property can be realized only once. The ore that a company has in the ground is not usable wealth. Further, when the miner produces the ore it becomes of value, is sold, and thereafter can never be of value to that piece of property again. A mine can only show income by depletion of its fixed value, while a farm not only yields an annual crop providing a yearly income,

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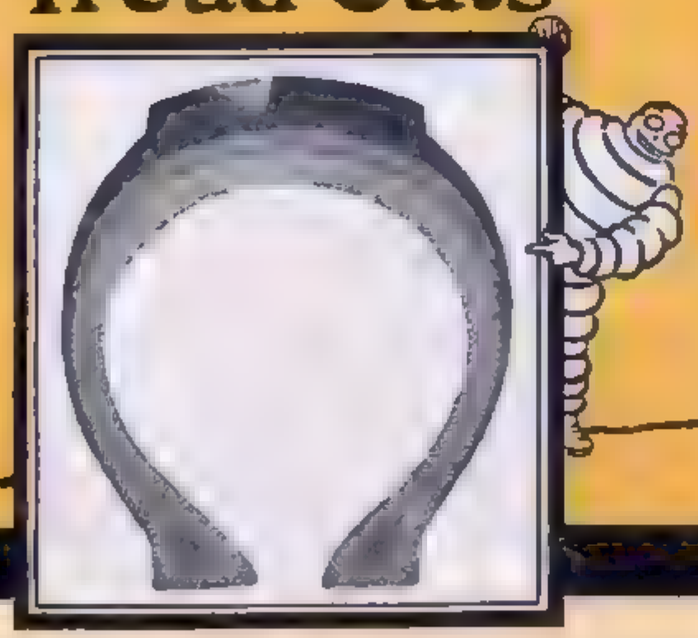

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STARS

By OSCAR GRAEVE

ILLUSTRATED BY NANCY FAY

IT WILL be amusing to read the life of Marion Adaire if ever it be written; and written it should be, for hers is a life well worth the chronicling. She was, as everybody knows, the darling of the American stage for two decades; she was acclaimed in London, to which she carried the chief of her American successes; and in Paris even the most cynical of the critics were won by her charm when she made a brief appearance as Juliet to the divine Sarah's Romeo. Marion Adaire had intelligence, a loveliness that combined the indestructible sheen of silver and the fragility of white rose petals, and she seemed to have discovered somehow—like the divine Sarah herself—the secret of perpetual youth. The tale of her life, however, with all its flaming color, its tempestuosity, its slightly hysterical quality, no matter who the biographer, will be considerably glossed over to suit our puritanic tastes, for, to put it at its kindest, Marion Adaire was no better than she should have been. But the curious instance is that no matter how her life is recorded, one of its strangest effects will never be incorporated. It is unknown. It concerns the lovely Marion's influence upon one, humble and obscure, of whose worship she never knew and even of whose existence she was entirely unaware.

It was Jennie Mint who persuaded William Fee to take her to see Marion Adaire in The Turtle Dove. Mrs. Bender's boarders had a habit, when the weather permitted, of sitting out on the front steps after dinner, the men in their shirt sleeves, with pipes and cigarettes, the women with scarfs or fancies thrown over their shoulders; and it was on the front steps after dinner that Jennie, nestling a little against him, said to William: "Let's go somewhere to-night, Billy."

She knew him quite well enough to say that. She felt that she knew William Fee well enough to say almost anything to him. He was to her an open book which she had read with love, devotion and avidity. Yet they were not formally engaged. He hadn't asked her to marry him—not yet. But Jennie felt she could count upon him. They had arrived at that stage where she was fond of clinging to him, of gazing into his eyes for extraordinary lengths of time, and just for the mere sake of gazing at him, while he received these attentions with the good-humored affection that is acknowledgment in a man that he is captive. And everybody in Mrs. Bender's boarding house also knew that Jennie Mint and William Fee were going round a lot together and seemed fond of each other. They watched the youthful pair with the kindly and slightly disillusioned eyes of middle age and took the conclusion for granted. Billy was a steady, straightforward young feller, they said—mebbe a little dreamy, a little lacking in ambition—and Jennie was a quiet, pretty girl and would make him a good wife. A bright girl, too, and practical. She'd wake Billy up if anybody could. Besides, Jennie's fluffy light hair, her pink-and-white complexion in contrast with Billy's thin, dark gravity, met the requirements of their romantic sensibilities.

As Mrs. Bender herself put it: "It's always the blonde that draws the brunet. Seems like they're more suited to each other. Funny, ain't it? Yeh, they ought to be happy together."

"Where do you want to go, Jen?" asked William Fee after a pause during which he had surveyed the familiar length of Cranberry Street with lazy unconcern.

The children playing in the powdered dusk of the September evening; the truck with its tired horses plop-plopping to the stable beside the corner grocery; the gossiping cluster of women in front of Mrs. Everett's house—he saw these indifferently. They made little impression on him. They were like rings of smoke that vanish before they are half seen. And that was the way William surveyed almost everything—as if through a veil, as if separated from actuality by a gossamer shell compounded of his own apathy. As Mrs. Bender said, he needed wakening.

"Oh, I don't know," Jennie answered hesitatingly, giving him a sidewise, questioning glance.

"Want to take a trolley ride down to the Island?"—a ride to Coney Island was one of their stock diversions.

"It's sorta late for the Island, Billy. It'll be cold down there"—she shivered in anticipation—"and I haven't been able to get my new fall coat yet."

"Want to walk up to that place near Prospect Park where they have that swell banana ice cream?"

"Oh, have a heart, Billy! I'm half frozen now."

"Want to go to the movies?"

"No, I'm tired of the movies. We went last night and the night before."

He turned to gaze at her inquiringly. The list of their usual diversions was about exhausted.

"What d'you want to do?" he asked with that drawling amiability so characteristic of him.

She clasped her hands.

"I'll tell you. I saw in the paper that Marion Adaire was opening her season in Brooklyn to-night. She's in The Turtle Dove. That ran all last year in New York, d'you remember? Oh, I'd love to see her!"

"Where is it?"

"At the Montauk."

"Do you think we'd be able to get seats?"

"I guess so, Billy. Oh, I know it's awful cheeky to ask you to take me there, but I'll pay for my own seat if you want. I'm crazy to see Marion Adaire. They say she's wonderful, and I've never seen her."

"Of course you can't pay for your own seat, Jen. What kind of a feller d'you think I am? Let's see!" He pushed his hand into a trousers pocket and drew forth a thin roll of bills. "Look! I've got twelve dollars. That'll last me out the week easy, theater tickets an' all. We'll get good seats."

"We can get grand seats up in the second balcony for seventy-five cents, Billy."

"No, we'll get the best seats, Jen."

"Pay two dollars apiece? I guess not! Seventy-five-cent seats are plenty good enough."

Jennie pressed her lips tightly together and nodded her small head emphatically. As she saw it, it was her duty to curb Billy's flair toward extravagance. Soon, with a home of their own, she would be forced to do it. She might as well begin right now.

"I'll run up and fix my hair and get my hat," she said.

For once William emerged from his apathy.

"I notice you got your blue silk dress on. I bet you had this all planned," he laughed.

Jennie pouted.

"Oh, you're an old know-it-all, ain't you?" she said, and disappeared.

Until that night Jennie was justified in thinking that she knew all there was to know about William Fee. He was easy to understand because there was so little to understand—a placid young man, easy-going, thoroughly nice, content with his station in life and his modest prospects. Perhaps he was too content with them. Even the most casual student of human nature could have foreseen the course of his little life as plainly as if it had been charted on white paper, with squares drawn in black ink to outline the years and a thin red line to mark his career—a red line that varied only imperceptibly from the horizontal.

William was a clerk in Randle's Tea and Coffee Store in lower Fulton Street, caught and half hidden in the shadows thrown by the Elevated structure. Randle's was a dying shop in a neighborhood which had seen its best days. Ever since—years ago—Brooklyn Bridge had been opened and had carried the great stream of the public

Marion Adaire Had Intelligence, Loveliness, and She Seemed to Have Discovered Somehow the Secret of Perpetual Youth

past lower Fulton Street that neighborhood had been settling into slow decay. The occupants of some shops had moved away, but Randle's and some others had stayed, while cheap lodging houses occupied the buildings left vacant by banks and offices. Strange, ephemeral enterprises, hiding the flimsiness of their transactions behind painted windows, had come and gone. The shops that remained had sunk into a dingy and poverty-stricken state, clinging desperately to the feeble support of a patronage that dwindled daily. For that matter, the very type of Randle's Tea and Coffee Store, no matter what its location, was doomed. For it dealt exclusively in teas and coffees; it sold nothing else; and the huge department stores, together with the chain stores, selling at exceptionally low prices, were forcing the specialty shops such as Randle's out of existence.

But William Fee had clerked in Randle's store for three years, unaware of or, at best, indifferent to the fate awaiting it. Even Jennie, with her shrewd perception and head for business, if she had foreseen Randle's fate, would not have worried. William was a good clerk, a little slow but polite and obliging, and earned his eighteen dollars a week.

"If I was you I'd get out of that dead-'n'-alive store," she once told William, but she did not worry, for she knew he could easily get another job if necessary. When it came to that, he could get as good a job in one of the ubiquitous chain stores or in the grocery department of a department store. Randle's doom was in no way William's. There are at least some advantages in being an employee instead of an employer. And with a change in jobs William's life would only be slightly and temporarily jolted out of its predestined channel. Barring the great accidents of life and death, that channel was as follows:

He and Jennie would be married. They'd take a cheap flat somewhere and furnish it on the installment plan with bright, shiny oak things. They would count on a raise in pay now and then, no matter where he worked. There might be a baby or two; and they would struggle along with their share of privations and compensating pleasures, of little quarrels and the sweetness of reconciliations, of illness and good health, of gray hours and golden. Theirs would be the common dividend of happiness and sorrow granted to all the great bulk of humanity that toils for its daily bread and asks not too much of to-morrow.

Yes, it was all plainly enough marked—the course of William Fee's life. If Jennie sometimes sighed for a more ambitious mate, one who would forge ahead, provide her with a little something more than the bare necessities of life, she suppressed these sighs. For she loved William, though she knew she could not expect too much of him.

But the night that Jennie persuaded William to take her to see Marion Adaire something happened to him—something profound and disturbing, poignant and ecstatic; something that stirred into storm the tranquil depths of his soul.

He did not know it was love. How was he to know? If he had been able to analyze his emotion it would have seemed as ridiculous to him as to anybody who knew Marion Adaire, that he, a clerk in a store, making eighteen dollars a week, was in love with that dazzling idol of the American public! But he could not analyze it. He could only feel in some tremendously upsetting way this thing that had happened to him. Besides, he was supposed to be in love with Jennie, dear little Jennie, who—there was no doubt about this—was in love with him.

Though Marion Adaire, wherever she went, drew crowded houses, Jennie and William were fortunate enough to get seats in the first row of the second balcony. With a box of chocolates on Jennie's lap, they hung there contentedly on the brass railing, munching away and gazing at the more opulent people who sat in the orchestra far below them. When the orchestra ceased playing and the lights were dimmed, Jennie sighed, snuggled up close to Billy and dropped her hand into his. That most fascinating moment in the theater had arrived—that breathless moment when the curtain lifts slowly, when the reality of everyday life is forgotten and romance is revealed.

The Turtle Dove was a claptrap affair, some sort of bowdlerized version of a French play adapted for the English stage and then readapted for the American; but it gave Marion Adaire an opportunity to play the most appealing of all rôles, a persecuted young girl who emerges through the trials of the first and second acts to triumph—in pearls and a glittering white frock—in the final act.

The audience did not recognize her at first in the shabby dark dress she wore, with a shawl over her lustrous hair; but when she spoke, when her voice, vibrant, tender, filled with all the pathos and longing in the world, echoed like a tiny ghost of lost happiness through the house, there was a spatter of applause, instantly hushed so that not a note of that silvery voice might be missed.

"Oh, she isn't so awful pretty—not half what I expected," murmured Jen, but William did not hear her.

It was almost as if he heard nothing, not even Marion Adaire's voice. Or, rather, he did not know the words that the persecuted girl on the stage was uttering, but the voice itself caught at his heart, and like a silver thread bound his heart and then pulled taut. He felt suffocated. He withdrew his hand from Jen's and loosened his collar.

"Billy, what're you doing?" she asked disapprovingly.

And again William did not answer, did not hear. He was leaning forward now, intent, his arms crossed on the brass railing before him.

The curtain fell on the first act. Jen settled back in her seat. She selected a chocolate from the open box on her lap and dropped it delicately into her small pink mouth.

"Want one?" she asked.

William did not answer.

"Well, what d'you think of Marion Adaire?" she asked.

"Oh, I think she's pretty good," he said. A sudden instinct had told him to dissemble, not to let Jen know of the depths of feeling that had been touched within him.

"She isn't half so pretty as I thought she'd be," repeated Jen complacently, "and when the light was full on her she looked kinda old. Did you notice that, Billy?"

But that was too much for him.

"Old!" he echoed scornfully. "Why, she doesn't look old, Jen!" Some unexpected strain of poetry was released in him. "She looks young—young as the morning! How can you say she looks old?"

Jennie was puzzled. She murmured to herself: "Young as the morning!" Where did he get that? He must be going dippy, but she felt a little hurt that he had never told her, Jennie, that she looked as young as the morning.

The curtain rose again and fell again and rose upon the final act—and upon Marion Adaire, her blond loveliness at last fully revealed in a ball frock of white, upon which glistened, as if it were powdered with diamonds, a million iridescent spangles. Her white arms and throat were like silver, her famous hair a halo of spun gold.

And William Fee, the humble, sat enraptured, past any earthly sense or feeling. There are some strains of music, some certain chords, that have a curious effect upon a sympathetic listener. They seem to release the soul from the body and send it flying. So it was with William when Marion Adaire spoke, even when he gazed upon her beauty. The chains of his earthly habitation were struck from him; he was set free; he was awakened; he was beyond earthly

(Continued on Page 36)

Everybody in Mrs. Bender's Boarding House Also Knew That Jennie Mint and William Fee Were Going Round a Lot Together and Seemed Fond of Each Other

IN the Hupmobile of today, noteworthy new elements of value are added to a car-value already conspicuous by reason of remarkable performance, economy equally rare, and staying qualities which bring renewed satisfaction each day.

Its top has a new smartness of line; with plate glass in the rear curtain.

Its upholstery is improved, its fenders display a touch of new grace, it is fitted with outside door-handles, a wind-shield cleaner, and a moto-meter; and it carries the rear light by which the Hupmobile is known all over America.

Its finish is a beautiful new shade of Hupmobile blue.

These details make the car more comfortable, more convenient, and more desirable to own.

(Continued from Page 34)

cares and responsibilities; but also he was drunk with a sense of his own ego. He was a conqueror, a superman. If that moment could have been captured and held, William Fee would have dared anything and accomplished anything.

Billy and Jen walked silently out of the theater. Enchantment still enwrapped them; for Jen as well as William had succumbed in that final act to Marion Adaire's magic, though in Jen's case it was but a thing of moments, while the spell cast over William was, in some degree, to last forever.

Still silent, they walked down Fulton Street, Jennie's arm thrust through William's. And as they walked, as the Elevated rattled cheerily overhead and the surface cars clanged, as the jolly stream of humanity jostled them and the shop windows flaunted their wares, the enchantment of the theater, so far as Jennie was concerned, began to give way before the intrusion of the usual and the commonplace.

"Well, I'm glad I've seen her, anyway," said Jennie. "Gert Moloney at the office's been crowing over me because she'd seen her twice an' I never had. But I don't know but what you get as much fun out of the movies as the theater, considering the difference you have to pay," she chattered on. "Look at that hat, Billy! In the window, I mean. Isn't it a freak? They say that that red's going to be all the thing this winter."

Presently, for all her own bright animation, she could not help but realize William's silence.

"Say, what's the matter with you tonight, Billy? You haven't said a word since we left the theater."

At the direct question William emerged with a start from the spell that held him.

"What?" he asked.

"What's the matter with you? Can't you talk?"

"Nothing's the matter, Jen."

But she found she could not force him into any sort of response. Her own animation died. She still hung to him, however, though a little sulkily, and they left the lights of Fulton Street and drifted—silent, both of them—through the dark to the boarding house in Cranberry Street.

That night William did not go to bed at once. He sat at the window and gazed at the stars. Never in all his life had he done this before. Never had Jennie had sufficient influence upon his being to make him do such a thing as sit by his open window and gaze at the starry heavens; and it was as if a veil were torn from before his vision—so bright the stars seemed, so close! The fancy came to him that he might reach up and pluck a star from the heavens and hold it against his heart and in that way quiet its tumultuous rapture. A foolish fancy! He put it aside and went to bed, only to toss restlessly, for he could not forget Marion Adaire's voice. It sang in his ears; and before his eyes, closed though they were, swam an indistinct picture of Marion Adaire, blurred silver and gold, as if indeed a star had descended and swung before him, half blinding him.

The next night he went to see Marion Adaire again. This time he procured a seat as near the stage as he could. What did he care about the cost? He did not tell Jen where he was going. He made some excuse or other about visiting a friend. And again he sat intent and worshiping at the actress' shrine, and the spell upon him tightened its meshes and sank into his very flesh and bone. Again on Wednesday night he went; and this time he was able to sit in the first row of the orchestra, where he could see every movement of Marion Adaire's lips, every play of light upon that mobile mask, and where, it almost seemed, every separate strand of spun-gold hair was visible.

On Thursday, when he announced to Jennie that he was going out again without her, she said angrily: "I don't know what's got into you, Billy! You don't act like yourself at all."

It was the beginning of the breach that was to come between them.

Saturday night brought the conclusion of Marion Adaire's week in Brooklyn. By inquiring at the box office—and the man at the box office grinned at him knowingly—William found that The Turtle Dove company was to make a jump to Chicago to open a long season there.

"Thinkin' of following Miss Adaire up?" asked the box-office man.

"No," said William shortly, and turned away so as to hide his embarrassment.

Yet he had been thinking of following Marion Adaire up. But Chicago! He didn't have the money to get to Chicago, much less to stay there after he got there. If only he had all the money he needed! Why couldn't he make more money? It meant freedom; it meant you could do as you pleased.

After Marion Adaire's departure his life fell back into its little groove. For a time he seemed more dazed, more apathetic than ever before, but at last changes began subtly to work in him. For the mad idea had come to him that some day he might go to see Marion Adaire wherever she played; that some day, even, he might meet her, might press her hand and hear her silvery voice speaking to him. No more than that he asked, and yet even that was incredible folly. But this mad ambition could never be realized if he remained a clerk in Randle's store making eighteen dollars a week.

For the first time he became acutely aware of his environment. He realized the dwindling trade of Randle's, the restrictions of the decadent neighborhood in which it was situated. And then in the murky atmosphere of Randle's, set beneath the interlacing shadows of the Elevated structure, he began to dream and to plan. Presently he tossed himself again and again against the immutable indifference of old Randle.

Mr. Randle was fat and had asthma. He disliked movement of any sort. Mr. Randle grunted and wheezed when he had to lift a pound of coffee from the upper shelf for a customer. When he rose from his chair he grunted and wheezed. When Mrs. Randle, thin and acidulous, called him to lunch—they lived over the shop—he climbed the stairs with a groan and a wheeze at every step. Winter and summer Mr. Randle wore a gray alpaca coat very much spotted. Beneath that were enormous trousers, baggy and of shiny black; beneath the trousers huge feet like elephantine pads. His face was coffee-colored, and small side whiskers stood out like patches of new snow on an old and rusty tin roof. On his bald head was a little square skullcap to protect it from drafts. Mr. Randle's one hope was that his business wouldn't entirely vanish before he did.

"Say, Mr. Randle, we've got to do something to drum up trade," said William Fee one day.

"Why, Billy," said Mr. Randle with his heavy, asthmatic breathing, "what's got into you?"

"I don't know," said William Fee, and shuffled his feet nervously, "but I've got to get on in the world."

Mr. Randle looked ponderously roguish.

"Thinkin' of marrying, heh! I saw you with that purty leetle girl!"

"No, I'm not thinking of getting married—not now," said William, and his conscience stirred as he thought of Jen; but then he turned savagely and pointed to the flyspecked signs in the shop windows: "Let's change them!"

"Those signs!" gasped Mr. Randle.

"Yes, let's paint them over in—in red ink. Let's have a big bargain sale."

"A bargain sale! We're not making enough profit as it is."

"I know, but we've got to do something to draw the crowd, Mr. Randle."

But Mr. Randle was adamant. The signs were not to be changed. Red ink indeed! Billy forgot that Randle's was a conservative, high-class old establishment.

In the public library on Montague Street William pored over magazines for pictures of Marion Adaire, but when he had gazed and gazed at the pictures, and had exhausted them, his mind took another course, and he asked the librarian if there were any books to be had telling how to liven up a shop. She gave him a large volume called The Retail Store. William carried it home and spent night after night studying it.

"Let's give a dish away with every pound of coffee and tea we sell," he suggested to Mr. Randle.

"Why, Billy!" said Mr. Randle.

"What's the matter with the idea? It's an old one, I know, but it gets people."

"Not with our high-class trade," said Mr. Randle.

"High-class nothing!" said Billy. "They're a few old people from the Heights who still deal here. But look round you, Mr. Randle. This neighborhood isn't high class any more—anything but! They're mostly cheap people, and we've got to get them with cheap tricks."

"I don't want Randle's to be a cheap store, Billy," said Mr. Randle plaintively, for after all he had his pride.

William procured more books from the library. Also, beside Mr. Randle's desk was a mound of papers—copies of The Retail Merchant. All these papers were still in their wrappers. The only reason Mr. Randle subscribed for The Retail Merchant was that his father had done so. He himself never read it. But now Billy plugged industriously through every copy, looking for ideas as to how to put energy into a retail business. But these ideas, no matter how vigorously he shot them at Mr. Randle, fell back like paper pellets before his huge, immovable bulk.

William for a time tasted the bitterness of despair. He wanted so badly to get on. Almost six months had swung by since that magic night when he had first seen Marion Adaire, and in another six months, so he had read, she would be back on Broadway in a new play. He wanted to see her. He wanted to go and see her every night. That would take money—he had to have money. If only Mr. Randle would be amenable to his—Billy's—ideas! He knew they would stimulate trade, and then he might get an increase in salary. But Mr. Randle was like a mountain of flesh on the tracks over which progress must travel.

William began to wonder how many Mr. Randles there were throughout the city—immovable, deaf to ideas, blind to progress. No wonder so many little shops lighted their modest signs, flickered for a time and then expired. A Mr. Randle was enough to kill any shop. And then he thought how much he, William Fee, could help all these little shops if he could only persuade them to accept the ideas he had dug up for them. His brain began to buzz with excitement at that vision—a hundred, a thousand shops stirred into activity because of the plans he could furnish them! If only he could do that there would be lots of money in it for him, there was bound to be lots of money in it for him. But he could think of no way in which to get this glorious, breathless thing started.

And then inspiration came. The Randle Tea and Coffee Store bought most of its coffee from the great wholesale house of Martin Sacks & Co. Martin Sacks & Co. did not think much of the Randle Tea and Coffee Store. Randle's was barely worth their consideration, but they sold Randle's for the same reason that Mr. Randle subscribed for The Retail Merchant—they had always sold Randle's. And Randle's was slow pay but sure.

"I suppose some day we'll lose a little money on 'em," said the credit man of Martin Sacks & Co. philosophically, "but they always have paid, and I guess we can go on taking a chance for old times' sake." So Mr. Trapp, the bright young salesman who covered part of Brooklyn for Martin Sacks & Co., continued to call at Randle's every other week or so and slapped Mr. Randle's fat back and said half jocularly, half condescendingly: "Well, old socks, what'll it be to-day?"

After William Fee had had his inspiration, the next time Mr. Trapp called William went up to him and asked: "Can I speak to you a minute?"

"Sure!" said Mr. Trapp, and showed his white teeth.

Mr. Trapp and William stepped out of earshot of the somewhat indignant Mr. Randle, and William, trying to hide his excitement, said: "Listen, Mr. Trapp! I've got an idea—an idea about ideas. Look here." He held up a thick packet of cards on which were pasted clippings from The Retail Merchant and other trade papers and typewritten copies of excerpts from the books he had borrowed from the library. "These are ideas on how to put ginger into a retail store. There're dozens of ideas—hundreds! New ones are cropping up all the time. I've tried to get Mr. Randle to adopt some of 'em, but he can't see it. Now I've been thinking a big concern like yours might have a service department to help the storekeeper. Don't you see? Send 'em the ideas best suited to help their business. It wouldn't cost much."

"But what does it get us?" asked Mr. Trapp.

"Don't you see? Makes friends—helps 'em to sell your coffee too. There'll be hundreds of stores that'll be glad to get ideas in this way all ready for 'em to use. Saves 'em the trouble of hunting for them themselves—that is, if they would ever think of hunting for them themselves. You do see, don't you? Not only little stores but big ones, department stores with grocery departments—everything!"

Mr. Trapp looked thoughtful for a moment and then showed his favor by slapping William on the back.

"Say, I think there's something in that!" he exclaimed. "I'll tell you what you do. Go see Mr. Bronson. He's the bird that'll get this. Here, I'll give you my card and you tell him I sent you." He took a card from his pocket and scribbled on it. "Go soon. I'll tell him you're coming."

William went to see Mr. Bronson the very next morning. He was afraid that if he waited his resolution might weaken. He dressed with particular care—his best suit, of course, a double-breasted blue suit, and the striped blue-and-black tie that Jen had given him for his birthday. And he was a little afraid when he saw the magnificent offices of Martin Sacks & Co., offices with glittering glass partitions set in mahogany framework, mahogany desks with glass tops and real rugs on the floor. How different it was from the dusty, jaundiced atmosphere of Randle's! He was quivering with nervousness after he had sent in Mr. Trapp's card to Mr. Bronson, but he tried to assume an air of indifference, and with a slightly moist hand held tightly clutched against him his packet of cards as if it were a talisman which would open all doors.

Mr. Bronson saw him immediately. Mr. Bronson was like a Mr. Trapp to whom had been added a few years, a few pounds and accordingly a little more dignity. He listened with a sort of hushed energy while William explained his idea. Mr. Bronson nodded.

"Pretty good! Pretty bright! Pretty clever!" He gazed scrutinizingly at William. "What's your game in this? Want to sell us the idea?"

"No, I don't want to sell it exactly," said William hesitatingly.

"What then?"

"I thought I might get a job with you taking charge of putting over this plan."

"How much do you want?"

William did not know what to answer. He had not expected events to move forward so rapidly. He wondered if Mr. Bronson might consider paying him twenty-five dollars a week; he wondered if by any possible chance he could be persuaded to pay him thirty. Finally, with a gulp, he compromised and said: "Twenty-seven dollars and fifty cents a week."

"Twenty-seven dollars and fifty cents!" exclaimed Mr. Bronson. "How did you ever think of that?"

"I thought I'd be worth that, Mr. Bronson."

"Are you sure about the fifty cents?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Bronson smiled and nodded.

"I never knew anybody before to have such an accurate estimate of his value, but—but I'll think it over. I'll let you know to-morrow."

And a letter did come the next day telling William to report for work at once.

When William told Mr. Randle he was going to leave, Mr. Randle at first simply said: "Why, Billy!" But after a long, ruminating pause he added: "Well, you're young. I guess you can take a chance, but it's mighty risky, let me tell you, giving up a good sure job like this to go into something you don't know anything about."

To tell the truth, however, Mr. Randle was rather pleased that William was leaving. Of late William had been as annoying to him as a fly buzzing round his bald head—just about as annoying as that.

And Jennie stopped him on the stairs of the boarding house to tell him how glad she was to hear of his new position in New York. It was really the first time they had spoken in weeks, except for the most casual of good mornings or good evenings. Every time Jen had passed him with averted eyes William had felt contrite and guilty. But what could he do? Better this than deceiving her—letting her think he loved her while all the time his thoughts were for another—that disturbing luminary who had cast light into the dark corners of his life, who had roused him into action that had torn him from his oysterlike existence.

But he felt sorry for Jennie. He couldn't help but feel sorry for her. It was deplorable that he had fallen in love with someone else, but after all he hadn't done it purposely. He hadn't wanted to fall in love with anyone else—if this worship of his for a distant star, ever unattainable, could even be called love.

(Concluded on Page 39)

Barrett Everlastic Roofings

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For the executive who wishes to add to his information on this subject, we have an interesting booklet on "Stationary Steam Engines," which treats authoritatively on their construction, operation and steam cylinder lubrication.

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(Concluded from Page 36)

Sometimes he wondered if Jen still cared for him. Perhaps she didn't. It would be far, far better if she didn't, and yet the thought that she might have ceased caring for him hurt him. Why? Oh, he was a rotter. He knew it!

But when Jen stopped him on the stairs to say, "Billy, I'm awful glad you got that new job," he was delighted.

"It's nice of you to say so, Jen," he said; and indeed, considering everything, he thought how nice, how generous, it was of her to say this.

Her eyes were wistful as she continued: "Remember, I told you a long while ago you ought to get out of that dead-'n'-alive place." She hesitated, and then asked a little timidly: "Was it—was it that, Billy, that got you to thinking of going with this big New York concern?"

William knew it wasn't that. Nothing Jen had ever said to him had had much influence with him. Nothing she had ever done had served to waken him from his apathy—and he knew exactly what it was that had wakened him—but he didn't want to hurt Jen.

"I shouldn't be surprised if it was that," he said at last.

She stepped a little nearer to him.

"Oh, Billy, I wish ——"

But she saw that he was confused, that there was only pain in his eyes—nothing else. She turned away abruptly and walked down the stairs. "Good night, Billy," she said quickly.

His new life in the office of Martin Sacks & Co. was exciting. For a time it absorbed all his thoughts and energy. His system of supplying ideas to retail merchants was working out pretty well, but not nearly so well as he had expected. William had looked forward to a great army of retail merchants clamoring for the precious ideas he had salvaged for them; but nothing like that happened. A few merchants responded to the circular Martin Sacks & Co. had sent out. These few had received ideas suitable to their needs and had held profitable ninety-nine-cent sales, bargain sales and dollar days, and had used other devices for whipping up trade; and these few were properly grateful to William and Martin Sacks & Co. But the great bulk of the trade did not respond. William had constantly to prod them into any sort of attention with letters beginning "Wake up!" or "Why Not Seize This Opportunity?"

There seemed to be a great many Mr. Randles in the world.

Mr. Bronson all this time kept a watchful eye on William and his system. Finally William was forced to admit to Mr. Bronson that the plan was not going so well as he had hoped it would.

"Oh, that's all right, my boy," said Mr. Bronson, and patted William on the back.

"But wouldn't you think they'd be anxious to use these ideas?" asked William despondently.

"If every man got full value out of every idea that was offered him, why—why there'd be no holding this old world," said Mr. Bronson. "Your plan is going as well as I expected it to."

"Then why did you give me the job?"

"I gave you the job not on account of the idea but because you had it. We need young fellows with ideas in this business."

And William felt a passionate devotion to Mr. Bronson spring up within him. A few months later, when he became Mr. Bronson's assistant, when his salary was increased and the great idea—except for certain fitful flickerings—was almost entirely abandoned, William found that he did not care nearly so much as he had thought he would. Mr. Bronson kept him busy and happy in other ways. Besides, he was cultivating new friends in the office of Martin Sacks & Co.

The new friend of whom he thought the most was Calvin Dodge, a gay young blade who prided himself on his knowledge of the world and the city. Calvin Dodge knew all sorts of strange places, all kinds of odd people. Among other things, he knew a surprising amount of theatrical gossip. He got this, he told William, from a pal who was a reporter on the Dramatic Daily. There was nothing about theatrical people that the pal didn't know.

"I'll introduce you to him sometime," said Calvin Dodge. "Why are you so interested in the theatrical profesh?"

"Oh, I don't know," said William uneasily.

He had never mentioned to anyone his interest in Marion Adaire. It was sacred, a dear secret cherished and locked within the inmost recesses of his heart. He felt that never could he mention it to anyone.

William continued to live at Mrs. Bender's boarding house in Cranberry Street—chiefly because it was cheap. The salary that Martin Sacks & Co. now paid him would have enabled him to live in a slightly more pretentious way, but he wanted to save as much money as he could. When Marion Adaire returned to New York and opened in her new play, he wanted to send her a huge bouquet of flowers—expensive flowers—orchids and gardenias. The flowers would be accompanied by a card merely stating that they were from a humble worshiper. Other flowers would follow on other nights, all sent anonymously. But finally Marion Adaire would be curious; she would want to know who this humble worshiper was. And perhaps—of this he wasn't sure—he would reveal his identity, merely so that he could meet her, speak to her, hear her speak to him.

But that momentous meeting might be years from now, when he was rich, enormously successful, when he would not be quite so far beneath her notice. After all, it was not such a preposterous dream. Already he had almost five hundred dollars saved.

Five hundred dollars! To him it seemed a stupendous sum. Fortunately he did not know that Marion Adaire would spend five hundred dollars on a simple gown or on a bauble that caught her fancy and that she would wear once and would then allow to be forgotten in her jewel box.

Though he continued to live in the Cranberry Street boarding house, William saw less of Jennie than ever. The casual good mornings and good evenings were now not only casual; they were infrequent. When William was at home he spent his evenings in his room; quite often he stayed in New York for dinner. There were other girls now. There was, for instance, a stenographer in the office whose voice reminded him of Marion Adaire's. William was not happy until he had induced her to have dinner with him so that he might listen to that resemblance in her voice all evening long. But the girl was dark and had a sallow skin. He could only imagine it was Marion Adaire talking when he kept his eyes closed, and he could not of course keep his eyes closed all evening.

When he tried it for a few minutes the girl said to him in that lovely voice: "Say, where d'you think you get off? Wake up or you'll pass your corner!"

That party was not a success. It was never repeated.

There was another girl, a friend of Calvin Dodge's, whose smile was reminiscent of Marion Adaire's, but her voice was harsh and strident. The attraction she had for William died before they even reached the dinner-party stage

No, nothing—no one except Marion Adaire herself—could satisfy William. He began to count the days till her return. He had read somewhere that she would be visible to all New York again in her new play sometime in October. But William was never to see Marion Adaire in her new play. Calvin Dodge invited him one evening to go uptown with him after business.

"I'm going to meet Sam in the Palace Café," said Calvin, for this was in the sad, unregenerate days of cafés. "Why don't you come along? Sam's a wiz!"

Sam was the reporter on the Dramatic Daily. William was disappointed when he saw Sam. Somehow since that magic night in the Montauk Theater in Brooklyn everything connected with the stage had taken on an added glamour for William; but there was nothing glamorous about Sam. He was a thin young man, with white, sunken cheeks and brilliant, uneasy eyes. His shirt was pink silk with maroon stripes, his tie a blazing blue, his suit a tight-waisted affair that emphasized his drooping figure, his rounded shoulders.

Three of them—Calvin, Sam and William—sat at one of the little round marble-topped tables in the Palace Café. Sam and Calvin talked while William listened. It was true, William found, that Sam knew a great deal about theatrical people. His knowledge was amazing. It was also appalling. William felt angrily that Sam's loose lips were ready to defile anybody, anything. He despised him. Yet he could not resist asking about Marion Adaire. He put his question lightly to hide the intense interest that lay behind it.

"Have you heard anything about Marion Adaire's new play?" he asked. "Does it give her a good part?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Sam carelessly, his brilliant eyes roving over the café. "She should worry whether she's got a good play or not! We got a nice one on Adaire—going to have a little squib on it in to-morrow's Daily. She's milked old Martindale out in Chicago out of a million."

An iciness came to William's heart—a foreboding, a feeling of sickness, nausea.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"What do I mean? Nothing except that Adaire's up to her old tricks—catching the old guys an' makin' 'em pay up afterward."

"You mean she's ——"

"Oh, everybody knows she's rotten through an' through," said Sam, and laughed cynically.

William rose to his feet, swaying a little. The lights of the Palace Café seemed to whirl. Then, almost as if it were apart from his own volition, his fist swung out. The fist landed somewhere on Sam's face.

"You swine!" he cried. "You liar!"

There was a rush of men toward them. Tables were overturned. Glasses fell crashing to the floor. But William was conscious of nothing except Sam's bleeding face thrust at him—a face that despite its disfigurement retained its sneering cynicism. Yet Sam made no attempt to hit William. Instead, with a handkerchief dabbing at his broken cheek, he said: "Say, what's eatin' you?"

"I don't believe you," said William. His anger was gone now; he was simply hurt—hurt and sick and disgusted.

"Look in to-morrow's Daily if you don't believe me. Ain't stuck on Adaire yourself, are you? Why, she's old enough to be your grandmother!"

It was Sam's method of retaliation. This, instead of a blow. Perhaps it was more effective than any blow could have been.

The rush of men closed in upon William. He was thrust out into the street. Both Calvin and Sam had disappeared. He was alone. He was fervently thankful that he was—at last—alone.

William did not go back to Mrs. Bender's boarding house until late that night. He didn't know where he had been. He had simply wandered round the streets as one dazed.

The next morning, though through force of habit he rose as usual and went to the office of Martin Sacks & Co. as usual, he was still dazed.

"What's the matter with you, Billy?" asked Mr. Bronson midway in the morning. "Are you sick? Perhaps you'd better go home."

Instead of answering that question, William asked in turn: "Have you—have you any idea how old Marion Adaire is?"

"Marion Adaire, the actress?"

"Yes."

Mr. Bronson looked at William a little aghast; but the boy's white and anxious face made him decide to humor him.

"Why, I don't know exactly," he said. "She was on the stage when I was a kid. She must be older than I am, and I'm thirty-nine."

"Thirty-nine!" cried Billy.

"Yes. Now you'd better go home, Billy. Call me up in the morning and let me know how you are."

Billy went home. He did not stop to buy a copy of the Dramatic Daily to verify Sam's slanderous remarks. From Sam's loose lips poured a vile stream ready to besmirch anyone it touched. Sam was a liar. All that he said could not be true. William knew that. He wanted to continue to think it, to know it. Yet verification of Sam's slanderous tale might be in the Dramatic Daily—and he didn't want to see it. He wanted to keep some of his illusions about Marion Adaire. But the idol itself had crumbled.

In the boarding house he went to his room and threw himself across his bed face down. Mrs. Bender, alarmed at seeing him arrive at this untimely hour, had asked: "What's the matter, Billy? Sick? Can I do anything?"

But William had shaken his head.

"Just leave me alone, please," he had said.

He lay on his bed while the long day passed and night came. The room darkened gradually. He did not bother to get up to light the gas. He wanted to be alone. He wanted darkness. Nothing mattered now. All his bright hopes were gone. He didn't care whether his rosy prospects with Martin Sacks & Co. were ever fulfilled. He didn't care whether Mr. Bronson's kindness and encouragement continued. He didn't care about anything. Vague thoughts of going away to some small distant place, of hiding himself, of letting everything go, filtered through his clouded mind. But later in the evening, when it was quite dark, there was a faint tap at his door. William did not answer. But he heard the door creak slowly open. He did not look up, but he knew that someone stood beside his bed. He also knew that the someone was Jen.

"Billy," she said at last, and there was a catch in her voice, "what's the matter?"

"Nothing!" he mumbled.

Another pause. Then he knew that Jen had knelt beside the bed, and a minute later her arms were about him. She had pulled him toward her; his head rested against the softness of her bosom. He felt her tears upon his cheek—and he was comforted; he was strangely comforted. It was sweet to have someone care for him, even though she must never, never know the cause of his misery.

"What's the matter, Billy?" she repeated. "Mrs. Bender said you were sick. Are you sick?"

"No."

"Won't you tell me what's the matter?"

He murmured something unintelligible.

"Have you lost your job?"

Again he mumbled, and she said: "Don't you care if you have. You can get another one, Billy. You've been so—so wonderful. I never thought you'd get on so well and go up so fast. If you could do it once, Billy, you can do it again, and if you need some money—well, I've got a little saved up."

Billy half sat up.

"Jen, you're—you're an angel, but I haven't lost my job."

"Then what's the matter?"

Once more the instinct to dissemble came to Billy. Jen must never know the truth.

"Oh, I'm just sorta blue, Jen," he said.

She whispered: "Because—because of us?"

"Yes," he said desperately, "because we—we are no longer friends, Jen."

"I want to be friends, Billy. I guess I've been as blue as you sometimes, but a girl can't show it. I guess she's got too much pride. I never could understand what did come between us. I—I love you as much as ever, Billy. I always have."

Billy sat upright.

"Jen, I think maybe we ought to get married right away. I think maybe that—that would end the trouble. I don't see—now—why we can't get married right away."

Her answer came very softly:

"No, I—I don't see why we can't, Billy."

It was after Jen had gone that Billy rose and went to the window. He knelt there and, as he had done once before—oh, long ago!—gazed at the starry heavens. The stars seemed so brilliant, so close, that again the foolish fancy came to him that he could pluck one from the heavens and hold it against his restless heart.

But instead he lifted a puny fist to that illimitable expanse and, with a defiant note in his voice, he cried: "You started me, but—but I'll go on for Jen's sake! I'll be as good to her as any man could be, and—and we'll be happy!"

For he knew now that stars, no matter how much we may desire them, are not for us poor mortals of the earth—and yet they light our way.

As clear as air!

Powder or cake—
whichever you prefer.

When I finish cleaning this mirror, it will be like an opening cut in the wall, looking through into the next room! You can't make a mirror as clear and speckless and unclouded as that by any wet-cleaning method. You need the wet-and-dry method of Bon Ami.

Bon Ami goes on wet, dissolving the dirt. It comes off dry, leaving no smears.

Did you realize that the reason why Bon Ami is the only mirror-cleaner is because it is the only thing that cleans perfectly enough for such a tell-tale surface? Why not clean windows and nickel and aluminum equally perfectly?

The Women of New Germany

By CLARA WHITESIDE

SHE was sitting on a trellised bench in her combination vegetable-flower garden. Cabbages, cauliflowers and potatoes grew in straight rows before her, while asters and wonderful dahlias hedged them about. On her lap were undarned stockings and, beside her, piles of folded ones ready to be worn again by the small boy who was romping with his dog and making new holes as fast as he could with his wooden-soled shoes. She looked up as I approached and I saw the bluest eyes—eyes the color of the flower that grows between the corn.

"Frau Professorin," I began, "I have come with a letter of introduction. I am from America," I continued with some hesitation, feeling that I was on uncertain ground. The weariness in her face disappeared like magic. She was childlike in her pleasure and there was no mistaking the friendliness in those candid eyes that looked up into mine with a bit of interrogation. Whatever this German woman had suffered or experienced during the war had not dulled that quality of youth which so readily responds to new impressions

"I am so glad to talk to an American woman," she said with pleasure, drawing me down beside her. "Tell me why you fought against us? We hold no resentment toward America, because there are so many Germans in the United States, and they always wrote home such happy letters before the war. We were stunned when we heard you had joined forces against us. Why did you do it? If you had not, we should have won the war," she added pathetically, "and now, instead of all this turmoil within and without, we should be at peace."

"Your Germany began all this turmoil," I answered quickly.

"Began it?" she exclaimed in surprise. "Germany didn't begin it. Don't you know that months before we entered the war, Russia had mobilized her troops on the border? We all knew what that meant—it meant 'look out!' Then for a long time our papers had told us of the conferences that were taking place constantly between French and Belgian diplomats, and of a secret treaty between them. In war the nation that wins is the one that gets there first. We know we violated the neutrality of Belgium"—I had started to interrupt—"but it was the quickest way to France, and had we not crossed when we did, France would have done so, and with the permission of Belgium. We all knew this in Germany, but you see," she continued with some patronage, "you in America don't understand things over here; you are too far away. That is the reason we hold no resentment toward you; you were either misled or you did not know all the facts."

The Stupid Phrases of the War

"SO!" I EXCLAIMED doubtfully. That "So!" of mine was a wonderful help all over Germany. I used it whenever I found nothing else to say, or when I wished to be noncommittal, which was often.

The German woman is only too glad to talk; it seemed to me that to the gift of suffrage had been added the gift of tongue. From the south to the north I had no difficulty in getting most of them into conversation, and when my ability to learn was limited by my knowledge of the language I resorted to pantomime, which to my dismay they understood quite as readily as my German.

There is no doubt that the women of Germany love their country. But "my country, right or wrong," I found was not the attitude of all, or even a large part of them by any means. Some told me that if they had been in politics there never would have been any war. Others said the same thing, but added, "Perhaps we should have been as stupid as the men," which certainly implied a doubt in their minds as to the wisdom of the war. I found a large number who, like the Frau Professorin, believed the war was forced on Germany; but whatever their belief as to the cause, they are now undivided in their desire to help one another. And their effort in this period of despair would win the admiration of anyone who believes that all are created equal; and not some equal, and others only German.

Germany has always talked too much. The catch phrases that were quoted all over the world did the nation great harm. It is usually the women who do the talking, but the German women hold this against the men and refer to the "stupid phrases" of the war. "It is too bad," said a woman to me in Berlin, "that the whole nation has had to suffer because it has been misrepresented by a few of the men." They also hold this against the Kaiser, whose habit of saying the wrong thing at the wrong time is well known, and long ago ceased to be a joke.

A Berlin Hotel Housemaid. Above—Dr. Alice Salomon, Founder of the Berlin School of Social Work

When I stepped out of the hotel that first morning in Munich, it was like entering a fairy tale. Marienplatz, with the old Rathaus on one side, was a fantastic background of medieval towers, staged, however, with twentieth-century men and women and the ever-present tram car. I hailed a droschke and was driven by a gnome of a man with a red nose, who miraculously avoided running into the trams, and crossed the path of all the automobiles with sublime bravado. Nothing saved my life on that ride but the magic of a magic city.

I had been invited to meet a young woman whose home was in the suburbs near the old castle. She had recently married a man who was prominent in the city, and I found her a very brisk and energetic person who had traveled extensively abroad, but whose comment on conditions at home and in the world at large had not been influenced in any way by this outside contact. She believed Germany was the under dog of civilization because it was misrepresented and misunderstood.

"The women in my country love their homes above all else, and it is the homes that have tottered since the war," she told me.

"As a nation the German people never have made a study of politics, but every child can tell you that the whole world was jealous of our efficiency, and that France had never forgiven us our past victories. We knew this war was coming and it has haunted us, so that when it really came we were glad, and said so. We wanted only to be let alone, but the other nations would not leave us in peace."

"Why did America help our enemies?" She turned to me eagerly. The same question again, and I had been in Germany only two days.

"Did you ever hear of the Lusitania?" I asked her curiously. She raised surprised, questioning eyes to mine.

"Surely you know that that ship carried 'grenade,' and besides it had been warned not to enter the war zone."

"But don't you think it was a terrible thing to sink a boatful of women and children?" again I asked her.

"Yes, terrible," she replied. "But not any more terrible than England's blockade of Germany, when our old men and women and children died by the thousands. All war is horrible, and the revolution has been also. The Entente has only allowed us one hundred thousand armed men and we cannot keep peace on our border with so few, nor keep out the Bolsheviki. It will be impossible to maintain order. The Vertrag of Versailles is putting a rope round our necks. As long as we have to submit to its terms we can never again be healthy. We women believe if the people of the world understood each other, there would not be so much hate. It cannot be that the American woman thinks the German woman is different? Women everywhere must love their homes and their country, and wish to preserve them both."

Germany's Burden

SHE leaned forward in her eagerness and touched my hand, and then added with great sadness: "I do not know whether we can bear the burden the war has placed on us or not. It will be hard during the coming months, for it is not only ourselves that will suffer but the children and the old people. We shall have little coal this winter—one family is allowed only two hundred pounds a month, and sometimes not even that. France takes most of the coal; it is an indemnity we have to pay. We can cook with gas, but we only have it at stated intervals during the day, and it is shut off every night at ten o'clock. And we have so little bread. Five pounds to one person every two weeks. In the winter sugar will go up to three marks sixty pfennigs a pound. It was twenty pfennigs before the war.

"We were in full inspiration for the war when it began, because the world was going to destroy us if it could; and has not this been proved? Are we not being destroyed now that the war is over? How can we live and submit to the terms of the treaty? It leaves us little life; we are struggling under too heavy a burden, not only from without but from within, and the world only laughs!" Her eyes showed bright tears.

The German woman is now entering the professional field, as the women of other countries are doing. Perhaps the war has hurried them out of the home, for the necessity of earning money is very great. Almost all the professions are open to her, but she cannot remain a teacher in Southern Germany if she marries. The problem of living is uppermost in the minds of all the people, for starvation lurks around the corner.

Germany's inventiveness has been stretched to the utmost in providing substitutes for the necessities. The beer is about all it retains of food—beer is a food in Germany—that is up to the standard; and even that, I am told, is not what it used to be. Much of the food is *Ersatz*—substitute—but less so now than during the war. I stopped drinking coffee after my first cup, as it was diluted with watered milk, and sweetened with saccharine tablets, and was a poor apology for a good drink. Returning to Munich some weeks later, I stayed at a first-class hotel much frequented by foreigners and I found the greatest difference in the food. I was served excellent coffee with lump sugar, hot milk, and the rolls were of white flour, and I had butter in abundance. It was easy to see where the money was and who was doing the eating.

Among many things that impressed me in all the cities that I visited were the crowds outside the stores looking into the windows, though the stores themselves were

empty. This was not hard to understand when you looked at the prices. Children's stockings were sixteen marks, and women's thirty-five. These were the cheap grades worn by the laboring class. Shoes were from three hundred and fifty to eight hundred marks, but the working people wore the substitute leather ones with wooden soles hinged in the middle to make them more flexible. The children wore shoes made of rope sewed together, or else ones made of felt. It was surprising to see how clean the children were although there is little soap; and the patches on their clothes were often as large, almost, as the garment. Not only were knees patched, but shoulders, and the aprons were made up of many patches. I saw whole fingers sewed into gloves of a different fabric.

I was interested to see how a family of the better class lived since the war, so an invitation to supper was accepted with alacrity. The big tiled stove in one corner of the room was the most characteristic thing in it, otherwise the softly lit lamp and the flowers might have been in any home of cultured people. My hostess spoke little English and her husband less, but they were both tremendously interested in hearing about conditions in America. This reaction in Germany, especially among the women, to things outside of Germany, is quite marked. The relief work carried on by the American Quaker all through Germany is a wonderful object lesson of American ideals. This Friends Service Committee is in no sense pro-German, but a religion of service is carried wherever there is need, and this black winter in Central Europe is made easier for the women and children by their sympathy and substantial aid.

The meal that night was plentiful, but restricted to a few things. There was no butter and the bread was black. We had tea instead of coffee, and saccharine tablets on individual butter plates were passed to each guest, instead of sugar. Although it was no feast, it prolonged itself well on into the night, and I learned much of postwar conditions. There was no bitterness toward America, although I was told again that all Germany felt our coming into the war had lost it for Germany. The hate is stored up, pressed down and running over toward France.

The Suddenness of Woman Suffrage

THERE has risen in Germany a class of newly poor, as there has in other countries, and it is these women who are suffering perhaps as much as any. On account of the revolution their incomes have dwindled to almost nothing and because of the five years of war, which exhausted their stock of supplies, they now find themselves with scant clothing, with no stock to draw upon, no means of earning money and little prospect of better conditions to give them hope.

I had tea one afternoon with a woman who wore a linen gown cross-stitched in blue. It was very pretty and becoming and the woman who was with me, knowing her well, told her so, and added that it was a rare thing to see a new frock nowadays.

"This 'new frock' I'm wearing was made from my last tablecloth," she answered briefly. And we changed the subject.

The women are taking down their curtains and wrapping their babies in them; and among the poor, the little new babies are being laid in straw. There never was a greater need for linen, for there never were so many new babies. In the statistics from July to November the large birth rate is unparalleled. Passing through some feeding stations I gained a comprehensive idea of the vast number of these new babies, as only expectant and nursing mothers with their undernourished children were fed there. I was told that it is a form of patriotism resulting from a propaganda of restoration to Germany for the loss sustained in the war.

Within the last year the women have had suffrage thrust upon them. I say thrust, because without the slightest effort or warning it was handed to them, and like little children who have received a gift they do not understand. It was viewed with something like curiosity. Some were indifferent, but the National Council of Women, the big progressive body of German women, was jubilant. The Conservatives in Prussia early in 1918 defeated a bill which was to give some political advantage to women—the right to be official members of municipal committees—and it was not till some months later that women received the suffrage for the elections to all political bodies. Germany has a natural gift for organization, but it has never been used in the direction of politics. Education along political lines was a thing unheard of. The brains of Germany have been used in other directions—in philosophy, in invention, in engineering, in economics—but politics as a profession has not interested many of its men. It but follows that if the men did not take the trouble to be informed along political lines, the women had little or no knowledge of events that preceded the war, and accepted in blind faith the reasons given for it. In England, France or America such a state of affairs could not have existed, for politics in these countries is more than a profession, it is a career. The great election campaign which was carried on during the winter of 1918, when both men and women voted for members of the Reichstag, was all the more extraordinary for these reasons.

It can never again be said by the German woman that she can assume no responsibility for the actions of the state, because she has not understood. From one end of Germany to the other, almost every woman I spoke with on the reasons for the war, said the same thing, "We did not understand." Civil-service classes are now being formed in all the large cities, for the men are most anxious to bring into politics the feminine influence. This, too, shows a remarkable change of mind in the men, as nowhere in Europe has woman's sphere been confined more to her home and children than in Germany. Will a new Germany rise out of the old? This is now up to the women. They have it in their power to make of their country what they will. They do not have to thrust their opinions upon political bodies as the women in America have had to do; they are eagerly asked for, and gravely debated upon. Just what will the women do with their vote? Upon their share in public life depends whether the old standard of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" will govern Germany's international procedure, and whether traffic in, and exploitation of, humanity shall cease.

The year 1920 was the first year in the life of the German Republic. On the first day of the revolution, equal suffrage for men and women from the age of twenty was proclaimed. The women have not formed a separate party but are affiliating themselves with the already existing parties. The first election in which women took part was to decide upon the new constitution, upon the question—republic or monarchy, democracy or socialism? Of course mistakes have been made, and will be made, but the very general interest shown by the women on all social questions argues well for the future.

There is much humor floating around among the men about the ignorance of some of the women concerning things political, but the jokes are told with a protective laugh which obliterates the sting. This seems to be a favorite story, for I heard it several times. One woman asked another how she was going to vote, and with quite an air she replied: "Oh, I think I will vote Centrum, it's on my telephone." Centrum happened to be her telephone exchange, as well as a political party.

Fräulein Dr. Alice Salomon, who is the Jane Addams of Germany, and whose book Twenty Years' Social Work was published almost at the same time that Jane Addams published her book Twenty Years at Hull House, gave me much insight into the present conditions in Germany and the moral effect of the war on the women. She herself is a most interesting personality. She originated, and still is the moving force of the Berlin School of Social Work, and she has been for twenty years an officer of the National Council of Women, although she recently resigned. You would describe her in New England as a "spare" woman. Her hair is turning slightly gray and is brushed away from a forehead broad and unlined. What attracts and holds you most is her eyes. They are the eyes of a zealot. She believes in the goodness of human nature and has worked all her life to establish ideals already existent, but unused in national life. Right now she is exerting all her influence to bring the women together on questions of national importance and already a renaissance of right thinking has begun among the ultra conservatives. The stronghold of century-old convictions is being undermined, although some of the women still say that Germany can only revive if they never forget for one minute the injustice that has been done to her.

The Spirit of Reconciliation

BUT even into this extreme right wing has come a spirit of reconciliation. A young girl who belongs to a military family, and whose reaction to the war was neither to forgive nor to forget, has had a complete change of heart. Believing absolutely that the war was forced on the empire; that to fight was the only course possible; that Belgium did not play fair; and that France had been barbaric and brutal to the German prisoner of war, she said only recently: "Christ never struck when a hand was stretched out to him." This was her answer to a woman who had just reminded her of the spirit in which Christ had purified the Temple as a justification for Germany's striking out when she did. The stand for these new ideals is gaining ground in spite of the old ideals, and this very discussion among the women to whom only one course was open in pre-war days shows progress in the right direction.

There is much optimism on the surface, but the keynote of all Germany right now is despair. Perhaps I should add to despair, the result of despair, confusion. I felt it in Munich, where the two extreme factions—the socialists and the imperialists—are working against the unity of the state. Bavaria has a strong leaning toward Prince Rupprecht, and a distrust of Red Berlin. It never was as enthusiastic for the war as the rest of Germany. You will hear chimes from church towers in Bavaria; in Northern Germany these were melted up for bullets. Throughout Germany you see posters which read: "Lay down your arms." Whether this will be done in Bavaria is a much-discussed question. I felt it in Berlin, where I think the poverty is even greater than in the south. North Berlin is poverty-stricken. Men cannot get work and are standing around idle. I found it was not wise to talk to a man out of work; he became too excited.

Right into this spirit of unrest the women are bringing their influence. "Very slowly the full truth of Germany's complete defeat is being realized," said Doctor Salomon. "The increase of poverty; the reduction of money value; the uncertainty of the future; the almost hopeless outlook, were it not for the fact that woman has been allowed to enter the field of politics and direct some of the activities—have aroused her to splendid effort. Instead of moral and spiritual numbness, she has assumed a full share of the burdens and is gaining strength by each renewed effort."

Women have already been appointed to influential positions, such as heads of departments for providing for war widows, the regulations of labor exchanges, labor laws, welfare work, questions of education, the school system, and the like.

I found three distinct types of women in Germany: First, the woman who still believes the war was justified, because she was told so in the beginning, and she never changes an opinion when once formed. Since the excitement of stirring news from the Front has ceased she has become a little more tired and faded. The routine of prewar days again occupies her although under postwar conditions, and she sits in her little garden darning stockings, counting the cabbages as she mends the socks. The price of coal stirs all the wrath she possesses, and the kingdom of her four walls is the one interest in her life. Such good women are with us everywhere. They are not a distinctive type, but belong to any race and every generation. They make good mothers and good housekeepers, and they can be counted on to say "hurrah" whenever they are told. They laugh easily, cry easily, and make good wives for men who like their femininity served to them neither overdone nor underdone, nor too highly seasoned.

Motherland as Well as Fatherland

THEN, there is the second type, the ultra-conservative woman, to whom the war came as a realization of deferred hope. *Das Vaterland* is her religion, and her creed is to remember and strike. The fall of Germany was a crushing blow and she sits in the ashes of her humiliation. She is lonely and bitter, but already, even among this class, the leaven from the third type is working.

This last type is the composite woman of new Germany, for the spirit of the new woman is everywhere, and it is contagious. She draws to her by the magnetism of her high ideals all who come within the radius of her personality. She is a product of the war and the inspiration of these days of despair. She is of no particular class, for I found her one day at a feeding station, and drank tea with her another day in a palace. At the feeding station she was taking the place of a mother to her grandchild and was painstakingly giving it its midday meal of bean soup. I sat down beside her and praised the baby. It was my open sesame to her heart, and from its wide-opened door I discovered her kinship to women the world over, and her birthright to an inheritance that does not rise or fall by the will of kings.

"I am too old to go out to work, so I do my best by staying at home and looking after the children," she told me. "We are trying hard to get along, for the winter will be a hard one, and we have few supplies on hand. Perhaps, if we only hold out, things will be easier in the spring. We feel despair, but we try not to show it," and tears rolled down her furrowed face.

Rising with great dignity she wiped her eyes, stooped for the small boy, drew her woolen shawl about her shoulders, and then said with some hesitation: "It is better not to talk of our misery. We women must use our time better. Thank you! *Sie sind sehr gut! Auf wiedersehen.*"

No, I had not given her money—I had only smiled through my tears, but she understood, and so had I.

I entered Germany with many misgivings. Its record in the war, if nothing else, had roused in me a distrust of the German people. I was prejudiced. I did not look for good, but in my scratching underneath the surface I became more and more interested, and dug deeper. The truth does not always lie on the surface, or even near the top.

I left Germany, glad that I had gone; glad of the weeks of work spent in unearthing what I believe to be the truth—that a new Germany has taken the place of the old, but that the ship of state has now two pilots. To the Fatherland of the old order has been added the Motherland of the German Republic. No longer will most of the women be content to let the world go by, nor be content to float on in blissful ignorance of internal affairs. They have been misled once too often, and they are now paying the price. The price is not only hunger and cold but the distrust of civilization, and that, to those who understand, is worse. The hope of new Germany lies in the wise direction of its women, their equal responsibility with the men, and in the outstretched hand of those who have stood aloof.

PARAMOUNT PICTURES

listed in order of release

(November 1, 1920, to March 1, 1921)

George Melford's Production
"Behold My Wife"
Ethel Clayton in "Sins of Rosanne"
Wallace Reid in "Always Audacious"
*Enid Bennett in
"Her Husband's Friend"
Billie Burke in
"The Frisky Mrs. Johnson"
Bryant Washburn in "Burglar Proof"
George Fitzmaurice's Production
"Idols of Clay"
Dorothy Dalton in
"A Romantic Adventuress"
Thomas Meighan in
"Conrad in Quest of His Youth"
A Wm. De Mille Production
Dorothy Gish in "Flying Pat"
A Cosmopolitan Production
"Heliotrope"
Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle in
"The Life of the Party"
Bryant Washburn in
"An Amateur Devil"
Lois Weber's Production
"To Please One Woman"
Wm. S. Hart in "The Testing Block"
A Wm. S. Hart Production
*Enid Bennett in "Silk Hosiery"
Maurice Tourneur's Production
"The Bait"
With Hope Hampton
Wallace Reid in "The Charm School"
George Melford's Production
"The Jucklins"
A Cosmopolitan Production
"The Inside of the Cup"
Billie Burke in
"The Education of Elizabeth"
*Douglas MacLean in
"The Rookie's Return"
William De Mille's Production
"Midsummer Madness"
George Fitzmaurice's Production
"Paying the Piper"
Thomas Meighan in
"The Frontier of the Stars"
A Charles Maigne Production
Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle in
"Brewster's Millions"
Dorothy Gish in
"The Ghost in the Garret"
Cecil B. De Mille's Production
"Forbidden Fruit"
*Douglas MacLean in "Chickens"
A Cosmopolitan Production
"The Passionate Pilgrim"
Charles Maigne's Production
"The Kentuckians"
Ethel Clayton in
"The Price of Possession"

*A Thomas H. Ince Production

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Paramount Pictures

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION

TWELVE GOOD WOMEN AND TRUE

(Continued from Page 11)

impaneling of women as jurors, and I am therefore at a loss to explain the legality of Judge Owen's procedure."

Such recourse to feminine knowledge or insight is not unknown in English jurisprudence, and from early days there are precedents in certain classes of cases for submitting various interesting feminine questions to juries of matrons and others. In the famous case of Essex vs. Essex, which the Earl of Essex brought against his countess in the time of King James for the annulment of their marriage in the consistory court such a jury was impaneled, and it rendered a special verdict. The same course was followed in other cases. And in colonial times in this country there is at least one established instance where a jury of women sat in judgment upon a woman charged with witchcraft. To this day the so-called witch dock may be seen in Lynnhaven, Virginia.

It is too late to question the qualifications of women to serve as jurors. Their physical limitations are no more a reason for their exclusion as a class from jury service than the physical limitations of men. Jurors of either sex may be disqualified at a particular time for a multitude of reasons, and only jurors with a free mind in a sound body need or should be required to serve. Whatever may have been the actual fact as to the character and competency of women in medieval times, any reflection upon their capacity to serve as jurywomen belongs rather to the Dark Ages than to to-day. We even have the temerity to question the soundness of the law attributed to Moses by Josephus, "Let the testimony of women not be received on account of the levity and audacity of their sex"; and of those of Rome and of medieval Europe which excluded their testimony in certain cases. Nor have we the slightest sympathy with Mascardus, who said: "Generally speaking, no credence at all is given to women, and for this reason, because they are women, who are usually deceitful, untruthful and treacherous in the very highest degree." Even as late as 1821, in Bern, the testimony of two women was required to counterbalance that of one man, and a virgin was entitled to greater credit than a widow. Reserving decision upon the credibility of widows, I have no hesitation in asserting that I would rather prosecute a criminal before a jury of women than of men—if I wanted to convict him—for I believe that women jurors will be more apt to find verdicts in accordance with the law as it is, and enforce the statutes as they stand upon the books, than men are to-day.

Colonel Roosevelt's Theory

No man knows anything about women, and very little about any one woman; but I should say from my limited opportunities of observation and experience that while woman individually is a somewhat lawless creature, regarding herself as privileged and exceptional, women as a class are respecters of law and fierce champions of equality and justice. Woman, due doubtless to millions of years of oppression, often feels that in her own case anything is justified to secure what she regards as her rights. She has a strong proprietary sense, and just as her possessions have for her a special sacred quality of their own, so where she is wronged it seems to her a special wrong. She is justly fearful of injustice, discrimination and brute force; and suspicious that her ignorance of business will be taken advantage of. For these reasons where she individually is concerned she is apt to see red and let the law go hang. But when she is called upon to administer and enforce the law for others her very suspicions will lead her to apply it stringently and literally.

It will now be possible to give Colonel Roosevelt's theory—that the best if not the only way to get rid of bad or undesirable laws is to enforce them—a fair chance. Heretofore, where an attempt has been made to carry out this idea, the usual result has been that when violators of unpopular laws were arrested the juries before whom they were tried refused to convict. This used to be the case in many liquor-tax prosecutions. During a period of some six years in New York County, out of 1058 cases of various violations of the New York Liquor Tax Law, transferred by court order from Special Sessions—where only misdemeanors are tried—to General Sessions—where felonies are tried—for submission to a jury, 810 were dismissed by the grand juries who were asked to indict, and out of 176 cases actually tried there were only 4 convictions.

Now I am willing to guarantee that if those big and little juries had been composed equally of men and women, not only would there not have been such wholesale dismissals and acquittals, but that a majority of the defendants would have been promptly convicted and sent to prison. Women would have enforced the liquor-tax law then, and women—whatever men may do—would and will enforce it now. It may not be for nothing that the Nineteenth Amendment followed the Eighteenth so swiftly. I believe that where women serve as jurors they will enforce the law whatever it is and that we shall have to stand for our laws or get rid of them. It is worthy of mention in this regard that the Laramie grand jury of 1870 was so insistent upon the enforcement of the laws relating to gambling, saloon regulation and Sunday observance that the legislature immediately repealed the Sunday-closing law.

A Warning to Judges

With women on the jury, Colonel Roosevelt's theory can now have practical application, for if juries are willing to convict under an unpopular law no mere judge is going to assume alone the onus of letting the defendants go scot-free. No judge, however it may be with a jury, can individually afford to disregard or negative the law. Remote on his dais he may complacently permit the jury to play ducks and drakes with justice, frankly condoning their willingness to violate their oaths out of their hostility to the law or their sympathy for the prisoner; for the responsibility for their lawlessness is divided among twelve, here to-day, gone to-morrow, and quickly forgotten. It is an entirely different matter when the jury has convicted and it is up to the judge to decide whether he shall publicly deride the law or enforce it. It is one thing for a judge to smile benignly at the irresponsible performances of his jury—implying "What can you expect with a law like that?"—and another to stand up in the public view and turn the offender loose. He won't do it.

With women on the jury the laws will be enforced. For women, at least at first, are going to take their civic duties very seriously. I say "at first," because no one can tell whether their present intent earnestness will survive permanently to jack up the pepless male attitude toward jury service, so that we shall have a new and stimulating era in the administration of criminal justice, or, when the new has worn off, women juries will become as lackadaisical as the men.

The trouble with the ordinary male jury is that unless it is controlled by a judge of vigor and intelligence it will go bad simply out of inanition. A capable judge can take the mediocre hodge-podge of masculinity before him and mold it in three days into an effective piece of juridical mechanism. But the judge has got to be an idealist and believe in the legal system that he administers. The ordinary run of jurymen are well-intentioned, good-natured, fairly conscientious and ready to do their part as well as they can. They take their cue from the bench. They have heard a good deal about the farce of jury service, the higher law, the trickery of shysters, the corruption of the judiciary, the bloodthirstiness and venality of prosecutors, and that there is one law for the rich and another for the poor; they are diffident, self-distrustful, grateful to the "strong" man of their number who knows it all and is willing to assume the responsibility for their verdict. They follow him like sheep, and like sheep they often go astray.

Or they follow the judge. And there, too, they often go astray! They have got to follow somebody. And if the judge happens to be one of the jelly-back brotherhood, who does not dare to make up his own mind or to take a firm stand about anything, or is trying to make a reputation as a protector of the poor and lowly as against the scornful plutocrat; or is playing the political or any other game; or cringes to the press the jury goes astray very quickly, for the judge will allow them to get the impression that the whole performance is just a cloak under which he and they purpose to "do substantial justice"—that is, the justice that the judge and his friends, and the jury and its friends, or the newspaper proprietor and his followers, want in any particular case; and that the oath of the juror and the wording of the law are to be taken only in a Pickwickian sense, or at any rate with mental reservations—to be regarded as elastic things.

Thus it has come about that jury service among men is accompanied by certain persistent fictions; such as that it is unchivalrous to convict a woman of crime; that certain laws were never intended to be enforced; that there is a peculiar higher law applying to what the French call the *crime passionnel;* that the plaintiff suing a corporation for personal injuries should always be given a verdict of some sort; that the judge doesn't half the time really mean what he says—just has to say it; and so on.

Well, if I mistake not, with women in the box these fictions, which to-day in practice are somewhat more than fictions, will become fictions indeed. I foresee women jurors listening with rapt attention to the evidence and applying the law with literal exactitude; teaching their husbands and brothers lessons in fortitude, with the tears in their eyes; and exacting from lawyers and judges a standard of courtesy and refinement which has to-day fallen shockingly low. The number of men who become boors by reason of a little authority on the bench is distressing. I don't believe the women will stand for it. They will get back at such a judge somehow and sometime, and he will at all times be jolly well aware of that undesirable possibility. Judges, take warning! Women are going to vote as they please and they are going to vote only for those who please them. They will not vote for judges who do not fulfill their ideal of what the judiciary should be, and a slab-sided, easy-going political judge will shock them as much as a jazzing parson; perhaps more.

Room for Improvement

It is along the lines of political and social education, rather than any actual difference in the working of the jury system, that I should expect results from the service of American women in the talesmen's box. I have hinted at one aspect of this above—its practical effect upon the manners of the bench and the dignity of legal procedure. But their presence in and about our courts and jury rooms may have another influence more far-reaching in its ultimate effect.

In the time of Pericles and the Hellenistic age the Greek cities vied with one another in erecting buildings the beauty of whose architecture should lend dignity and elevation to the transaction of public business and the administration of justice. Such examples of the power and permanence of the state and the ideals that it represented were a constant inspiration to the citizens. Many of our own county courthouses, to say nothing of our police courts, are inferior in sanitary accommodations and general cleanliness to high-class kennels. The witnesses and spectators are herded together in evil-smelling rooms like so many cattle, and browbeaten and hustled until they smart with indignity and humiliation. After one such experience many an honest and patriotic citizen prefers to lose his money, go without his day in court, or be derelict in his civic duty rather than undergo another. The whole physical aspect of court procedure—at best not a particularly congenial sort of business—becomes something to be shunned and shuddered at. The effect of their surroundings upon jurymen will be obvious in their conduct. Dignity and decorum will play their part in the jury's deliberations and in their verdict. As Breasted says in his history of Ancient Times: "It is instructive to compare such a little Hellenistic city as Priene with a modern town of four thousand inhabitants in America. Our modern houses are much more roomy and comfortable, but our ordinary public buildings, like our courthouses and town halls, make but a poor showing as compared with those of little Priene over two thousand years ago."

Which naturally brings us to that other much-to-be-desired consummation which I, perhaps fatuously, am sufficiently optimistic to anticipate may follow as a natural consequence of the association of women with men in the administration of justice. I refer to the probable improvement in courtesy, consideration and general amiability among the participants, particularly the attorneys.

O woman! Lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man; we had been brutes without you.

One of the grave disabilities of lawyers, whose lives are largely spent in wrangling and argument, is that they tend to become abrupt, assertive, contradictory and mannerless, snappish with their wives and children and cantankerous with their friends. Your lawyer—even a high-class one—is apt to be a social nuisance, challenging every statement and cross-examining everybody. He forgets that the purpose of going out to dinner is to have a good time, in his habitual insistence on accuracy and consistency. I even know one who has unconsciously formed the habit of inevitably making everybody repeat whatever he or she says—"What's that?"—after which he sharply challenges the statement with "How do you mean—irresponsible?" or "How do you mean—sweetbreads?" It is even on record that when presented with an innocent gift by his wife he automatically inquired, "How do you mean—Christmas present?"

Outworn Objection to Women

Now I believe that just as women jurors will compel at least common decency from the bench, so the presence of women in the jury box, upon whom he must make a favorable impression, will exact from the trial lawyer a new code of manners. He will doubtless—even if mistakenly—believe that on the personal impression he makes upon the ladies before whom he is to appear his success will in no small measure depend.

For courtesy wins women all as well
As valor may.

So instead of snarling and backbiting at his opponent he will ape the urbanity of a Chesterfield. Which is, after all, only another way of expressing the platitude that the more men associate with women, no matter whether it is in politics, business or society, the better it is for them. The little dictator in his own house will learn that even if he can bully the woman who cooks his dinner at home he can't bulldoze her friends on the jury. We need women in court and on the bench just as much as we need them elsewhere.

It is needless to revert to many of the absurd objections that in the past have frequently been urged against jury service for women. They belong only to those long-past eras when women were supposed to be not only frail and frivolous but deceitful and demonic; or to those more recent times when they swooned at the sight of blood or had hysterics on the slightest excuse. Well, I personally never yet saw a woman faint. Nor, save on the stage, have I ever seen a woman have hysterics. My dentist tells me that women are incomparably pluckier than men under the agonizing burr of the drill, and upon those occasions in my experience which called for calmness and self-possession I have found the women fully as composed as the men. The idea that women lose their heads when engaged in serious business is ridiculous. It is all part and parcel of the nonsense invented to bolster up those dogmas of ancient times, first that woman was but a chattel, later that she could be only a mistress, and more recently that she was a sort of sweet idiot who couldn't be trusted to go out alone.

We are told that women are ultrasentimental; that their emotions will get the better of them. Emotions? Sentiment? There are no more emotional jackasses in creation than the ordinary jury of men—grand or petit. Mister Comfortable Citizen, who at fifty leads a life of uneventful regularity consisting of about eleven hours of sleep, five hours of mild labor, a short walk home, three large meals, nine cigars and the evening paper, is like a fat ox led to sacrifice upon the altar of sentiment. In the melodrama of the courts his sluggish blood leaps through his veins as it

(Continued on Page 46)

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(Continued from Page 44)

has not done since he was twenty; he thrills deliciously at the story of the detectives, but when the beautiful adventuress or the child wife takes the stand he—figuratively—takes her in his arms, irrespective of her defense, and promptly acquits. If I am ever brought to the bar of justice may I have to decide my fate a fat male jury of my peers with no sprinkling of thin-lipped, suspicious, high-minded females.

Indeed, the question seriously suggests itself whether juries composed entirely of women would not be more effective than those made up of men, for the very reason that women would be far less moved by sentiment in applying the law as it stands than men would be. They certainly would deal more rigorously with members of their own sex. Men are not willing to convict women of murder; and it must be a clear case to persuade them to convict them of anything. Woman was the original cause of man's fall, and he has been falling for her ever since, while, *per contra*, woman's pose has always been that of indifference and coolness, from which she must be wooed. An attractive man on trial before a jury of women might excite more sympathy than one of their own sex, but I doubt it. And anyhow, who knows what sort of man is attractive to women?

Why Woman is Illogical

Naturally there is no reason to suppose that most of the usual faults of the all-male jury would not be manifest in a jury composed entirely of women. They would still undoubtedly go outside the evidence and usurp the province of the judge, on the theory that they were there to do justice instead of, as is the case, to decide a limited question of fact. American juries of men are very prone to take the law into their own hands. The same tendency would probably show itself in women juries, but to a lesser extent. If they thought the prisoner ought to be given another chance they would very likely acquit, just as men are apt to do now, instead of convicting and letting the judge suspend sentence.

But women would, I feel sure, have a less lenient attitude than men towards defendants accused of commercial fraud, such as making false statements as to financial condition in order to secure credit. So much sharp practice is winked at in business that men jurors are apt to look upon such prosecutions with averted eyes. It is difficult to persuade a tradesman who has padded his own stock account or hiked up his own orders on hand or bills receivable; who has shortweighted his own customers or sold them inferior goods on glowing misrepresentations—to convict a fraudulent bankrupt or a retailer who has misrepresented his assets to his bank. He and his fellows don't like to stigmatize as criminal what so many "good fellows" are doing every day. But women would have no such weakness. Dishonesty of any sort in business would, I am confident, appeal to them as deserving punishment, and their disapproval would be swiftly evidenced in a verdict of guilty.

And now having indicated the great spiritual benefits that would accrue to all of us by reason of the presence of women in the court room, and foretold how a golden era of dignity, courtesy and amiability would inevitably ensue, judges becoming gentle as sucking doves, and lawyers as sweet and lovable as lambs; and having furthermore shown that jurors instead of turning weaker by virtue of having women in their number would on the contrary show themselves adamant to the influence of either Apollo or Aphrodite and convict everybody of everything; having, I say, heralded with such enthusiasm the coming of the woman juror, may I now be permitted to suggest that the educational effect of her personality in court might not end with the bench and bar, but might even be felt in the jury box by the lady herself?

With entire respect for the intellectual qualities of the sex to which I do not belong, I hazard the opinion that jury service will undoubtedly have a highly advantageous effect upon those women who participate in it. It cannot but be so. Familiarity with law and court procedure at first hand, personal observation of the actual working out of what otherwise would be but vague and only half-understood academic theories, and, most important of all, learning under the instruction of an impartial and dispassionate judge the meaning of logical argument, the rules of evidence, and the difference between the mere assertion of a belief or conclusion and the reasons upon which the latter are based—these are well worth while. Men are commonly supposed to rely upon their powers of reason, women upon their intuition. I do not apprehend that so far as results are concerned anyone would have the temerity to claim that, in this, woman was at any real disadvantage. What better than Lucetta's:

I have no other but a woman's reason:
I think him so, because I think him so.

All we really mean is that women do not take the trouble to try to apperceive the logical steps by which they reach their opinions. Men, on the other hand, are required and trained to do so. If the "homos" were not such pompous idiots they would realize, just as women do, that the important thing is what a person thinks, not why he thinks so. And, anyhow, the men themselves are chiefly responsible for women's refusal or inability to give in proper logical form and sequence the reasons for everything they think. It began fifty thousand years or so ago, when the male vocabulary of our neolithic ancestors consisted principally of the equivalent of the modern "Shut up!" accompanied by a thwack by a stone club over the female skull. Until recently there has never been any disposition on man's part to let woman reason. He assumed an attitude of intellectual superiority and was afraid to let her argue—lest the whited sepulcher of his own ignorance should be exposed; preferring, so to speak, rather to be chivalrous than just. He insisted upon doing all the thinking himself, on the ground that it was his own exclusive business. Of course I am referring to the Stone Age and not to the present era of marital courtesy, where the husband inevitably surrenders the newspaper to his wife at breakfast and listens attentively to all her views, expressed in detail, on religion, politics and philosophy. All I venture to assert is that in the old days women were not given half a chance to learn to reason, and we are now suffering the consequence.

Adventures on the Witness Stand

Well, why not give them the chance now, by putting them on the jury? I don't say the world will be any happier if women learn to be entirely logical, or justice be any more adequate, but at least both sexes will learn to talk the same fool language in the same fool reasonable way, and the family breakfast table will not echo so frequently to the masculine "Well, what of it?" "Suppos'n' it does?" "What's that got to do with it?" and "Why didn't you say so, then?"

For between ourselves, ladies, all this talk about man's reason is bunk and vanity. The chairman—male—of a board of directors—all male—the toastmaster—male—at the chamber of commerce banquet, or the presiding officer—male—of any male gathering is usually merely the complacent personification of man's idea that he is the whole cheese. No woman would have the patience to listen, as her long-suffering consort does, to the interminable, prosy, masculine harangues at board meetings, where the chief concern of the speaker seems usually to be far less in what is going eventually to be done than in the pedantic and tedious expression of his views, wherein he sets forth every step in his reasoning processes, floundering ponderously along from premise to conclusion until his listeners have long since committed manslaughter in their hearts. Yet that is how it is done, and if women are going to participate in affairs they must learn to do it, too, and not merely to say, "Well, I've looked into this and I think it's a good thing to do." No, no! You mustn't! There is an esoteric, an adept way of doing these things.

You must be weighty in meeting and logical in court, which means that you must be able to explain to the jury—remembering that they are only "homos"—that if a horse is an animal, and a man is an animal—then a man is a horse.

No! Pardon! The typesetter got that wrong! What I mean is—you know what I mean! Anyhow, the point is that women really ought to be taught to express themselves logically and to give the facts upon which they base their conclusions—in a word, to be accurate thinkers instead of mere asserters. The jury box is a good place to do this. After they have heard a few of those illuminating interchanges between judge and counsel they will discover how ignorant they have been heretofore of the difference between fact and mere conclusion—for of course a conclusion is anathema to a judge! They may see an intelligent-looking witness take the stand, be sworn, and testify that he observed the prisoner upon the sidewalk and that he was drunk.

"Object! Conclusion!" cries the prisoner's lawyer, springing out of his chair in horror.

"Strike it out! Don't say he was drunk; that is merely your own opinion! We don't want your opinion! We want facts! Tell us what you saw!" admonishes the judge.

"Well," answers the witness, "I seen this feller on the sidewalk and it was clear to me he'd been drink——"

The judge interrupts angrily: "Do you want to be committed for contempt? What did you observe? Give us facts!"

The witness repeats stubbornly: "I say I seen he was drunk."

"There you go again!" the judge exclaims wildly. "Strike it out! Look here, if you don't give proper testimony I'll have to lock you up! How do you suppose we can come to any decision about the man's condition if you don't tell us what you know about the case?"

The Danger of Intuition

After a few weeks of this the newly impaneled female juror will learn that she should never intimate to a court that a man was irrational or intoxicated, but that in these rarefied assemblies dealing only with pure and scientific fact she must carefully state that she observed the defendant rotating in a semivertical posture across the sidewalk diagonally to the building line as laid down in C. VIII, Sec. 473, Sec. 4a of the City Ordinances of 1907, and that an odor emanated from him similar to that previously smelled by her when on a certain occasion her husband had opened a bottle labeled "whisky"—with a slight suggestion of clove.

Now it is obvious that when our wives and daughters learn the art of logical converse home life will be an entirely different thing for us. The unseemly wrangling in which paterfamilias has hitherto patiently sought to demonstrate to the indignant female members of his family that what they claimed didn't follow from what they said, will become a thing of tradition—of cuneiform comic supplements. If women are to participate in the governmental functions of men it is well that they should train themselves to restrain their inclination to take intellectual short cuts and their impatience at the cumbersome way men have of doing things, and learn to argue according to the Marquis of Queensberry Rules as laid down in Wigmore's Law of Evidence, Vol. 1-6, Sec. 1—5891. After all, if a doubtful question must be decided or a disputed fact determined, analysis is better than "Well, I say it is!"

For the habit of relying on intuition carries with it one obvious danger—a willingness to overlook or even to sweep aside inconsistent or contradictory facts; with the result that woman's testimony is often along the lines of what she thinks ought to be rather than what is, like Saint Paul's definition of faith, "the substance of things hoped for." Since our courts are organized on the principle that testimony not deduced by the syllogistic method from the observation of relevant fact is valueless, woman as a probative force has in the past testified at a disadvantage. The honest woman may have quite as good a basis for her opinion that the prisoner is guilty as the man witness who can tell the court why he thinks so, but in many instances she has never learned to reason—having never really found it necessary to do so—and has wandered through life by inference—or, more frankly, by guesswork—until she may no longer be able to point out the stages of her most ordinary mental processes.

Jury service has taught men to be more exact in their own court testimony, public utterances and private conversation. It has taught them to analyze their own impressions and distinguish observation from mere opinion. It will do the same thing for women, making them of inestimably more value as witnesses in court, administrators of public and private affairs, and possibly even more satisfactory social companions.

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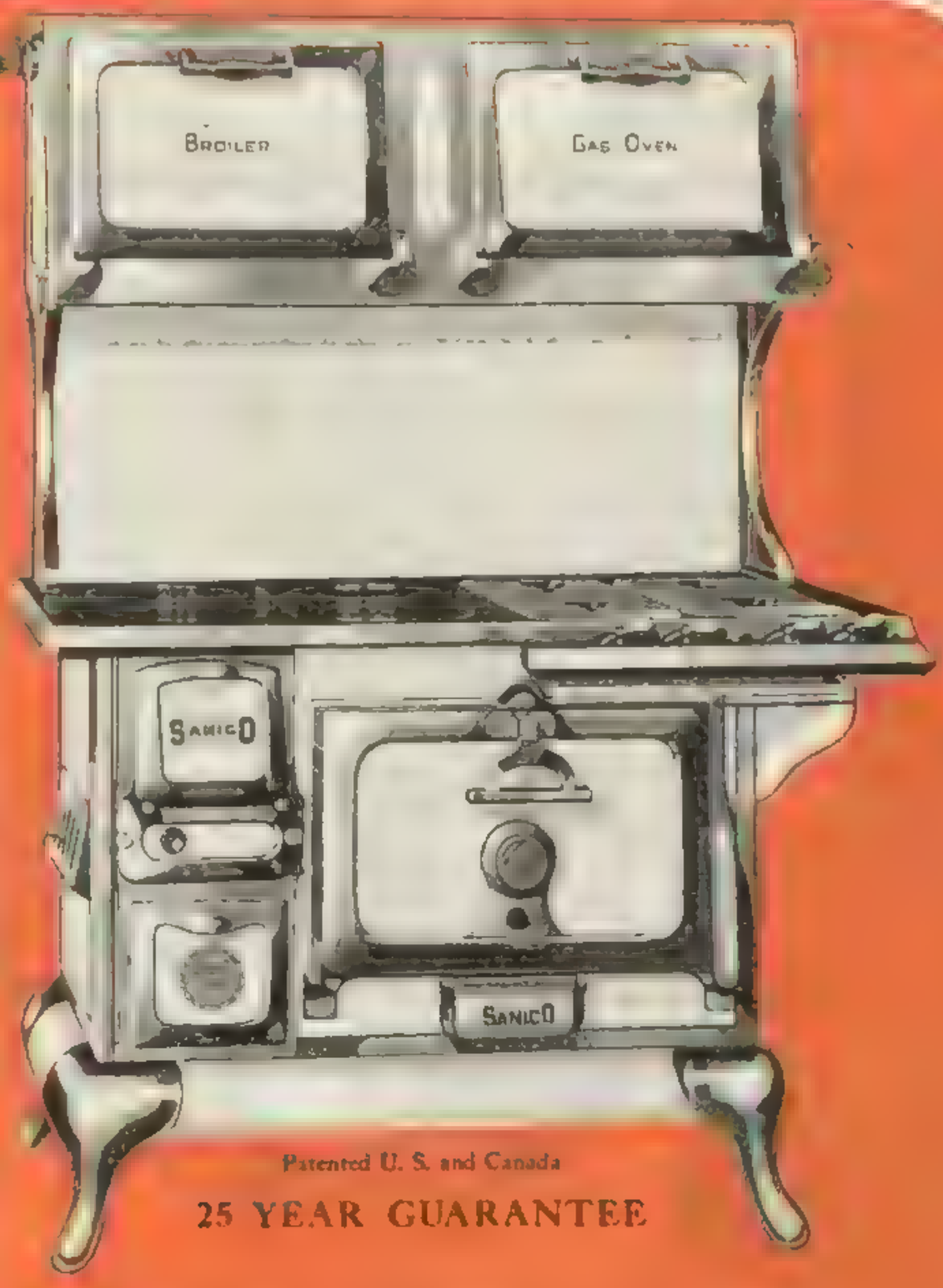

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(Concluded from Page 46)

But having secured for themselves the privilege of jury service, will women regard it as a duty and submit themselves to it? I doubt if they will do so to any great extent. When they have heretofore had the right they have not done so, and, when all is said, it must be admitted that women as a class have preoccupations which naturally interfere with consecutive absences from home. The trial attorneys whose confidence I share all seem to agree that there are no genuine reasons against and several in favor of women as jurors, some of the latter of which I have indicated; but they regard it as unlikely that jury service, except among ardently "civic" women, will be generally popular. Recent trials in which they have participated demonstrate that they can perform their duties with entire satisfaction, and I have never heard their ability or qualifications questioned in those states where they have acted as jurors in the past.

The Problem of the Mixed Jury

Much has been made of the fact that it is often necessary to lock up juries overnight or keep them together for long periods of time; as if this presented grave physical difficulties and might if the proprieties were observed, by furnishing separate sleeping accommodations to each sex, render verdicts illegal. The papers are rather fond just now of running stories about Woman Jurors Causing Worry, Fair Sex Presents Court Problem, and What Will the Sheriff Do?

In point of fact, the keeping together of a mixed jury in accordance with the law until they shall have returned their verdict affords no greater problem than in keeping legally together a jury of men.

The case that has stirred up most of the rumpus is State vs. Pascal—85 So. Reporter 621—decided by the Supreme Court of Louisiana, the opinion being written by Mr. Justice Sommerville, in which the court holds that the verdict of the jury, which was an exclusively male jury, should be set aside for the reason that two groups of jurors—comprising eleven in all—spent the night entirely by themselves beyond the sight of the sheriff, and so not constructively within the presence of the court.

Says Justice Sommerville:

"The evidence shows that the jurors during the course of the trial on repairing to their room at night separated into three several groups. Seven were in one room with the door closed, leading into a common hallway, and without a deputy sheriff; four were in a second room, without a deputy sheriff, with a door leading into the common hallway, and the twelfth juror was in a third room, with the deputy sheriff, and the door of that room entered into the common hallway. There were no connecting doors between the three adjoining rooms. The reason given by the deputy sheriff for separating the jurors was that no one room was sufficiently large to accommodate the twelve and himself. But under such circumstances a deputy sheriff should have been placed in charge of the jurors in each room.

"The separation of the jury was entirely contrary to the common-law manner of conducting a trial for a capital offense. The courts have lately given a liberal construction to the requirements that jurors shall not be permitted to separate in a capital case at any stage of the proceedings, or in any other criminal trial from the time the case is submitted until the verdict is rendered. And courts have held in cases where the jurors, though somewhat separated, were all under the eye of the judge or the sheriff, that such separation was not fatal. But this legal requirement cannot be done away with entirely, particularly in a case where seven of the jurors were separated from the others, four of the remainder were separated from the others, and one was separated from all the others, and he was the only one in charge of a deputy sheriff through the night. Eleven of the jurors were thus from under the eye of the deputy sheriff, and they were all entirely out of the presence of the court. . . .

"Mr. Wigmore, in his work on the Law of Evidence—Vol. 4, Sec. 2352, P. 2384—states the rule and gives the history thereof as follows:

"'The deliberations of a jury must be conducted with strict regard to certain formalities of conduct during retirement—formalities which though not vital in a particular case, yet are indisputably wholesome as requirements of general policy. . . . A particular will may have been genuine and deliberate, though not executed in the presence of attesting witnesses; but the propriety of attestation as a fixed rule cannot be doubted. So, a particular jury's verdict may be a just and well-reasoned one, when the jurors during retirement have separated or talked with the parties or drunk intoxicating liquors; yet as a general rule it is proper to invalidate verdicts marked by such conduct. Now, the law of trials in general, and of verdicts in particular, must prescribe these requisite formalities of conduct for the jurors and define those formalities and irregularities which *per se* invalidate the verdict.'

"The jurors having been separated into three several groups, and the sheriff during the night having been in charge of only one of these groups, misconduct is presumed. Under such circumstances the jurors were accessible, and the separation is fatal to the prosecution."

The Lawyers' Chief Worry

It is, of course, unnecessary to mention that the "misconduct presumed" by the court was communication with persons outside the building, contrary to the law.

The effect of this decision is merely to require a female bailiff or deputy sheriff to be in charge of the women impaneled on any mixed jury which has to be kept together overnight. But, so far as that goes, it is not imperative to compel women to serve on such cases. If they do so it would not seem much harder to find accommodations for them in accordance with the requirements of the law than for a jury composed exclusively of men.

What appears chiefly to worry my barrister friends is the question of how they—mere "homos," as they are—can form any adequate estimate of a female juror's predispositions, prejudices and general attitude of mind and character by questioning her upon what is called the *voir dire*—that is, the examination preliminary to her being sworn. Long experience usually enables the lawyer to form a pretty accurate impression of a male juror after he has given him the once-over and put to him half a dozen searching questions, but my associates freely confess that they will be quite at sea when they attempt to apply the same sort of analysis to jury women.

THE WRONG TWIN

(Continued from Page 21)

flat stone, aforetime set in the church's façade, and dropped a crutch at either side. He now readjusted his hat, for the bandage going up over his shock of reddish hair had affected its fit. Next he placed an inquiring but entirely respectful palm over the bandaged eye.

"Never was such a hell of a good eye anyhow," he observed, and winked the unhidden eye in testimony of his wit. Then he plucked from back of an ear a half-smoked cigarette, relighted this and leered at the spreading tangle before him.

"Naughty, naughtykins!" he called to a driver of four mules who had risen finely to an emergency demanding sheer language. "First chance I had to get a good look at the war, what with one thing and another," he amiably explained to a sergeant of infantry who was passing.

Neither of his sallies evoked a response, but he was not rebuffed. He wished to engage in badinage, but he was one who could entertain himself if need be. He looked about for other diversion.

To the opening in the church wall came a nurse. She walked with short, uncertain steps and leaned against the ragged edge of the wall, with one arm along its stone for support. Her face was white and drawn, and for a moment she closed her eyes and breathed deeply of the dust-laden air. The fat private on the stone, a score of feet away, studied her approvingly. She was slight of form and her hair beneath the cap was of gold, a little tarnished. He waited for her eyes to open, then hailed her genially as he waved at a tangle of camions and ambulances now blocking the bridge.

"Worse'n fair week back home on Main Street, hey, sister?"

But she did not hear him, for a battered young second lieutenant with one arm in a sling had joined her from the dusk of the church.

"Done up, nurse?" he demanded.

"Only for a second. We just finished something pretty fierce."

She pointed back of her, but without looking

"Why not sit down on that stone?"

He indicated a fallen slab at her feet. She looked at it with frank longing, but smiled a refusal.

"Dassent," she said. "I'd be asleep in no time."

"Cheer up! We'll soon finish this man's job."

The girl looked at him with eyes already freshened.

"No, it won't ever be finished. It's going on forever. Nothing but war and that—inside."

Again she pointed back without turning her head.

"Another jam!"

The second lieutenant waved toward the makeshift bridge. The girl watched the muddle of wheeled things and stiffened with indignation.

"That's why it'll last so long," she said. "Because these officers of ours can't learn anything. Look at that muddle—while men are dying on beyond. You'd think they were a lot of schoolboys. Haven't they been told to keep one road for their up traffic and another road for their down traffic? But they wouldn't do it, because it was the British who told 'em. But the British had found out, hadn't they? Catch them having a senseless mix-up like that! But our men won't listen. They won't even listen to me. I've told one general and six or seven colonels only this morning. Told the general to keep certain roads for troops and wagons going to the front, and other roads for traffic coming back to camps and depots, and all he could say was that he hoped to God there wouldn't be another war until the women could staff it."

"Hooray, hooray!" squeaked the listening private in a subdued falsetto not meant to be overheard.

Then he turned to stare up the street of broken shop fronts. One of these diverted his attention from the nurse. Above its door protruded a bush, its leaves long since withered. He knew this for the sign of a wine shop, and with much effort regained his feet to hobble toward it. He went far enough to note that the bush broke its promise of refreshment, for back of it was but dry desolation

"Napoo!" he murmured in his best French, and turned to measure the distance back to his stone seat. To this he again sauntered carelessly, as a gentleman walking abroad over his estate.

The second lieutenant was leaving the nurse by the extemporized portal of the church, though she seemed not to have done with exposing the incompetence of certain staff officers. She still leaned wearily against the wall, vocal with irritation.

"Bawl 'em out, sister! I think anything you think," called the private.

Then from his stone seat he turned to survey the double line of marching men that issued from the street into the square. They came now to a shuffling halt at a word of command relayed from some place beyond the bridge, where a new jumble of traffic could be dimly discerned. The lines fell apart and the men sank to earth in the shade of the broken buildings across the square. The private waved them a careless hand, with the mild interest of one who has been permanently dissevered from their activities.

One of them slouched over, gave the private a new cigarette and slouched back to his resting mates. In the act of lighting the cigarette the fat private noted that another of these reclining figures had risen and was staring fixedly either at him or at something beyond him. He turned and perceived that the nurse and not himself must be the object of this regard.

The risen private came on a dozen paces, halted hesitatingly and stared once more. The nurse, who had drooped again after the departure of the second lieutenant, now drew a long breath, threw up her shoulders and half turned as if to reënter the church.

Jim Henry's Column

Home Brew

I use that headline because it has what advertising men call "attention value"—don't think you are going to get a formula.

The idea is that anyone can make soap at home—pretty good soap if you do it carefully. Soap you could even shave with—under protest.

Yet the making of *perfect* soap like Mennen Shaving Cream—wherein ingredients are blended to absolute purity—is a process so involved and intricate—so scientific—demanding such costly equipment and deep knowledge of chemistry and such exacting watchfulness—that there is only one laboratory in the world that is able to produce Mennen Shaving Cream.

But Mennen's is more than absolutely pure soap—that is just the beginning. You must have marveled at the impossible quantity of water you can pack into Mennen lather and at the way the lather never dries on the face. It took years of study and experimenting to accomplish that result. This is the way our chemists explain it to me:—Lather consists of millions of microscopic soap bubbles. The outside of these bubbles in Mennen lather is very elastic. As a result, the bubbles don't burst and therefore retain their moisture.

"Very interesting," you say—"but why is it that Mennen's softens the beard so marvelously without rubbing in?"

Frankly, I don't know—or at least the reason is too scientific for my somewhat pragmatic style.

(I hope that word "pragmatic" means what I think it does. I have always wanted to use it.)

and afterward—Mennen Talcum for Men—it doesn't show

But after all, isn't it enough that Mennen's does give you a glorious shave—so bland, so gentle, so good natured?

My 15 cent demonstrator tube contains enough argument to convince any beard-bearing man who knows comfort when he feels it.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

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NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

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There is no other cloth just like Patrick cloth. It is as distinctive to America as are friezes to Ireland, cheviots to Scotland and tweeds to England. It is made from the thick long-fibre north country wool from "sheep that thrive in the snow."

It is manufactured exclusively in Patrick woolen mills and made up into garments in Patrick factories. Patrick controls every manufacturing process, from raw wool to finished garments.

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Send for Patrick 1920-21 Style Book with the Patrick-Duluth fabrics in natural colors.

PATRICK-DULUTH WOOLEN MILLS

Sole Manufacturers of both Cloth and Garments

Duluth Minnesota

Pure Northern Wool from Sheep that thrive in the Snow

The hesitating private, beholding the new angle of her face thus revealed to him, darted swiftly forward with a cry that was formless but eloquent. The nurse stayed motionless, but with eyes widened upon the approaching figure. The advancing private had risen wearily, and his first steps toward the church had been tired, dragging steps, but for the later distance he became agile and swift, running as one refreshed. The fat private on the stone observed the little play.

The couple stood at last, tensely, face to face. The watcher beheld the girl's eyes rest with wild wonder upon the newcomer, eyes that were steady, questioning green flames. He saw her form stiffen, her shoulders go back, her arms rise, her clenched hands spread apart in a gesture that was something of fear but all of allure. The newcomer's own hands widened to meet hers, the girl's wrists writhed into his tightened grasp, her own hands clasped his arms and crept slowly, tightly along the dusty sleeves of his blouse. Still her eyes were eyes of wild wonder, searching his face. They had not spoken, but now the hands of each clutched the shoulders of the other for the briefest of seconds. Then came a swift enveloping maneuver, and the girl was held in a close embrace.

The watching private studied the mechanics of this engagement with an expert eye. He saw the girl's arms run to tighten about the soldier's neck. He saw her face lift. The soldier's helmet obscured much of what ensued and the watcher called softly: "Hats off in front!" Then fastidiously dusting the back of one hand, he kissed it audibly. Behind him, across the square, a score of recumbent privates were roused to emulation. Dusting the backs of their hands, they kissed them both tenderly and audibly.

The two by the church were oblivious of this applause. Their arms still held each other. Neither had spoken. The girl's face was set in wonder, in shining unbelief, yet a little persuaded. They were apart the reach of their arms.

"As you were!" ordered the fat private in low tones, and with a little rush they became as they were. Again the girl's arms ran to tighten about the soldier's neck. The watcher noticed their earnest constrictions.

"I bet that lad never reads his dice wrong," he murmured admiringly. "Oh, lady, lady! Will you watch him June her!"

He here became annoyed to observe that his cigarette had been burning wastefully. He snapped off its long ash and drew tremendously upon it. The two were still close, but now they talked. He heard sounds of amazement, of dismay, from the girl.

"Put a comether on her before she knew it," explained the private to himself.

There followed swift, broken murmurs, incoherent, annoyingly, to the listener, but the soldier's arms had not relaxed and the arms of the girl were visibly compressed about his neck. Then they fell half apart once more. The watcher saw that the girl was weeping, convulsed with long, dry, shuddering sobs.

"As you were!" he again commanded, and the order was almost instantly obeyed.

Presently they talked again, quick, short speech, provokingly blurred to the private's [illegible]

"Louder!" he commanded. "We can't hear at the back of the hall."

The muffled talk went on, one hand of the girl ceaselessly patting the shoulder where it had rested.

Now a real command came. The line of men rose, its head by the bridge coming up first. The pair by the church drew apart, blended again momentarily. The soldier sped back to his place, leaving the girl erect, head up, her shining eyes upon him. He did not look back. The line was marking time.

The fat private saw his moment. He reached for his crutches and laboriously came to his feet. Hands belled before his mouth, he trumpeted ringingly abroad: "Let the war go on!"

An officer, approaching from the bridge, seemed suddenly to be stricken with blindness, deafness and a curious facial paralysis.

Once more the column undulated over the tawny crest of the hill. The nurse stood watching, long after her soldier had become indistinguishable in the swinging, grayish-brown mass.

"Hey, nurse!" the fat private, again seated, called to her.

To his dismay she came to stand beside him, refreshed, radiant.

"What you think of the war?" he asked.

He was embarrassed by her nearness. He had proposed badinage at a suitable distance.

"This war is nothing," said the girl.

"No?" The private was entertained.

"Nothing! A bore of course, but it will end in a minute."

"Sure it will!" agreed the private. "Don't let no one tell you different."

"I should think not! This man's war won't bother me any more."

"Not any more?" demanded the private with insinuating emphasis.

"Not any more."

The private felt emboldened.

"Say, sister"—he grinned up at her—"that boy changed your view a lot, didn't he?"

"You mean to say you were here?" She flashed him a look of annoyance.

"Was I here? Sister, we was all here! The whole works was here!"

She reflected, the upper lip drawn down.

"Who cares?" she retorted. She turned away, then paused, debating with herself. "You—you needn't let it go any farther, but I've got to tell someone. It was a surprise. I was never so bumped in my whole life."

The private grinned again.

"Lady, that lad just naturally put a comether on you."

She considered this, then shook her head.

"No, it was more like—we must have put one on each other. It—it was fierce!"

"Happy days!" cheered the private. She lighted him with the effulgence of a knowing smile.

"Thanks a lot," she said.

The war went on.

IV

IN HER next letter Winona Penniman wrote: "We moved up to a station nearer the Front last Tuesday. I spent a night with Patricia Whipple. The child has come through it all wonderfully so far. A month ago she was down and out; now she can't get enough work to do. Says the war bores her stiff. She means to stick it through, but all her talk is of going home. By the way, she told me she had a little visit with Wilbur Cowan the other day. She says she never saw him looking better."

CHAPTER XIX

TWO lines of helmeted men went over the crest of the hill. Private Cowan was no longer conscious of aching feet and leaden legs or of the burden that bowed his shoulders. There was a pounding in his ears, and in his mind a verse of Scripture that had lingered inexplicably there since their last billet at Comprey. His corporal, late a theological student, had read and expounded bits of the Bible to such as would listen. Forsaking beaten paths, he had one day explored Revelation. He had explained the giving unto seven angels of seven golden vials of the wrath of God, but later came upon a verse that gave him pause:

"And there appeared a great wonder in heaven; a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars."

It seemed that everything in Revelation had a hidden meaning, and the expert found this obscure. There had been artless speculation among the listeners. A private with dice had professed to solve the riddle of the Number Seven, and had even alleged that twelve might be easier to throw if one kept repeating the verse, but this by his fellows was held to be rank superstition. No really acceptable exposition had been offered of the woman clothed with the sun, and under her feet the moon, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars.

Wilbur Cowan, marching up the hill, now sounded the words to himself; they went with that pounding in his ears. At last he knew what they meant—a great wonder in heaven, a woman clothed with the sun, and under her feet the moon. Over and over he chanted the words.

So much was plain to him. But how had it come about? They had looked, then enveloped each other, not thinking, blindly groping. They had been out of themselves, not on guard, not held by a thousand bands of old habit that back in Newbern would have restrained them. Lacking these, they had rushed to that wild contact like two charged clouds, and everything was changed by that moment's surrender to some force

(Continued on Page 52)

MAXWELL

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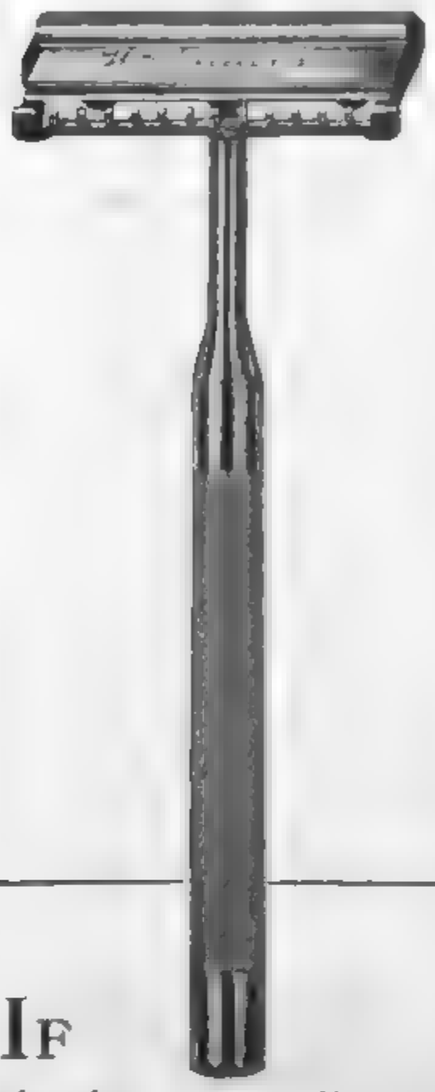
MAXWELL MOTOR COMPANY, INC.
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

"SHAVE:
To make bare or smooth by scraping."
STANDARD DICTIONARY



IF shaving means "*scraping*," the Enders Razor does not shave: it *removes* the beard so smoothly that it's

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Two million men discovered this fact before I ever advertised.

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ENDERS SELLS FOR $1.00 with six blades of the best quality Swedish-base steel. Packed in black Keratol box, velvet lined. Extra blades, package of 5—35 cents.

FOR SALE BY BEST DEALERS EVERYWHERE

(Continued from Page 50)

beyond their relaxed wills. Something between them had not been, now it was; something compelling; something that had, for its victory, needed only that they confront each other, not considering, not resisting, biddable.

In his arms she had cried: "But how did we know—how did we know?"

He had found no answer. Holding her fiercely as he did, it seemed enough that they did know. He had surrendered, but could not reason—was even incurious.

At the last she had said: "But if it shouldn't be true; if it's only because we're both worn down and saw someone from home. Suppose it's mere ——"

She had broken off to thump his shoulder in reassurance, to cling more abjectly. It was then she had wept, shakingly, in a vast impatience with herself for trying to reason.

"It is true! It is true—it's true, it's true!" she had told him with piteous vehemence, then wilted again to his support, one hand stroking his dusty cheek.

When the command had come down the line she seemed about to fall, but braced herself with new strength from some hidden source. When he released her she stood erect, regarding him with something of the twisted, humorous quirk about her lips that for an instant brought her back to him as the little girl of long ago. Not until then had he been able to picture her as Patricia Whipple. Then he saw. Her smile became surer.

"You've gone and spoiled the whole war for me!" she called to him.

II

THE war, too, had been spoiled for Private Cowan. He was unable to keep his mind on it. Of the Second Battle of the Marne he was to remember little worth telling.

Two nights later they came to rest in the woods back of St.-Eugène, in the little valley of the Surmelin, that gateway to Paris from the farthest point of the second German drive. It was a valley shining with the gold of little wheat fields, crimson-specked with poppies. It recalled to Private Cowan merely the farmland rolling away from that old house of red brick where he had gone one day with Sharon Whipple—yesterday it might have been. Even the winding creek—though the French called theirs a river—was like the other creek, its course marked by a tangle of shrubs and small growths; and the sides of the valley were flanked familiarly with stony ridges sparsely covered with second-growth timber. Newbern, he kept thinking, would lie four miles beyond that longest ridge, and down that yellow road Sharon Whipple might soon be driving his creaking, weathered buggy and the gaunt roan. The buggy would sag to one side and Sharon would be sitting "slaunchwise," as he called it. Over the ridge, at Newbern's edge, would be the bony little girl who was so funny and willful.

They moved forward to the south bank of the Marne. Beyond that fifty-yard stream lay the enemy, reported now to be stacking up drive impedimenta. The reports bored Private Cowan. He wished they would hurry the thing through. He had other matters in hand. A woman clothed with the sun, and under her feet the moon, and upon her head a crown of—he could not make the crown of stars seem right. She was crowned with a nurse's cap, rusty hair showing beneath, and below this her wan, wistful, eager face, the eyes half shutting in vain attempts to reason. The face would be drawn by some inner torment; then its tortured lines melt to a smile of sure conviction. But she was clothed with the sun, and the moon was under her feet. So much he could make seem true.

The dark of a certain night fell on the waiting regiment. Crickets sounded their note, a few silent birds winged furtively overhead. Rolling kitchens brought up the one hot meal of the day, to be taken to the Front by carrying parties. Company commanders made a last reconnaissance of their positions. For Private Cowan it was a moment of double waiting. Waiting for battle was now secondary. In a tiny slit trench on the forward edge of a railway embankment Private Brennon remarked upon the locomotion of the foreign frog.

"Will you look at 'em walk!" said Spike. "Just like an animal! Don't they ever learn to hop like regular frogs?"

Said Private Cowan: "I suppose you saw that girl back there the other day?"

"Me and the regiment," said Spike, and chewed gum discreetly.

"She's a girl from back home. Funny! I'd never taken much notice of her before."

"You took a-plenty back there. You've raised your average awful high. I'll say it!"

"I hardly knew what I was doing."

"Didn't you? We did!"

"Since then sometimes I forget what we're here for."

"Don't worry, kid! You'll be told."

"It's funny how things happen that you never expected, but afterward you see it was natural as anything."

III

AT MIDNIGHT the quiet sky split redly asunder. German guns began to feel a way to Paris. The earth rocked in a gentle rhythm under a rain of shells. Shrapnel and gas lent vivacity to the assault. Guns to their utmost reach swept the little valley like a Titan's sickle. Private Cowan nestled his cheek against the earthen side of his little slit trench and tried to remember what she had worn that last night in Newbern. Something glistening, warm in color, like ripe fruit; and a rusty braid bound her head. She had watched, doubtfully, to see if people were not impatient at her talk. A rattlepate, old Sharon called her. She was something else now; some curious sort of woman, older, not afraid. She wouldn't care any more if people were impatient.

At four o'clock of that morning the bombardment of the front line gave way to a rolling barrage. Close behind this, hugging it, as the men said, came gray waves of the enemy. It was quieter after the barrage had passed; only the tack-tack of machine guns and the clash of meeting bayonets.

"Going to have some rough stuff," said Private Brennon.

For a long time then Private Cowan was so engrossed with the routine of his present loose trade that the name of Whipple seemed to have no room in his mind. For four hours he had held a cold rifle and thought. Now the gun was hot, its bayonet wet and he thought not at all. When it was over he was one of fifty-two men left of his company that had numbered two hundred and fifty-one. But his own uniform would still be clean of wound chevrons.

Two divisions of German shock troops had broken against a regiment of American fighting men.

"I don't like fighting any more," said Private Cowan.

"Pushed 'em across the crick," said Private Brennon. "Now we chase 'em!"

So they joined the chase and fought again at Jaulgonne, where it rained for three days and nights, and Private Cowan considered his life in danger because he caught cold; it might develop into pneumonia. He didn't want to get sick and die—not now. It had not, of late, occurred to him that he would be in any danger save from sickness. But he threw off the menacing cold and was fit for the big battle at Fismes, stubbornly pronounced "Fissims" by Private Brennon after repeated corrections.

Private Cowan thought now, when not actually engaged at his loose trade, of his brother. He wished the boy could have been with him. He would have learned something. He would have learned that you feel differently about a country if once you fight for it. His country had been only a name; he had merely ached to fight. Now he hated fighting; words could never tell how he loathed it; but his country had become more than a name. He would fight again for that. He wished Merle could have had this new feeling about his country.

IV

IT WAS before Fismes, being out where he had no call to be, and after winning a finish fight with a strangely staring, spectacled foe, that he stumbled across the inert form of Private Brennon, who must also have gone where he had no call to go. He leaned over him. Spike's mask was broken, but half adjusted. He shouldered the burden, grunting as he did so, angered by the weight of it. He was irritated, too, by men who were firing at him, but his greater resentment was for Spike's unreasonable mass.

"You son of a gun—hog fat! Overweight, that's what you are! You'll never make a hundred and thirty-three again, not you! Gee, gosh, a light heavyweight, that's what you are!"

He complained to the unhearing Spike all the way back to a dressing station, though twice refusing help to carry his load.

"Mustard gas," said the surgeon.

He was back there when Spike on his stretcher came violently to life.

"What a dark night!" said Spike between two of the spasms that wrenched him. "Can't see your hand before your face!"

"Say, you're hog fat!" grumbled Private Cowan. "You weigh a ton!"

"It's dark, but it feels light—it's warm."

Private Cowan leaned to shield the sun from Spike's garbled face.

"Sure it's dark!" said he.

"Can't see your hand before your face!"

Spike was holding up a hand, thumb and fingers widely spread, moving it before his sightless eyes.

"You got to go back. You're too fat to be up here."

He rested his hand on Spike's forehead, but withdrew it quickly when Spike winced.

He went on with the war; and the war went on.

V

"YOU would never guess," wrote Winona, "who was brought to this base hospital last week. It was the Mr. Brennon I wrote you of, Mr. Edward Brennon, the friend of Wilbur's who went with him from Newbern. He is blind from gas, poor thing! Our head surgeon knew him. It seems he is one of the prettiest lightweights the head surgeon ever saw in action, a two-handed fighter with a good right and a good left. These are terms used in the sport of boxing.

"Of course he knows he is blind, but at first he thought he was only in the dark. Wilbur had told him of me. The most curious misunderstanding—he is positive he once saw me at home. Says I am the prettiest thing he ever looked at, and don't I remember coming into the post office one day in a white dress and white shoes and a blue parasol and getting some mail and going out to a motor where some people waited for me? The foolish thing insists I have blue eyes and light brown hair and I was smiling when I looked at him in passing; not smiling at him, of course, but from something the people in the car had said; and I had one glove off and carried the other with the blue sunshade. And I think he means a girl from Rochester that visited the Hendricks, those mill people, summer before last. She was pretty enough, in a girlish way, but not at all my type. But I can't convince Edward it was not I he saw. I have given up trying. What harm in letting him think so? He says, anyway, he would know I am beautiful, because he can feel it even if I come into the room. Did you ever hear such talk? But I am looking a lot better, in spite of all I have been through.

"I had a week in Paris last month, and bought some clothes, a real Paris dress and things. You would not know me in the new outfit. The skirt is of rather a daring shortness, but such is the mode now, and I am told it becomes me. Poor Edward, he is so patient, except for spells when he seems to go mad with realizing his plight. He is still a man. His expression is forceful. He doesn't smoke, and warns me against it, though the few cigarettes I allow myself are a precious relief. But I have promised him to give up the habit when the war is over. He is a strong man, but helpless. He still believes I am the pretty thing he saw in the post office. The skirt is plaited and falls in a straight line. Of course I have the shoes and stockings that go with it."

"There!" exploded the judge. "Taking up with prize fighters—traipsing round in a regular French dress, looking like something she's not supposed to be!"

"Lysander!" rebuked his wife hotly.

"He tells me lots about Wilbur," continued the letter. "He hints that the boy is in love, but will say nothing definite. Men are so close-mouthed. I hope our boy doesn't marry some little French anybody. His face is not exactly pleasant to look upon for the time being, but he has a very winning personality."

"Who's she mean that for?" demanded the judge truculently. "The Cowan boy?"

CHAPTER XX

ON A DAY late in June of 1919 Wilbur Cowan dropped off the noon train that paused at Newbern Center. He carried the wicker suitcase he had taken away, and wore the same clothes. He had the casual, incurious look of one who had been for a little trip down the line. No one about the

(Continued on Page 55)

ANSTED ENGINE

WHAT is the automobile problem today? It is *product* more than *price!* The public today searches for the *most value.*

Our conviction that leadership lay only in building even *better* cars is responsible for the Ansted Engine, perfected without regard to cost.

Already we have been justified by the attitude of owners and dealers, many of whom aptly call this engine "the miracle motor."

Its power is fifty per cent greater than in conventional engines of its same size! This is largely due to the creation of the exclusive Lexington "rocking chair" rocker arm, which gives a valve lift as *high* as in powerful racing cars!

This greater valve opening engineers have long considered vital to utmost efficiency. The gas gets into the cylinders quicker, just as opening a faucet further fills a glass faster.

But the valves must snap shut like lightning. Heretofore, increased lift *increased the noise*—intolerable in passenger cars.

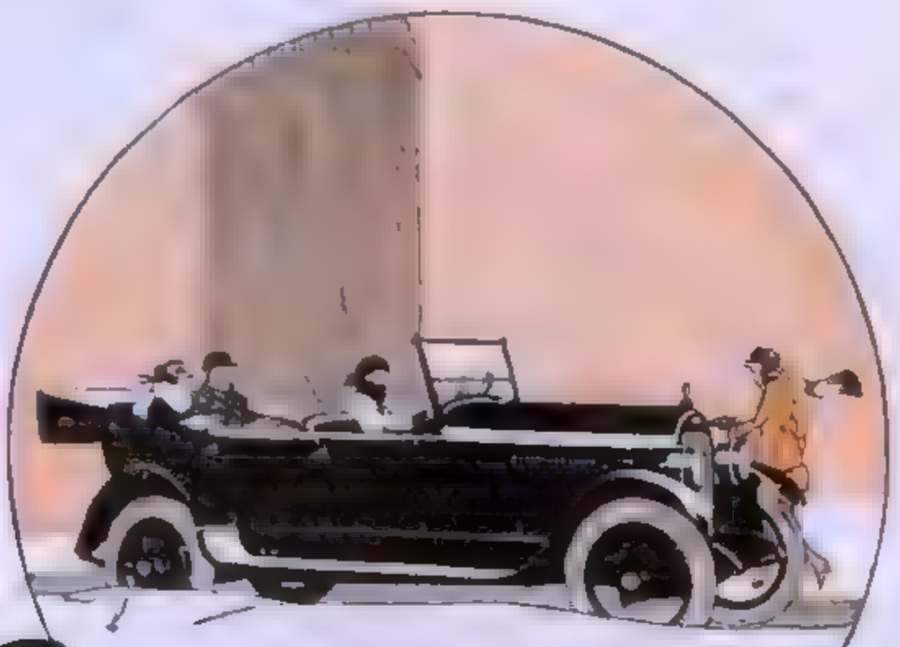
Here the Ansted Engine is revolutionary. Extreme valve lift has been made *extremely quiet.* That is the ideal Lexington engineers actually achieved when they created the "rocking chair" rocker arm.

They made other vital improvements. Vibration is virtually *nil* even at 3,200 revolutions per minute. The advanced Ansted oiling and cooling system maintains the most efficient temperature *constantly* throughout the speed range—*up to 60 miles an hour or more.*

Totally unlike common methods, the Lexi-gasifier does not permit the engine heat to expand the entire gas charge—often preventing some of it entering the cylinders. Only *unvaporized fuel* is affected. The Lexi-gasifier gets a *full charge in*—keeps *raw gas out.*

How has Lexington alone been able to develop all these phenomenal betterments? Only through command of its private motor plant—one of ten factories, affiliated with Lexington, specializing in motor car units.

The striking production economy is manifest in the exceptional value of the new Series "T" Lexington. The seven-passenger Touring Car, on a 128-inch wheelbase, has a thrilling beauty! It will give you a new definition of power and economy.



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Whole, Golden
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5¢ Glassine Bag

(Continued from Page 52)

station heeded him, nor did he notice anyone he knew. There was a new assemblage of station loafers, and none of these recognized him. Suitcase in hand, his soft hat pulled well down, he walked quickly round the crowd and took a roundabout way through quiet streets to the Penniman place.

The town to his eye had shrunk; buildings were not so high as he remembered them, wide spaces narrower, streets shorter, less thronged. On his way he met old Mr. Dodwell, muffled about the throat, though the day was hot, walking feebly, planting a stout cane before him. Mr. Dodwell passed blinking eyes over him, went on, then turned to call back:

"Ain't that Wilbur Cowan? How de do, Wilbur? Ain't you been away?"

"For a little while," answered Wilbur.

"Thought I hadn't seen you for some time. Hot as blazes, ain't it?"

He came to the Penniman place at the rear. The vegetable garden, lying between the red barn and the white house, was as he had known it, uncared for, sad, discouraged. The judge's health could be no better. On bare earth at the corner of the woodshed Frank, the dog, slumbered fitfully in the shade. He merely grumbled, rising to change his posture, when greeted. Feebly he sniffed the newcomer. It could be seen that his memory was stirred, but his eyes told him nothing; he had a complaining air of saying one met so many people. It was beyond one to place them all. He whimpered when his ears were rubbed, seeming to recall a familiar touch. Then with a deep sigh he fell asleep once more. His master took up the suitcase and gained, without further encounters, the little room in the side-yard house. Yet he did not linger here. He kept seeing a small, barefoot boy who rummaged in a treasure box labeled "Cake." This boy made him uncomfortable. He went round to the front of the other house. On the porch, behind the morning-glory vine, Judge Penniman in his wicker chair languidly fanned himself, studying a thermometer held in his other hand. He glanced up sharply.

"Well, come back, did you?"

"Yes, sir," said Wilbur, and sat on the top step to fan himself with his hat. "Warm, isn't it?"

The judge brightened.

"Warm? Warm ain't any name for it! We been having a hot spell nobody remembers the like of, man nor boy, for twenty years. Why, day before yesterday—— Say, I wish you'd been here! Talk about suffering! I was having one of my bad days, and the least little thing I'd do I'd be panting like a tuckered hound. Say, how was the war?"

"Oh, so-so."

"You tell it well. Seems to me if I'd been off skyhootin' round in foreign lands Say, how about them French women? Pretty bold lot, I guess, if you can believe all you ——"

The parrot in its cage at the end of the porch climbed to a perch.

"Flapdoodle, Flapdoodle, Flapdoodle!" it screeched. The judge glared murderously at it.

"Wilbur Cowan, you bad, bad, bad child—not to let us know!" Mrs. Penniman threw back the screen door and rushed to embrace him. "You regular fighting so-and-so!" she sobbed.

"Where'd you get that talk?" he demanded.

Mrs. Penniman wiped her eyes with a dish towel suspended from one arm.

"Oh, we heard all about you!"

She was warm, and shed gracious aromas. The returned one sniffed these.

"It's chops," he said—"and—and hot biscuits."

"And radishes from the garden and buttermilk and clover honey and raspberries and—let me see ——"

"Let's go!" said the soldier.

"Then you can tell us all about that war," said the invalid as with groans he raised his bulk from the wicker chair.

"What war?" asked Wilbur.

II

HE SPENT the afternoon in the little room, where he would glance up to find the small, barefoot boy staring at him in wonder; and out in the Penniman front yard, where the summer flowers bloomed. These surroundings presented every assurance of safety, yet his restless, wide-sweeping gaze was full of caution, especially after the aëroplane went over. At the first ominous note of its droning he had broken for cover. After that, in spite of himself, he would be glancing uneasily at the Plummer place across the road. This was fronted by a hedge of cypress—ideal machine-gun cover. But not once during the long afternoon was he shot at. He brought out and repaired the lawn mower, oiled its rusted parts and ran it gayly over the grass. At suppertime, when Dave Cowan came, he was wetting the shorn sward with spray from a hose.

"Back?" said Dave, peering as at a bit of the far cosmos flung in his way.

"Back," said his son.

They shook hands.

"You haven't changed any," said Wilbur, scanning Dave's placid face under the straw hat and following the lines of his spare figure down to the vestiges of a once noble pair of shoes.

"You only been away two years," said Dave. "I wouldn't change much in that time. That's the way of the mind, though. We always forget how slowly evolution works its wonders. Anyhow, you know what they say in our trade—when a printer dies he turns into a white mule. I'm no white mule yet. You've changed, though."

"I didn't know it."

"Face harder—about ten years older. Kind of set and sour looking. Ever laugh any more?"

"Of course I laugh."

"You don't look it. Never forget how to laugh. It's a life-saver. Laugh even at wars and killings. Human life in each of us isn't much. It's like that stream you're spreading over the ground. The drops fall back to earth, but the main stream is constant. That's all the life force cares about—the main stream. Doesn't care about the drops; a few more or less here and there make no difference."

"Yes, sir," said Wilbur.

Dave Cowan scanned the front of the house. The judge was not in sight. He went softly to lean above the parrot's cage and in low, wheedling tones uttered words to it.

"Flapdoodle, Flapdoodle, Flapdoodle!" screeched the parrot in return, and laughed harshly. The bird was a master of sarcastic inflection.

Dave came back, looking pleased and proud.

"Almost human," he declared. "Kept back a few million years by accident—our little feathered brother." He gestured toward the house. "Old Flapdoodle, in there, he's a rabid red these days. Got tired of being a patriot. Worked hard for a year trying to prove that Vielhaber was a German spy, flapping his curtain at night to the German Foreign Office. But no one paid any attention to him except a few other flapdoodles, so then he began to read your brother's precious words, and now he's a violent comrade. Fact! He's expecting any day that the workers will take things over and he'll come into money—money the interests have kept him out of. He kind of licks his chops when he talks about it. Never heard him talk about his wife's share, though. Say, that brother of yours is making a plumb fool of himself!"

"He didn't understand."

"No—and he doesn't yet."

"Where is he now?"

"Oh"—Dave circled a weary hand to the zenith—"off somewhere holy-rolling. Gets his name in the papers—young poet radical that abandoned life of luxury to starve with toiling comrades. Say, do you know what a toiling comrade gets per day now? No matter. Your brother hasn't toiled any. Makes red-hot speeches. That Whipple bunch reared at last and shut off his magazine money, so he said he couldn't take another cent wrung from the anguished sweat of serfs. But it ain't his hands he toils with, and he ain't a real one, either. Plenty of real ones in his bunch that would stand the gaff, but not him. He's a shine. Of course they're useful, these reds. Keep things stirred up—human yeast cakes; only they get to thinking they're the dough too. That brother of yours knows all the lines; says 'em hot, too, but that's only so he'll get more notice. Say, tell us about the war."

"It was an awful big one," said his son.

III

SOON after a novel breakfast the following morning—in that it was late and leisurely and he ate from a chair at a table—he heard the squealing brakes of a motor car and saw one brought to a difficult stop at the Penniman gate. Sharon Whipple, the driver, turned to look back at the machine indignantly, as if it had misbehaved. Wilbur Cowan met him at the gate.

It became Sharon's pretense that he was not hugging the boy, merely feeling the muscles in his shoulders and back to see if he were as good a lightweight as ever. He pounded and thumped and punched and even made as if to wrestle with the returned soldier, laughing awkwardly through it; but his florid face had paled with the excitement.

"I knew you'd come back! Old Sammy Dodwell happened to mention he'd seen you; said he hadn't noticed you before for most a month, he thought. But I knew you was coming, all right! Time and time again I told people you would. Told everyone that. I bet you had some narrow escapes, didn't you now?"

Wilbur Cowan considered.

"Well, I had a pretty bad cold in the Argonne."

"I want to know!" said Sharon, much concerned. He pranced heavy-footedly before the other, thumping his chest. "Well, I bet you threw it off! A hard cold ain't any joke. But look here, come on for a ride!"

They entered the car and Sharon drove. But he continued to bubble with questions, to turn his head and gesture. The passenger applied imaginary brakes as they missed a motor truck.

"Better let me take that," he suggested, and they changed seats.

"Out to the Home Farm," directed Sharon. "You ain't altered a mite," he went on. "Little more peaked, mebbe—kind of more mature or judgmatical or whatever you call it. Well, go on—tell about the war."

But there proved to be little to tell, and Sharon gradually wearied from the effort of evoking this little. Yes, there had been fights. Big ones, lots of noise, you bet! The food was all right. The Germans were good fighters. No; he had not been wounded; yes, that was strange. The French were good fighters. The British were good fighters. They were all good fighters.

"But didn't you have any close mix-ups at all?" persisted Sharon.

"Oh, now and then; sometimes you couldn't get out of it."

"Well, my shining stars! Can't you tell a fellow?"

"Oh, it wasn't much! You'd be out at night, maybe, and you'd meet one, and you'd trade a few punches, and then you'd tangle."

"And you'd leave him there, eh?"

"Oh, sometimes!"

"Who did win the war, anyway?" Sharon was a little irritated by this reticence.

The other grinned.

"The British say they won it, and the last I heard, the French said it was God Almighty. Take your choice. Of course you did hear other gossip going round—you know how things get started."

Sharon grunted.

"I should think as much! Great prunes and apricots! I should think there would of been talk going round! Anyway, it was you boys that stopped the fight. I guess they'd admit that much—small-towners like you that was ready to fight for their country. Dear me, Suz! I should think as much!"

On the crest of a hill overlooking a wide sweep of valley the driver stopped the car in shade and scanned the fields of grain where the green was already fading.

"There's the Home Farm," said Sharon. "High mighty! Some change since my granddad came in here and fit the Injuns and catamounts off it. I wonder what he'd say if he could hear what I'm paying for farm help right now—and hard to get at that. I don't know how I've managed. See that mower going down there in the south forty? Well, the best man I've had for two years is cutting that patch of timothy. Who do you guess? It's my girl, Juliana. She not only took charge for me, but she jumped in herself and did two men's work.

"Funny girl, that one. So quiet all these years, never saying much, never letting out. But she let out when the men went. I guess lots have been like her. You can see a woman doing anything nowadays. Why, they got a woman burglar over to the county seat the other night! And I just read the speech of a silly-softy of a congressman telling why they shouldn't have the vote. Hell! Excuse me for cursing so."

Unconsciously Wilbur had been following with his eyes the course of the willow-bordered creek. He half expected to hear

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THE "Wear-Ever" trade mark appears on the bottom of all genuine "Wear-Ever" aluminum cooking utensils.

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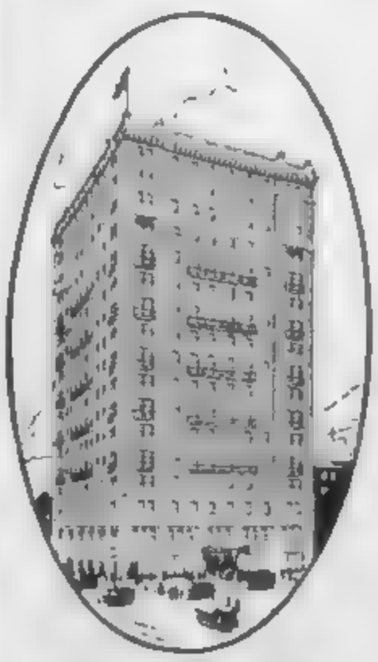

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Reasonable Rates

The charge for rooms with bath is from $3.50 to $5.00 a day for one person and from $5.00 to $8.00 for two.

Fort Dearborn Hotel

Van Buren at La Salle

Just across from Chicago's great Board of Trade and the La Salle Street Station. Five hundred and fifty rooms, all with private bath or private toilet. Rates $2.50 and $3.00 a day.

HOTEL SHERMAN COMPANY

the crisp little tacking of machine guns from its shelter, and he uneasily scanned the wood at his left. It was the valley of the Surmelin, and yonder was the Marne.

"I keep thinking I'll be shot at," he explained.

"You won't be. Safe as a church here—just like being in God's pocket. Say, don't that house look good to you?" He cocked a thumb toward the dwelling of the Home Farm in a flat space beyond the creek. It was the house of dull red brick, broad, low, square fronted, with many windows, the house in a green setting to which they had gone so many years before. Heat waves made it shimmer.

"Yes, it looks good," conceded Wilbur.

"Then listen, young man! You're going to live there. It'll be your headquarters. You're going to manage the four other farms from there, and give me a chance to be seventy-three years old next Tuesday without a thing on my mind. You ain't a farmer, but you're educated; you can learn anything after you've seen it done; and farming is mostly common sense and machinery nowadays. So that's where you'll be, understand? No more dubbing round doing this and that, printing office one day, garage the next, and nothing much the next. You're going to settle down and take up your future, see?"

"Well, if you think I can."

"I do! You're an enlightened young man. What I can't tell you Juliana can. I got a dozen tractors out of commission right now. Couldn't get anyone to put 'em in shape. None of them dissipated noblemen round the Mansion garage would look at a common tractor. You'll start on them. You're fixed—don't tell me no!"

"Yes, sir," said Wilbur.

"You done your bit in a fighting war; now you'll serve in a peaceful one. I don't know what the good Lord intends to come out of all this rumpus, but I do know the world's going to need food. We'll raise it."

"Yes, sir."

Sharon glanced shrewdly at him sidewise.

"You're a better Whipple than anyone else of your name ever got to be."

"He didn't understand; he was misled or something."

"Or something," echoed Sharon. "Listen! There's one little job you got to do before you hole up out here. You heard about him, of course—the worry he's been to poor Harvey and the rest. Well, he's down there in New York still acting squamishy. I want you should go down and put the fear of God into him."

"I understand he's mixed up with a lot of reds down there."

"Red! Him? Humph!" Sharon here named an equally well-known primary color—not red. Wilbur protested.

"You don't get him," persisted the old man. "Listen now! He cast off the family like your father said he would. Couldn't accept another cent of Whipple money. Going to work with his bare hands. Dressed up for it like a hunter in one of these powder advertisements. All he needed was a shotgun and a setter dog with his tail up. And everybody in the house worried he'd starve to death. Of course no one thought he'd work—that was one of his threats they didn't take seriously. But they promised to sit tight, each and all, and bring him to time the sooner.

"Well, he didn't come to time. We learned he was getting money from some place. He still had it. So I begun to get my suspicions up. Last night I got the bunch together, Gid and Harvey D. and Ella and Juliana, and I taxed 'em with duplicity, and every last one of 'em was guilty as paint—every goshed last one! Every one sending him fat checks unbeknownst to the others. Even Juliana! I never did suspect her. 'I did it because it's all a romance to him,' says she. 'I wanted him to go his way, whatever it was, and find it bright.'

"Wha' d'you think of that from a girl of forty-eight or so that can tinker a mowing machine as good as you can? I ask you! Of course I'd suspected the rest. A set of mush heads where that boy is concerned! Maybe they didn't look shamed when I exposed 'em! Each one had pictured the poor boy undergoing hardship with his toiling workers or whatever you call 'em, and, of course, I thought so myself."

"How much did you send him?" demanded Wilbur suddenly.

"Not half as much as the others," returned Sharon in indignant triumph. "If they'd just set tight like they promised and let me do the little I done ——"

"You were going to sit tight, too, weren't you?"

"Well, of course that was different. Of course I was willing to shell out a few dollars now and then if he was going to be up against it for a square meal. After all he was Whipple by name. Of course he ain't got Whipple stuff in him. That young man's talk always did have kind of a nutty flavor. You come right down to it, he ain't a Whipple in hide nor hair. Why, say, he ain't even two and seventy-five-hundredths per cent Whipple!"

Sharon had cunningly gone away from his own failure to sit tight. He was proving flexible-minded here, as on the links.

They were silent, looking out over the spread of Home Farm. The red house shimmered in the heat waves. The tall trees about it hung motionless. The click of the reaper in the south forty sounded like a distant locust.

"Put the fear of God into him," said Sharon at last. "Let him know them checks have gosh all truly stopped."

"Yes, sir," said Wilbur.

"Now drive on and we'll look the house over. The last tenant let it run down. But I'll fix it right for you. Why, like as not you'll be having a missis and young ones of your own there some day."

"I might; you can't tell."

"Well, I wish they was going to be Whipple stock. Ours is running down. I don't look for any prize winners from your brother; he'll likely marry that widow, or something, that wants to save America like Russia has been. And Juliana, I guess she wasn't ever frivolous enough for marriage. And that Pat—she'll pick out one of them boys with a head like a seal, that knows all the new dances and what fork to use. Trust her! Not that she didn't show Whipple stuff over there. But she's a rattlepate in peacetime."

"Yes, sir," said Wilbur.

IV

HE LEFT a train at the Grand Central Station in New York early the following evening. He had the address of Merle's apartment on lower Fifth Avenue, and made his way there on foot through streets crowded with the war's backwash. Men in uniform were plentiful, and he was many times hailed by them. Though out of uniform himself, they seemed to identify him with ease. Something in his walk, the slant of his shoulders and the lean, browned, watchful face—the eyes set for wider horizons than a mere street—served to mark him as one of them.

The apartment of Merle proved to be in the first block above Washington Square. While he scanned doors for the number he was seized and turned about by a playful creature in uniform.

"Well, Buck Cowan, you old son of a gun!"

"Gee, gosh, Stevie! How's the boy?"

They shook hands, moving to the curb where they could talk.

"What's the idea?" demanded ex-Private Cowan. "Why this dead part of town for so many of the boys?"

Service men were constantly sauntering by them or chatting in little groups at the curb.

"She's dead, right now," Steve told him, "but she'll wake up pronto. Listen, Buck, we got the tip! A lot of them fur-faced boys that hurl the merry bombs are goin' to pull off a red-flag sashay up the Avenoo. Get it? Goin' to set America free!"

"I get it!" said Wilbur.

"Dirty work at the crossroads," added Steve.

"Say, Stevie, hold it for twenty minutes, can't you? I got to see a man down here. Be good; don't hurt anyone till I get back."

"Do my best," said Steve, "but they're down there in the square now stackin' up drive impedimenta and such, red banners, and so forth, tuning up to warble the hymn to free Russia. Hurry if you want to join out with us!"

"I'll do that little thing, Steve. See you again." He passed on, making a way through the jostling throng of soldiers and civilians. "Just my luck," he muttered. "I hope the kid isn't in." Never before had he thought of his brother as the kid.

He passed presently through swinging glass doors, and in a hallway was told by a profusely buttoned youth in spectacles that Mr. Whipple was out. It was not known when he would be in. His movements were uncertain.

(Continued on Page 58)

HUDSON

How Hudson and Essex View the Future

The buyer again is a judge with selective power. He does not stand in line, figuratively, for just any car the market can deliver him.

Manufacturers again compete for his patronage. That is his distinct gain.

Once more the demand for automobiles falls within the producing capacity of those companies whose constraints of tradition and reputation could not permit "speeding up" to sacrifice quality in the production race, now fortunately ended.

And that, too, is the buyer's gain.

But is it not even a greater benefit to the automobile industry? Frankly, we think it is.

Why We Acclaim the New Competition

Certainly Hudson and Essex do not regret the new situation. Nor, do those other great companies who established the worth of their product in that sharply competitive period when outstanding merit was the only title to survival.

It is natural that such organizations greet the return of real competition with the keenest satisfaction.

Surely their intimate share in the destinies of the industry has given them an interest and obligation toward it quite apart from the profits with which the years have rewarded them, and which the future promises.

They see, safely past, a period that held dangers to the permanent good of the industry. They see restoration of the only healthy, forward-looking condition, which is competition that must seek the favorable judgment of the buyer for its reward.

That is a situation, mutually self-respecting between builder and buyer. No manufacturer, who has faith in his product, can regret it.

This We Account Full Repayment

And now, our watchfulness in cleaving to every principle that guards the quality of our product, is repaid in the knowledge that Hudson and Essex cars, built even under the pressure of overwhelming demands, reveal faithful, unhastened adherence to the standards that gave them such a high place in the good opinion of motorists.

Our reputation is in the cars we build. That is to say, our business, and all the millions of our investment. No protection is too great to give them.

How we have succeeded is perhaps best shown by the public's acceptance of our products—Essex with 50,000 cars in service, though just two years old—the Hudson Super-Six for five years the largest selling fine car in the world.

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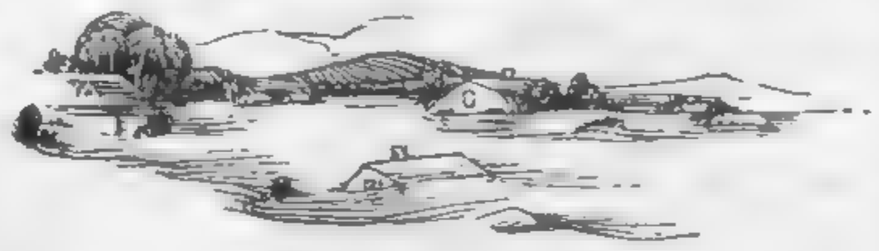

Five days under water—
but the bank's records
were still legible!

How Carter's Ink helped West Point, Georgia, to go through a million-dollar flood without a single business failure!

FROM Atlanta ran this warning to the little town of West Point on that December night:

"The flood's coming! Look out for a 27-foot rise of the Chattahoochie River!"

And before midnight it began—up over its normal high-mark—up into the town's streets—up into the homes and business houses.

With the river water swashing over the floor of the First National Bank, the officers piled high the records and left in boats for higher ground.

Five days later they returned. The record books were there, mud-covered, soaked through and through; surely not a single entry could possibly be read. Yet every single line *was* read! With those same mud-stained records, written with Carter's, the First National opened for business again, helping the town to fight its way back to normal—without a single business failure.

YOU may never have a flood or a fire that will put your Carter's to the severest test.

But isn't it a satisfaction to use an ink so right and so enduring that even the routine records of your daily business life are made permanent—not only against time, but against the very elements themselves?

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Writing Fluid, Fountain Pen Inks, Red Ink [Carmine], Real-black Ink, Ink Eraser, [illegible] Paste, Photolibrary Paste, Cement, Glue Pencils, Great Stickist Mucilage, Copying Inks, Drawing Inks, Indelible Inks, Stamping Inks, Vel Vet Show Card Colors, White and Gold Inks, Violet, Green and Blue Inks, Typewriter Ribbons, Carbon Papers, Numbering Machine Inks.

CARTER INX PRODUCTS

(Continued from Page 56)

"He might be in or he might be out," said the boy.

He was back in the street, edging through the crowd, his head up, searching for the eager face of Steve Kennedy, late his sergeant. Halfway up the next block he found him pausing to roll a cigarette. Steve was a scant five feet, and he was telling a private who was a scant six feet that there would be dirty work at the crossroads—when the fur-faces started.

"We're too far away," suggested Wilbur. "If they start from the Square they'll be mussed up before they get here. You can't expect people farther down to save 'em just for you. Where's your tactics, Steve?"

They worked slowly back down the Avenue. It was nine o'clock now, and the street was fairly free of vehicles. The night was clear and the street lights brought alert, lean profiles into sharp relief, faces of men in uniform sauntering carelessly or chatting in little groups at the curb. A few unseeing policemen, also sauntering carelessly, were to be observed.

"Heard a fur-face speak last night," said Steve. "It's a long story, mates, but it seems this is one rotten Government, and everybody knows it but a few cops. If someone would only call off the cops and let the fur-faces run it we might have a regular country."

From the Square singing was now heard.

"Oh, boy!" murmured the tall private dreamily; "am I glad I'm here?" Stretching a long neck to peer toward the Square, he called in warm, urgent tones: "Oh, come on, you reds—come on, red!"

They came on. Out from the Square issued a valiant double line of marchers, men and women, their voices raised in the Internationale. At their head, bearing aloft a scarlet banner of protest, strode a commanding figure in corduroys, head up, his feet stepping a martial pace.

"I choose that general," said the tall private, and licked his lips.

"Not if I get to him first," shouted Steve, and sprang from the walk into the roadway.

But ex-private Cowan was ahead of them both. He had not waited for speech. A crowd from each side of the Avenue had surged into the roadway to greet the procession. The banner bearer was seen to hesitate, to lose step, but was urged from the rear by other banner bearers. He came on again. Once more he stepped martially. The Internationale swelled in volume. The crowd, instead of opening a way, condensed more solidly about the advance. There were jeers and shoving. The head of the line again wavered. Wilbur Cowan had jostled a way toward this leader. He lost no time in going into action. But the pushing crowd impaired his aim, and it was only a glancing blow that met the jaw of the corduroyed standard bearer.

The standard toppled forward from his grasp, and its late bearer turned quickly aside. As he turned Wilbur Cowan reached forward to close a hand about the corduroy collar. Then he pulled. The standard bearer came back easily to a sitting posture on the asphalt. The crowd was close in, noisily depriving other bearers of their standards. The Internationale had become blurred and discordant, like a bad phonograph record. The parade still came to break and flow about the obstruction.

Wilbur Cowan jerked his prize up and whirled him about. He contemplated further atrocities. But the pallid face of his brother was now revealed to him.

"Look out there!" he warned the crowd, and a way was opened.

He drew back on the corduroy collar, then sent it forward with a mighty shove. His captive shot through the opening, fell again to the pavement, but was up and off before those nearest him could devise further entertainment. Among other accomplishments Merle had been noted in college for his swiftness of foot. He ran well, heading for the north, skillfully avoiding those on the outskirts of the crowd who would have tackled him. Wilbur Cowan watched him out of sight, beyond the area of combat. Then he worked his own way from it and stood to watch the further disintegration of the now leaderless parade.

The tumult died, the crowd melted away. Policemen became officious. From areaways up and down the Avenue forms emerged furtively, walked discreetly to corners and scurried down side streets. Here and there a crimson banner flecked the asphalt. Steve and the tall private issued from the last scrimmage, breathing hard.

"Nothing to it!" said the tall private. "Only I skun my knuckles."

"I was aimin' a wallop at that general," complained Steve, "but something blew him right out of my hand. Come on up to Madison Avenoo. I heard they was goin' to save America up there too."

"Can't," said Wilbur. "Got to see a man."

"Well, so long, Buck!"

He waved to them as they joined the northward-moving crowd.

"Gee, gosh!" he said.

■

"NO, SIR; Mr. Whipple hasn't come in yet. He just sent word he wouldn't be back at all to-night," said the spectacled hall boy. But his manner was so little ingenuous that once again the hand of Wilbur Cowan closed itself eloquently about the collar of a jacket.

"Get into that elevator and let me out at his floor."

"You let me alone!" said the hall boy. "I was going to."

He knocked a third time before he could hear a faint call. He opened the door. Beyond a dim entrance hall the light fell upon his brother seated at a desk, frowning intently at work before him. The visible half of him was no longer in corduroy. It was incased in a smoking jacket of velvet, and his neck was conventionally clad in collar and cravat. The latter had been hastily tied.

"Why, Wilbur, old man!" cried Merle in pleased surprise. He half rose from the desk, revealing that below the waist he was still corduroy, or proletarian. Along his left jaw was a contusion as from a glancing blow. He was still breathing harder than most men do who spend quiet evenings at desks.

Wilbur advanced into the room, but paused before reaching the desk. It was an invitingly furnished room of cushioned couches, paintings, tapestries, soft chairs, warmly toned rugs. The desk at which Merle toiled was ornate and shining. Ex-Private Cowan felt a sudden revulsion. He was back, knee-deep in trench bilge, tortured in all his being, looking at death from behind a sandbag. Vividly he recalled why he had endured that torture.

"You're all out of condition," he announced in even tones to Merle. "A little sprint like that shouldn't get your wind."

Merle's look of sunny welcome faded to one of chagrin. He fell back in his chair. He was annoyed.

"You saw that disgraceful outbreak then?"

"I was in luck to-night."

"Did you see that drunken rowdy strike at me, and then try to get me down where he and those other brutes could kick me?"

Wilbur's stare was cool. He was feeling the icy muck about his numbed legs.

"I was the one that struck at you. Too many elbows in the way and I flubbed it." He noted his brother start and stiffen in his chair. "And I didn't try to get you down. When I saw it was you I got you up and shot you out where you could run—if you wanted to. And I wasn't drunk, and I'm not a rowdy."

Merle gazed with horror upon the apparently uncontrite fratricide. Twice he essayed to speak before he found the words.

"Do you think that was a brave thing to do?"

"No—but useful. I've been brave a lot of times where it didn't do as much good as that."

"Useful!" breathed Merle scathingly. "Useful to brutalize a lot of brave souls who merely sought——" He broke off with a new sense of outrage. "And not a policeman there to do his duty!" he finished resentfully.

Wilbur Cowan sat in a carven chair near a corner of the beautiful desk, hitching it forward to rest his arms on the desk's top. He was newly appraising this white-faced brother.

"Whining!" he suddenly snapped. "Get up and boast that you're outlaws, going to keel the Government off its pins. Then you get the gaff, and the first thing you do is whine for help from that same Government! You say it's rotten, but you expect it to watch over you while you knock it down.

"If you're going to be an outlaw, take an outlaw's chance. Don't squeal when you get caught. You say the rules are rotten, then you fall back on them. What kind of sportsmanship is that?"

(Continued on Page 61)

The essence of luscious fruits from the gardens of the world, blended with pure chicle from the sunny tropics, coated with a delicious icing made of purest cane sugar—Adams Chiclets, the *original* candy-coated chewing gum, in a wonderful *new flavor*. A "really delightful" confection. And healthful too.

TUTTI-FRUTTI Chiclets in the pink [illegible] PEPPERMINT Chiclets in the yellow package

11% of manufacturing operations are inspections

217 Operations Make a Selz Shoe 24 are Inspections

IF you could follow a shoe through a Selz factory you would learn that there are 217 operations in making it.

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Such extreme care has two objects:

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Selz "Royal Blue" Shoes for Men and Women

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1871 **SELZ** 1920

CHICAGO PITTSBURGH

(Continued from Page 58)

Wearily but with a tolerant smile Merle pushed back the fallen lock with one white hand.

"What could you understand of all this?" he asked gently. "We merely claim the right of free speech."

"And use it to tell other people to upset the Government! That crowd to-night did what you tell your people to do—went against the rules. But you can't take your own medicine. A fine bunch of spoiled children you are! Been spoiled by too easy a government at that!" He broke off to study Merle again. "You're pasty, out of condition," he repeated inconsequently.

Again his brother's tolerant smile.

"You have all the cant of the reactionary," he retorted, again gently. "It's the spirit of intolerance one finds everywhere. You can't expect one of my——" He hesitated, showing a slight impatience. "I've been too long where they are thinking," he said.

"Aren't you people intolerant? You want to break all the rules, and those same rules have made us a pretty good big country."

"Ah, yes, a big country—big! We can always boast of our size, can't we? I dare say you believe its bigness is a sign of our merit." Merle had recovered his poise. He was at home in satire. "Besides, I've broken no rules, as you call them."

"Oh, I'll bet you haven't! You'd be careful not to. I see that much. But you try to get smaller children to. I'd have more patience with you if you'd taken a chance yourself."

"Patience with me—you?" Merle relished this. His laugh was sincere. "You—would have more patience with—me!" But his irony went for little with a man still at the Front.

"Sure! If only you'd smashed a few rules yourself. Take that girl and her partner they arrested the other day. They don't whine. They're behind the bars, but still cussing the Government. You've got to respect fighters; like that Liebknecht the Germans killed, and that Rosa What's-Her-Name. They were game. But you people, you try to put on all their airs without taking their chances. That's why you make me so tired—always keeping your martyr's halo polished and handy where you can slip it out of a pocket when you get just what you've been asking for."

"You're not too subtle, are you? But then one could hardly expect subtlety——"

Merle was again almost annoyed.

"Subtle be jiggered! Do you think you people are subtle? About as subtle as a ton of bricks. All your talk in that magazine about this being a land of the dollar, no ideals, no spirituality, a land of money-grubbers—all that other stuff! Say, I want to tell you this is the least money-grubbing land there is! You people would know that if you had any subtlety. Maybe you did know it. We went into that scrap for an ideal, and we're the only country that did. France might have gone for an ideal, but France had to fight anyway.

"England? Do you think England went in only to save poor little Belgium? She herself was the next dish on the bill of fare. But we went in out of general damfoolishness—for an ideal—this country you said didn't have any. We don't care about money—less than any of those people. Watch a Frenchman count his coppers, or an Englishman that carries his in a change purse and talks about pounds but really thinks in shillings. We carry our money loose and throw it away.

"If this country had been what your sniveling little magazine called it we'd never have gone into that fight. You're not even subtle enough to know that much. We knew it would cost like hell, but we knew it was a great thing to do. Not another nation on earth would have gone in for that reason. That's the trouble with you poor little shut-ins; you decide the country hasn't any ideals because someone runs a stockyard out in Chicago or a foundry in Pittsburgh. God help you people if you'd had your way about the war! The Germans would be taking that nonsense out of you by this time. And to think you had me kind of ashamed when I went over! I thought you knew something then." He concluded on a note almost plaintive.

Merle had grown visibly impatient.

"My dear fellow, really! Your point of view is interesting enough, even if all too common. You are true to type, but so crude a type—so crude!"

"Sure, I'm crude! The country itself is crude, I guess. But it takes a crude country to have ideals—ideals with guts. Your type isn't crude, I suppose, but it hasn't any ideals either."

"No ideals! No ideals! Ah, but that's the best thing you've said!"

He laughed masterfully, waving aside the monstrous accusation.

"Well, maybe it is the best thing I've said. You haven't any ideals that would get any action out of you. You might tear down a house, but you'd never build one. No two of you could agree on a plan. Every one of you is too conceited about himself. If you had the guts to upset the Government to-morrow you'd be fighting among yourselves before night, and you'd have a chief or a king over you the next day, just as surely as they got one in Russia. It'll take them a hundred years over there to get back to as good a government as we have right now.

"You folks haven't any ideals except to show yourselves off. That's my private opinion. The way you used to tell me I didn't have any form in golf. You people are all gesture; you can get up on a platform and take perfect practice swings at a government, but you can't hit the ball. You used to take bully practice swings at golf, but you couldn't hit the ball because you didn't have any ideal. You were a good shadow golfer, like a shadow boxer that can hit dandy blows when he's hitting at nothing. Shadow stuff, shadow ideals, shadow thinkers—that's what you people are—spoiled children pretending you're deep thinkers."

Merle turned wearily to a sheaf of papers at his hand.

"You'll see one day," he said quietly, "and it won't be a far day. Nothing now, not even the brute force of your type, can retard the sweep of the revolution. The wave is shaping, the crest is formed. Six months from now—a year at most——"

He gestured with a hand ominously.

Wilbur briefly considered this prophecy.

"Oh, I know things look exciting here, but why wouldn't they after the turnover they've had? And I know there's grafting and profiteering and high prices and rotten spots in the Government, but why not? That's another trouble with you people; you seem to think that some form of government will be perfect. You seem to expect a perfect government from imperfect human beings."

"Ah," broke in Merle, "I recognize that! That's some of the dear old Dave Cowan talk."

"Well, don't turn it down just on that account. Sometimes he isn't so crazy. He sees through you people. He knows you would take all you could get in this world just as quick as the rest of us. He knows that much."

Merle waved it aside.

"Six months from now—a year at the most! A thrill of freedom has run through the people!"

Wilbur had relaxed in his chair. He spoke more lightly, scanning the face of his brother with veiled curiosity.

"By the way, speaking of revolutions, there's been kind of a one at Newbern; kind of a family revolution. A little one, but plenty of kick in it. They want you to come back and be a good boy. That's really what I came down here to say for them. Will you come back with me?"

Merle drew himself up—injured.

"Go back! Back to what? When my work is here, my heart, my life? I've let you talk because you're my brother. And you're so naïvely honest in your talk about our wonderful country and its idealism and the contemptible defects of a few of us who have the long vision! But I've let you talk, and now I must tell you that I am with this cause to the end. I can't expect your sympathy, or the sympathy of my people back there, but I must go my own way without it, fight my own battle——"

He was interrupted in a tone he did not like.

"Sympathy from the folks back there? Say, what do you mean—sympathy? Did I tell you what this revolution back there was all about? Did I tell you they've shut down on you?"

"You didn't! I still don't get your meaning."

"You cast them off, didn't you?"

"Oh!"

A white hand deprecated this. "That's Sharon Whipple talk—his famous brand of horse humor. Surely, you won't say he's too subtle!"

WYTHE WILLIAMS

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Williams saw every great battle of the entire war. The day the war began he was in Paris, and was with the armies from the first shot to the day of the armistice. When General Pershing set foot on French soil, Williams was there to meet him. After the battle of Verdun, he was the first person to enter the fort of Douaumont. After the "Somme" he was the first correspondent to cross the recaptured territory.

He now covers Paris and southwestern Europe for the Public Ledger Foreign News Service.

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"Well, anyway, you said you couldn't accept anything more from them when you left; you were going to work with your hands, and so forth. You weren't going to take any more of their tainted money."

"I've no doubt dear old Sharon would put it as delicately as that."

"Well, did you work with your hands? Have you had to be a toiler?"

"Oh, naturally I had resources! But might I ask"—Merle said it with chill dignity—"may I inquire just what relation this might have ——"

"You won't have resources any longer."

"Eh?" Merle this time did not wave. He stared stonily at his informant.

"That was the revolution. They called each other down and found that every last one of them had been sending you money, each thinking he was the only one and no one wanting you to starve. Even your dear old Sharon Whipple kicked in every month. No wonder I didn't find you in a tenement."

"Preposterous!" expostulated Merle.

"Wasn't it? Anyway, they all got mad at each other, and then they all got mad at you; then they swore an oath or something." He paused impressively. "No more checks!"

"Preposterous!" Merle again murmured.

"But kind of plausible, wasn't it? Sharon wasn't any madder than the others when they found each other out. Mrs. Harvey D. is the only one they think they can't trust now. They're going to watch that woman's funds. Say, anything she gets through the lines to you—it won't keep you from toiling!"

"Poor Mother Ella!" murmured Merle, his gaze remotely upon the woman. "She has always been so fond of me."

"They're all fond of you, for that matter. I think they're fonder of you than if you'd been born there. But still they're rank Bolsheviks right now. They confiscated your estates."

"I didn't need you to tell me they're fond of me," retorted Merle with recovered spirit. He sighed. "They must have missed me horribly this last year." There was contrition in his tone. "I suppose I should have taken time to think of that, but you'll never know how my work here has engrossed me. I suppose one always does sacrifice to ideals. Still I owed them something—I should have remembered that." He closed on a note of regret.

"Well,. you better go back with me. They'll be mighty glad to see you."

Merle frowningly consulted the watch on his wrist.

"We can make that eleven-forty-eight if we hurry," he said. "I'll have to change a few things."

He bustled cheerily into a bedroom. As he moved about there he whistled the Marseillaise.

Ten minutes later he emerged with bag, hat and stick. The last item of corduroy had vanished from his apparel. He was quietly dressed, as an exploiter of the masses or a mechanic. He set the bag on the desk, and going to a window peered from behind the curtain into the street.

"Some of those rowdies are still prowling about," he said, "but there are cabs directly across the street."

He pulled the soft hat well down over his brow.

Wilbur had sat motionless in his chair while the dressing went on. He got up now.

"Listen!" he said. "If you hear back home of my telling people you're a dangerous radical, don't be worried. Even the Cowans have some family pride. And don't worry about the prowling rowdies out there. I'll get you across the street to a cab. Give me the bag."

As they crossed the street, Merle—at his brother's elbow—somewhat jauntily whistled with fair accuracy, not the Marseillaise but an innocent popular ballad. Nor did he step aside for a torn strip of red cloth lying in their way.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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The Poets' Corner

Once on a Time

"ONCE on a time" was a magical phrase,
Thrilling with promise of marvelous stories,
Tales of the pixies and nixies and fays,
Princes and fairyland kings in their glories;
I was a boy, and these chronicles, all of them
Bore me away to a mythical clime
Ruled by strange wizards, and I was in thrall of them
Once on a time!

Once on a time I was slender and young,
Love was enchantment and life was a dance,
Youth was but coin to be squandered and flung,
Days were all sunshine and nights were romance.
Now when I think of those days and the fun of them,
When I see youngsters still flush in their prime,
I can sigh, "Well, at least I was one of them
Once on a time!"

Once on a time I had wonderful dreams,
Made up of rainbows that glowed in the distance;
Once I sought life, but to-day, so it seems,
All I have won to is merely existence.
This is the fruit of the blithe and the merry tales—
Middle-aged plodding through work-a-day grime—
Still, thank the Lord, I believed in the fairy tales
Once on a time! —*Berton Braley.*

Sea Gulls

AGAINST the evening sky
Hosts of great sea gulls fly
In slanting bars.
Is it not strange that they
Should know a trackless way
Among the stars?

—*Mary Dixon Thayer.*

The Wind From the Long Ago

WITH swirl of leaf and of clover
And chanting of brown-gold bees,
The sweet south wind comes over
With the pulse of the southern seas;
The south wind bearing the chalice
To the lips of the summer pressed,
Till she sleeps in her golden palace
With the red rose on her breast.

The west wind rides to the battle
Where the heavens are torn by the lance
Of the lightning's flame, and the cattle
Have fled from the storm's advance,
Washed pure with a primal cleanness
Till the morning sky is aglow,
And the mantle of earth and her greenness
Is fringed with the hoarfrost's snow.

The east wind whines at the lattice
Like a sad soul lost in the dark,
And the shivering dry clematis
Slips down; and the poplar stark
Is gray as a ghost for the keening
When the strange east wind goes by;
And the weary ships are leaning
Gray sails on an ashen sky.

The north wind's cruel as hate is,
Or life to the weary heart;
The wild aurora his mate is,
Where the white stars shiver and start
From the ice-cold blue of the heavens
To light with their pallid fire
The souls of the unforgiven
In the land of lost desire.

But there blows a wind that is ever
A sweet wind soft and fair;
And its whispering voices never
Pæan an old despair;
Sorrows have lost their sadness,
Pain has its afterglow;
And youth has forsworn its madness
On the winds of the Long Ago.

The laughing lips that have left us
Too sad since their song is done;
The dreams of love that bereft us
'Twixt the twilit hour and the dawn;
The fallen rose by the portal,
The tryst that was kept in the snow—
Oh Memory's voice, and immortal,
Is the wind from the Long Ago!

—*Mary Lanier Magruder.*

Introducing an Old Friend With a New Personality

SOMEONE has said that after a man returns from college he must be re-introduced to every member of his family.

That statement is probably more picturesque than true, but the re-introduction of old friends is at times quite necessary.

Today, for instance, we again present the Paige five passenger "Glenbrook" model—a car that has been on the market for slightly more than a year—a car that has won a sensational reputation in every section of this country and in many foreign lands as well.

But the explanation is really quite simple. The "Glenbrook" has been refined, developed and amplified until it has assumed an entirely new personality.

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It will require a *ride* in the new "Glenbrook" to tell the complete story—no mere words can ever do justice to that experience.

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WEEDS

(Continued from Page 15)

"I was going to ask you that some day," he said. "But it's 'fernal cheek for a man to go butting in on things which a woman hugs to her soul." He approached and sat on the arm of the chair. "Look here, Alice, why do you think I got you to come here?"

"I thought I guessed," she said, looking away from him.

"But you didn't. I wanted you to tell me about that chap in the wine biz."

"Oh, Lord, I'm wasting my time! But what's it to you?"

"Nothing really. But I thought I might be of a little help."

"I don't want help."

"Your pride doesn't."

"No; I don't."

"But you hate your life. You know that."

"All girls do, unless they've grown dead to things."

"But you haven't. You are only very weary of men, to say nothing of being properly fed up with me."

"Possibly. Only I'd like to know what the game is. I'd much rather you let me go. A girl can't muck about—and it's nearly seven."

"When did all this happen?" he asked, picking up the shoes and propping them up in the grate. Very carefully he kept his back to her. She did not answer, but suddenly she jumped to her feet.

"What's the game?" she asked angrily.

Monsieur Jacques turned slowly. Her youth flung on the defensive pleased him, gratified some secret sense that loved courage.

"The game? My dear, there is no game."

"Don't fool me! I'll raise hell in the house before you try your silly kid tricks on me. Of course there's a game. There's always a game. Men don't take sudden fancies to women out of charity—your kind doesn't—not the men I've known."

"Your tirade contains one gross misstatement," he replied quietly.

"I suppose you're going to say you're in love with me, or rot like that."

"No. Because—forgive me—it is not a fact."

"Give me my shoes!"

He said nothing, but picking up the shoes felt each one carefully. Then he handed them back to her.

"I think the right one is still rather damp at the toe," he said in a tone of apology.

She snatched them from his hand and, bending over the chair, began to put them on. He watched her, dropping his monocle, then carefully replacing it.

He coughed.

"What did you do with the child?" he asked.

The fingers lacing the shoe ceased their movement. But she remained bending over the shoe, and he saw her cheeks blaze. He heard her quick intake of breath.

"The child?"

"Yes, Alice. There was a child. Don't let's play ducks and drakes with facts, my dear."

She stood up then, the shoe still unlaced, and went closer to him and looked into his face. She was still on the defensive, but afraid.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"Who am I? Jean Jacques. Quite an ordinary person—so they say of me—with a pretty taste in neckties. People don't always take to me, you know."

"I can believe that!" she threw back.

"I suppose really I'm a dreamer." He looked away from her. "I think dreaming is my trade in life."

"Blundering!" she corrected. "Blundering in on other people's affairs. A nosey-parker kind of person!"

His lips tightened.

"I am sorry," he said weakly, "but I'm afraid you're right. I do blunder. A bull in a china shop sort of business. And yet——"

"Yes?" she said, waiting.

"There are things I want; things I've always wanted. I'm desperate in my effort for an ideal, a dream. D'you know what I'd like them to put on my tombstone if I died to-night?"

The incongruity of the question brushed aside her temper. She became a little afraid of him.

"I'd like them to put, 'He was always kind to women.' I've tried to earn it. I've failed, but I've tried—hard—desperately hard. I don't want those stereotyped eulogies of virtues I never had. I don't want suggestions of a heaven I may never find. You know, I don't believe all the Bible. For me the Bible is a rather beautiful dream, just as one goes in one's sleep into a very beautiful country, exploring and satisfied and soothed. But there is one thing in the Bible that is not a dream to me. It's real; to me an almighty thing. It's that bit in the Gospel about the treatment of women. Oh, I'm not preaching. But every man has an ideal in his life, and that's mine!"

She watched him as he turned and flicked the ash of his cigarette into the grate, waiting there and looking into the flames as if he were thinking. She felt she must say something, but her thoughts were aimless and elusive. He seemed in a few minutes to have grown completely apart from her. She could not understand, but she had had to listen.

"I knew you'd had a child," he said, switching round and balancing himself on the curb. "Never mind how I knew."

"But how could you know? I've tried to hide things—to clean the slate."

"I found out," he answered. "That's why I followed you, why I came and sat at your table, why I got you here."

"I Hoped I Should be Alone. I Suppose it Was Just Sentiment—No More Than That"

"Why you got me here?" He nodded.

"And I lied to you. I told you there wasn't a game, and there was."

"Then what is the game?"

"To find out about that child—and its father. Suppose it was the chap in the wine biz?"

"Can't you shut up about it?" she exclaimed with vehemence. "It's no good groping in the mud."

"But you loved him?"

"Yes, till it all smashed. I tell you, I've cut it out. He's probably dead by now. Come to think of it, he was consumptive."

Monsieur Jacques stroked his little beard. He became very serious. There were things he would have liked to say, but which with an effort he kept in suppression. There was in him a rising sense of injustice that in cutting it all out, as she had said, she had cut the child out. For Monsieur Jacques had a quaint and rather different tenderness toward children. He did not understand them; he was overwhelmed with self-consciousness in their presence. But their claims, their needs were a demanding influence in his life.

"This child, my dear." He began fussing about with his cigarette holder, fumbling, it seemed, for words. "I wonder why people shut away the memories of old passions that have had bad endings, much as they would put away old luggage in a lumber room. Giving beauty to dust and cobwebs, I call it. For a real love affair that is real—hallows itself. I don't mean coarse passion. I've no use for that. But love that sanctifies a place and leaves its fragrance long after the temple has been torn down. The sort of thing you can look back upon and say, 'I'm glad it happened!' That child remains to you as the memory of those days, and they were good days; you know that."

"I suppose they were."

She relapsed into her chair, tired and irritated.

"Of course they were! And that child's your treasure. Where's it now?"

She hesitated.

"Kept by a widow person. I pay her—really I do."

"Grudgingly?"

"Of course, if you must be a pig and put it like that. But one doesn't want encumbrances."

"Encumbrances? Memories!" He leaned over the chair. "You know, life's a great garden. Do you know what they call you women in the garden?"

"Weeds, I should say. Oh, I know how little we count! I've no mistaken ideas about things. I'm only twenty, but I've explored hell since I was seventeen."

"And have you never seen beauty in weeds?" he asked. "I have. As a kid I hated to pull up a weed. I loved their little pink-and-white eyes, showing when all the flowers I cultivated slept. They reminded me then that things lived. The flowers I'd striven for failed me in the bad moods of spring.

"They wanted the sun. But the weeds yielded me flowers when the sun had missed its place in the sky. I never destroyed a weed."

"And spoiled your garden!" she exclaimed, catching his mood.

"No, I just made Nature my gardener and sacked my man."

She laughed back at him.

"You dear fool!"

"Was I a fool? I wonder!"

"You're a bit mad—seeing beauty in weeds. I'm a weed. One of those long straggly ones! Society would tear me out by the roots. I suppose I ought to be torn out by the roots. I'm poisonous. Were you ever married?"

"No, I was never married."

"But just imagine! What would your wife, if you'd had one, have said to a person like me?"

"If I had married, my wife—would have been very kind to you. Because—well, because she would have understood."

"That's a bit more of your beautiful dream." She leaned forward, her chin on her hand. "What made me a weed?"

He talked to her then, very seriously and quietly; almost light-heartedly. He appeared as a person without a mission. His talk wandered on as a river might ramble aimlessly toward no sea.

But suddenly he got up and went back to the fire, and stood there, his legs apart, and studied her for a few moments without speaking.

"I've got two hundred children," he said at length. His silliness made her cynical and quick to retort.

"Of course you number them? Rather like the kings of England—James the First, James the Second ——"

"No," he replied, "not quite like that. I mean that two hundred I think, to be precise, two hundred and seven—children call me father."

"My child magnified two hundred and seven times!" she laughed. "Great Jerusalem!"

"And I wish I'd got a million!"

"You ought to have lived in Old Testament days. You're a few thousand years behind your time. They would have cottoned onto you as some lad! Fancy you and your lot in the ark! Old Man Noah would have got into a row for having no Plimsoll mark."

He did not reply, but walked across to the bookcase and unconsciously began to gather some books. She got up and crept to his side and touched his arm.

"I didn't mean to hurt; I'm a cynical beast. But ——"

A little rush of wind in the gathering dusk without pushed the ivy with a scrabbling sound across the window-pane. He heard it and gripped her wrist fiercely and turned toward the window.

"Whenever I hear that noise it always seems to me like finger nails on glass—little fingers—children asking to be let in."

She drew away from him, frightened. Yet nothing would have compelled her to leave the room, though the door was ajar behind her. She knew that she could not go away; that something about him, some force invisible and binding, was holding her. Had he touched her again, or even come near her, she might have screamed—or been infinitely soothed. Whatever he had asked her to do she would have done. Whatever he had asked her to give she would have given—through fear. He turned toward her, smiling.

"I want your child," he said.

The demand was so unexpected, the break in the tension so definite, that she almost burst out laughing.

"You want—Jim?"

(Continued on Page 69)

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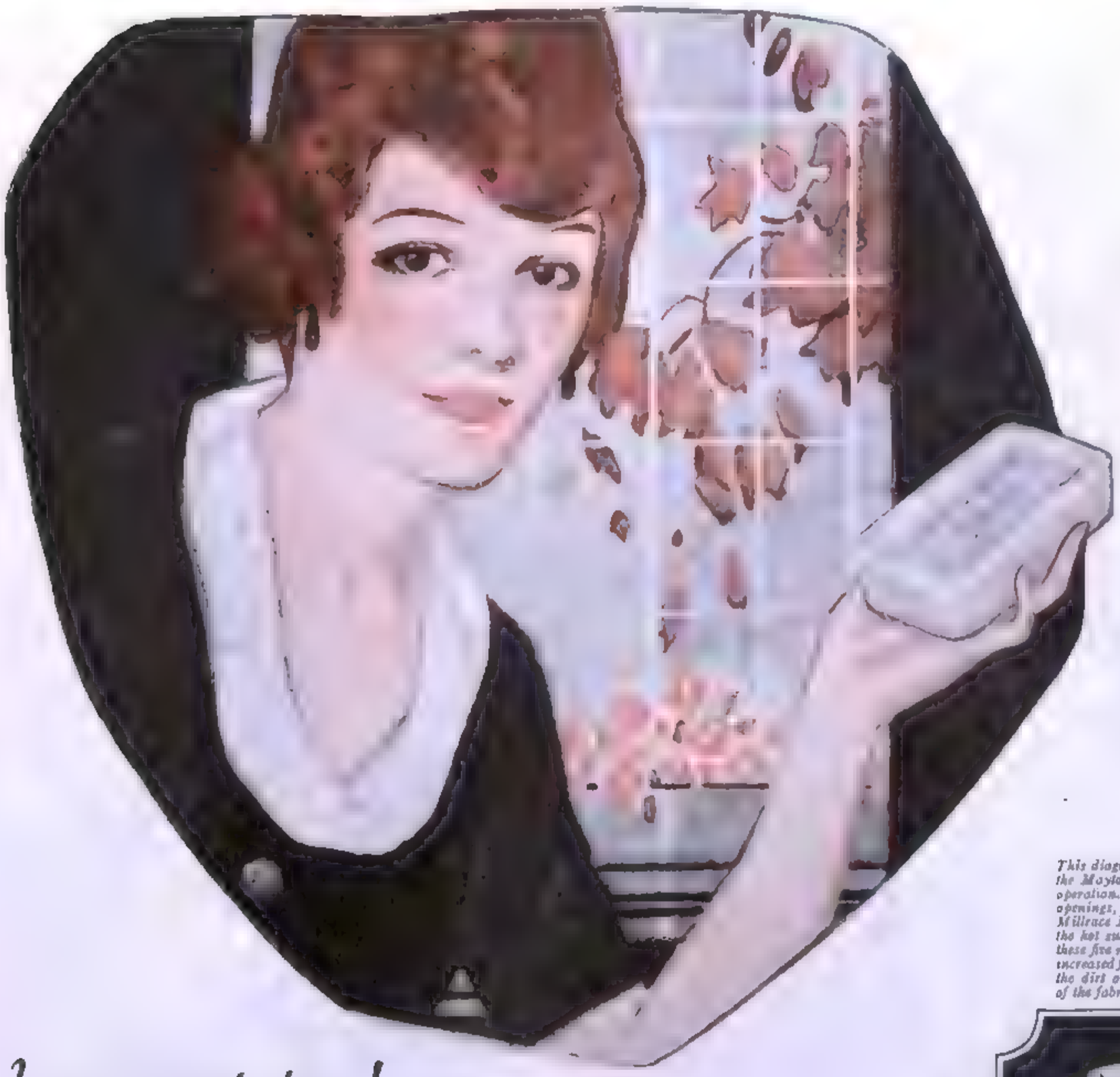

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This picture shows a typical millrace designed to increase the velocity of the flowing water before it strikes the millwheel.

"The Gray Machine with the Red Stripe"

(20)

(Continued from Page 64)

"Yes."

"What for?"

"I want him for keeps; to bring him up; make a man of him; make him sterling English—real weather-beaten English."

She stared at him wide-eyed, and again came the desire to laugh.

"I want you to think round things—not frivol about," he said. "You've never thought much about humanity, because to you humanity has always been hard, brutal, inevitable."

"Yes, I think it's always been that way with me."

"And you've got nothing out of it but sadness; sadness with little splashes of color that were more vivid because of the contrast. Humanity has done its best to make you a weed. But you know—though probably you've never thought of it quite like this—God made weeds to be the runners-up to the flowers in the garden, to set the pace to sweetness. So He gave an infinite sweetness to some weeds to hasten the sluggard violet, the nurtured and careful thing that wished to flower in its own chosen day of sun and in its own appointed time. That's why I want you to give me Jim. I'll make him good for you. I'll make him"—he threw out his hands—"so that when he's grown up you'll be proud of him. You'll want him then. He'll be protection; a big strong thing. And I'll make him kind; I promise you that. You know, he won't love you through the widow person, because children love direct or not at all. But I'll make him love you as the most beautiful thing in the whole garden of humanity as he ever finds it."

There was nothing sympathetic in his voice. He spoke calmly and passionlessly. But he made her wonder. She had never thought of Jim like that—growing up, or Jim thinking of women at all, or about anything that really mattered. After all, he was something loaned out; a piece of household furniture on which she was paying for storage. And the possibilities of Jim—had Jim possibilities? He was only a little chattel. A very unconsidered and unwanted chattel.

Had Monsieur Jacques been less matter-of-fact Alice Royds would have collapsed in tears. She shrank still closer into the corner of her chair. Monsieur Jacques seemed to become taller and wider and more commanding as she looked at him. He went on talking, though she heard very little of what he said.

But at last she asked, "What do you fancy you're going to get out of it?"

"Didn't I tell you I wish I had a million children? Some people collect china or books or postage stamps or other trumperies. But I collect life. I find it so much more interesting."

So it came about that James Royds, aged four, passed into the care of Monsieur Jacques, who appointed himself his legal guardian, and vowed by the law to do endless things for James Royds until the child should become twenty-one years of age.

Then was James Royds spirited away to a large house in the country, where there were scores of other children of about his own age, where there was a wonderful garden, and swings, and donkeys to ride, and every toy ever known to childhood. And occasionally his mother came to see him, till presently her visits became more frequent.

Once she cried over him, which made him wonder, and ever after that he knew that she was more and more loath to leave him, and he felt somehow that he was more and more loath to see her go.

But when she had passed beyond the big iron gates his heart seemed to cease from bothering him. Not that he cared for her any the less, but to James Royds there was no world outside the deodar at the end of the garden hedge.

With Alice Royds it was different. She became irresistibly drawn toward the place, and sometimes in the stillness of night she would wake up and lie in the dark, wondering about it. Ultimately, with the help of Monsieur Jacques, she secured a post as a warehouse clerk. At first the life was colorless and dull; she became fretful, irritable. But eventually the mood passed. From the world which had been hers a new world appeared to be flung off which gravitated toward and ended in circling round a child.

Then, noticing this for the first time—it was her moist eyes which he observed one day when they met in the garden that did it, one August bank holiday—Monsieur Jacques smiled again to himself, a self-satisfied smile; rather like that of a man who stands on the flags of a quay and sees a sail that he cherishes bear down toward home.

III

ABOUT three months after the first visit of Alice Royds to the boarding house Monsieur Jacques was sitting at his open window in the dusk. Autumn was still lingering, and the pavement below was gold with a litter of plane leaves.

For the first time in many years Monsieur Jacques felt intensely lonely. It was as if he now discovered that he was a being unto himself; that there was no one with whom he could converse other than in ordinary platitudes. And he felt more acutely than he had ever done the bitterness of his fellow boarders which had grown about him like a stockade. He wondered if he should change his place of abode, or if the power of pushing aside intended hurt had really left him.

"One gets old; one feels things," he said to the open air. "Fifty-five! And yet it's not a great time. If one could start life with one's plans made; without having to grope for knowledge. This weary groping for understanding ——"

He lit a cigarette and watched the smoke coil out on the still air. He did not hear the opening of the door. But presently he became instinctively aware that he was not alone in the room, and when he looked round he saw a lean, cadaverous youth standing in the darkest corner.

Monsieur Jacques started up and switched on the light. The youth—he could not have been more than twenty-four or so—advanced into the room and stood blinking across the table, his hands straight at his sides and his fingers moving uneasily as if he held something in the palms. His face was very white, and contrasted to its disadvantage with the long black hair swept back from his forehead. He threw his hat and coat into a chair. But he said nothing, and as Monsieur Jacques studied him curiously he noticed that he looked hungry and ill. Even the eyes, blazing as they appeared with fire, were sunken and drawn under the thick black brows.

"I wish you'd sit down," Monsieur Jacques said.

In a way the boy's face was vaguely familiar, but Monsieur Jacques swept the thought aside. Nevertheless he felt that he had been brought into touch with calamity. There was something ruffled and unusual about the youth that suggested calamity.

"You—know—me?" the youth asked quietly.

Monsieur Jacques adjusted his monocle, peered at him a little and hesitated.

"I don't think ——" he began.

"Oh, don't quibble! I'm Louis."

"Louis!"

Monsieur Jacques drew back a little toward the window.

"Yes, Louis, I said."

"I'm very glad ——"

"Oh, don't lie! I'm not in the mood for lies. I've lived on lies. What do you think I'm here for?" He came to the table and leaned across it and sent a sheaf of papers flying with his fist. "What do you think I'm here for?" he repeated.

"Really, my dear Louis," said Monsieur Jacques very calmly, "I haven't the first idea."

"I think that I've come here to kill you!"

Without a word Monsieur Jacques went to the sideboard, dug in his trousers pocket for his keys and unlocked the tantalus.

"Have a brandy and soda," he said. "And for heaven's sake sit down! I've a queer sense of discomfort which torments me horribly when anyone visiting me remains standing."

"I suppose you think I'm mad?" Louis said, groping for a chair and dropping into it without removing his eyes from Monsieur Jacques.

"No, dear boy, only a fool to talk like that. People don't walk into decent men's rooms at this late hour and talk about killing them. Believe me, it isn't done!"

"Decent men's rooms!"

"Yes, that was what I said."

Monsieur Jacques closed the tantalus with a snap. He crossed over to the fire, his hands in his pockets.

"Decent men's rooms! And you my father, who was never married to my mother! Decent men's rooms!"

"Isn't it a little undignified to talk like that, since—since your mother—is dead?" asked Monsieur Jacques.

"But the wrong you did to her lives on," the other retorted. "I stand for that wrong. And the vengeance of men, the just vengeance, has fallen—not upon you to whom the burden rightly belongs, but upon me. That's why I'm here!"

"What do you mean by vengeance?"

"The taint of illegitimacy. I've fought against it, but it's got me down. It's beaten me. It's not so long ago that I discovered the truth, and I've been looking for you ever since. I waited for this meeting, lived for it."

"If you had not run from shelter ——" Monsieur Jacques began.

"You mean, if I had not disappeared nine years ago?"

"Yes. You were approaching manhood, and you were sensitive to hurt. I wanted to protect you."

"I didn't want mollycoddling, if that's what you mean. I wanted to play a decent part in life. But I did not know the stigma under which I lived. I got a job and kept it. I worked. I was going uphill; I meant to go uphill. Then one day someone discovered something.

"I was flung out. Once again I started, but my work kept me in the same circle, and in the end the same thing was repeated. And all the friends I cared about just dropped me outside their smug little lives. That's your work."

"I suppose I ought to have told you. I suppose"—Monsieur Jacques hesitated and stood looking away and pulling at his beard—"I suppose there is no more difficult task in the world than to tell a boy of sixteen that he is illegitimate; that he must ever shirk discussion of his parentage. I felt that, for parentage is the escutcheon of a boy of sixteen."

"You mean that you were afraid to tell me?"

"Yes, Louis, I was afraid to tell you."

"That's pretty rank cowardice, isn't it? The sort of low-down trick I might have expected from a man like you, now that I know everything."

Monsieur Jacques flinched a little under the sting, but he was perfectly calm.

"If I had told you it would not have held you back, Louis. You meant to go. You were always restless, moody, suppressed energy trying to force through its barrier. I believed that you would have been stronger, better equipped by the lack of knowledge. You didn't understand the world then, Louis."

"No! And I've paid for it ever since. Wherever I went the truth struck me down. And there was no lack of proof, for the husband of my mother—God pity her!—was living. I know he drove her to the streets. I learned all about that. It made it more hideous. And you coming along, the destroyer stamping out what little chance she might have had to rise again!"

Monsieur Jacques held up his hand.

"Say what you like about me," he exclaimed, "but be faithful to the memory of your mother! Some of the last words she said were, 'Look after Louis.' And you robbed me of the chance by disappearing till now."

A patch of flame appeared on the boy's cheeks. He sprang to his feet.

"I'm glad!" he exclaimed passionately. "To have been brought up by you—the idea makes me sick! And I've been haunted by the viciousness of you ever since I went. Isn't that enough, without having it plastered over me by living under your charge? They've never reckoned me fit for decent society—thanks to you!"

Monsieur Jacques did not stir.

"Sit down, Louis. And, Louis"—the youth remained staring at him—"just put that thing which you hold in your hand in your pocket out here on the table."

Louis' eyes blazed, but he did not stir.

"Put it on the table!" Monsieur Jacques roared at him. "In this room you obey me!"

Slowly Louis withdrew his hand from the pocket of his reefer coat and put a small glimmering revolver on the table. For a few seconds Monsieur Jacques smoked on, glancing now at Louis and now at the revolver. He let the revolver lie between them, but presently he stepped across and picked it up, and emptying the chambers, put the cartridges between the paws of the orange-china dog asprawl on the mantelpiece.

"At any rate I've done you one good turn in my life," he said. "You would have felt very uncomfortable when you had killed me. Hanging is a pretty cheap kind of death."

"No worse than living in hell!" Louis flung back.

"You have been unfortunate, Louis. You have been a fool. Let us for the sake of argument put it like that," Monsieur Jacques said. "And it would have been easier—very much easier—if you had let me make it so. I would have stood by you. I'd planned all sorts of things for you, Louis. And you alone forbade fulfillment. Sit down!"

Louis dropped inert into the chair. Then his head fell forward into his hands. He was shivering horribly.

"You talking about decent treatment! Preaching like the proud father," he exclaimed without looking up.

Monsieur Jacques set his lips. His fingers played nervously with the ribbon of his monocle.

"Did you ever know your mother to have one unhappy moment through me?" he asked.

"I don't remember."

The boy's head went back to the corner of the chair, and his face, upturned so that the light fell full upon it, was wet with sweat.

"But you know!"

"I don't remember, I tell you!"

Monsieur Jacques hesitated.

"I loved your mother," he said quietly and in a voice of tenderness that was changed and unlike himself. "I loved her. I worship her memory now."

"Love! Worship! It's been pretty wonderful as a heritage for me, hasn't it?"

"Louis, you cannot understand these things. You have been outside the call of them all."

Monsieur Jacques lounged heavily against the corner of the table. He pitched his half-smoked cigarette into the grate irritably and locked his fingers across his knee. And he looked away beyond Louis' head to the blank space of hideous wall paper, till presently his face lighted as if a screen had been lifted and showed him things he had almost forgotten.

"I don't think I want to understand," Louis said. "It's all very sordid and terrible, and I hate recollections of ugly things."

"But you have never known love," Monsieur Jacques responded.

"Not your sort of love, thank God!"

"I mean love that is beautiful," Monsieur Jacques corrected. "Our love was beautiful—hers and mine. And what do you know of love like that? You judge everything from the standpoint of sex. And sex—what do you know of sex? What do any of us really know of sex in its relation to that which is beautiful in our lives? Sex has been beating against humanity through the centuries. It's a great surging tide, a human suffering. Sometimes we think we push it aside, but we never do. But you can make of sex a very beautiful thing, and it can make a very beautiful thing of you."

Monsieur Jacques hesitated.

"I think she would have liked me to tell you," he went on. "When your mother was passing she said very quietly, and the words were broken: 'It was sunlight when you came. And being small, I was always afraid of the dark.' Louis, a woman who regrets never says those things."

Louis turned a little in his chair.

"I didn't know she felt—like that," he said. "Because she—she wasn't quite a good woman."

"People might say—she wasn't a very good woman," Monsieur Jacques replied. "They might say she was a very beautiful weed. But human standards are so hard for the exceptions, Louis."

Louis sat very still, his eyes half closing as if he were trying to remember something, to arrange a perspective that had become distorted.

"I wonder why you speak of her like that," he said—"as a weed."

"A weed, dear Louis, was the only flower that blossomed in my window box last summer. The heat killed the plants I set so true to root and had nurtured so carefully. But the weed survived the blaze, and put forth a beautiful pink flower as a token of courage—and she was very beautiful, Louis."

The boy nodded.

"Yes," he said, "I remember."

And so for an hour—two hours—they talked. All the storm that had come between them fell away as the heart steals out of the tempest with the break of morning. They talked at first as people rather restrained; as if they each sheltered some hurt. But presently a companionship, or

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the essence of understanding, seemed suddenly to become present—an understanding that was the effort of neither the one nor the other. In the quiet of the room an influence moved that brought them together. Once Louis turned round as if he thought someone was standing behind his chair.

"You know," Monsieur Jacques said at last, in a tone that would brook no contradiction, "this country is all wrong about memorials. There is only one memorial to put up to those we love, and that is life; preservation of life; kindliness to life; not massed charity, but something individual. At least I always look at it that way. And, tell me, these weeds, these human weeds upon whom good women look down, good women who have never been tempted, never driven—would you say that a stone stuck anywhere in the ground is all they have earned? They have paid with tears. Have they no claim to rather special remembrance?"

"I think she had," replied Louis. "I remember the things she used to say to me when I was small to make me brave. They were different somehow to the things one reads about. When I was a nipper I remember her telling me always to choose the hard road because it made the feet hard. To my kid's mind that sounded like horse sense."

Monsieur Jacques leaned forward from his perch.

"Louis," he said, "don't you know that there was never a woman in this world quite like your mother?"

"She was the only memory I have worth keeping."

"A memory that ought to go on for years; I might say for hundreds of years."

"Which of course is impossible."

"No, Louis, I have built a memorial to your mother, and endowed it so that it will go on for hundreds of years."

"A memorial?"

"Yes. I have collected two hundred and eight children as a memorial to her. I know she would have wanted that."

Louis stared at him. He wondered if this were some sudden freak of eccentricity, or if the grief, which he realized now was a living thing in the soul of Monsieur Jacques, had turned his head.

"Two hundred and eight ——"

"Children! Weeds, Louis, weeds! Children who have had to rough it before they had the strength of a common beetle. Little kids! Children of mothers who'd been tempted, and ——"

"I know," said Louis. His face brightened. "It's rather a topping idea. I didn't know ——"

"What?" asked Monsieur Jacques as he paused

"I mean—I didn't know—you were—well, quite that sort of man."

"But then, Louis, you were so foolish. Hopping off like Springheeled Jack before you'd had time to understand me, and I you." He got up and put his hands on the boy's shoulders. "If we'd been together we would have built a memorial to your mother that would have moved the world. But I've had to do it alone. It's been a lonely job; too big for a man who's discovering little unexpected bouts of pain. My dissolute youth, Louis—that's the cause of it. I lived a very dissolute youth because I had money and no occupation. If you know of another man who has no occupation go on your knees at night and pray for him. We'll go down there tomorrow."

"Where?"

"To your mother's memorial; the place we're constructing to her. It's not a marble mausoleum, no fanciful decoration, no blatant sorrow in extravagance—none of that. I've hidden all that in trees. A wonderful building—Tudor, Louis, Tudor! A knight once lived there. In fact the rapscallion built it for his ladies! Odd that it should become a palace for the children who are the descendants of those ladies. You can imagine the vicious old rascal wondering how he could build something that would entice the heart of a woman, and the gods laughing in the knowledge that years on, long after the old rascal's dust had joined the forgotten things of the world, other women, as beautiful as his, would come there and find treasure in the knowledge of motherhood! What a jest of the gods! Think of it! And the greater God laughing!"

Louis stared at him agape.

"Are you running a home or a hostel for incurables, or what?" he inquired.

Monsieur Jacques shook his head.

"A place where they capture youth," he said. "Youth is so fleeting unless one looks after it. It's a big nursery, this place, where mothers come—those mothers whom God blessed without their asking for it and who do not know the wonderful thing they've got till we teach them. Every woman rediscovers herself through motherhood, Louis. There's no Columbus business about it, with limited frontiers. It's bigger than that. It's like getting all the world clutched in your arms. To me it's splendid experiment; like watching ants come out of the depth of the earth in the sun and think they've conquered a garden. I watch them change, these mothers. I watch them hate the old things. I watch the broken ships come home."

"You mean you rescue these children?"

"Yes; and through the children those who brought them into the world. But wait till you've seen the place. It's something to dream about; a most amazing garden, with ponds and goldfish. Children love goldfish—at least, I thought they did. And the garden—it took five hundred years to grow it. But it takes an age to be worthy of youth."

"But if," began Louis haltingly, "you've got a place like that, why on earth do you live in this poky hole? You're not a pauper."

Monsieur Jacques laughed till the monocle bobbed about on his chest.

"I once knew a man who lived in Charing Cross Road because he collected books," he said.

Louis nodded as if he understood. But there was a vague expression on his face.

"I always sit at my open window here," Monsieur Jacques added as if by afterthought of explanation.

Louis still stared at him.

"You are terribly dense, Louis," Monsieur Jacques said—"unnaturally dense. But then, you see, you are not my son!"

The following day Monsieur Jacques and Louis traveled a long journey by train into the country, and all the while Monsieur Jacques chatted at random about the most inconsequent things: the approach of winter, the shortage of butter, the drop in oil shares and the futility of parliamentary committees. But never once did he refer to the conversation of the previous evening. At the station a car met them and took them to the heart of a wood. It drew up at a big iron gate and they got out.

"I like these gates, Louis," said Monsieur Jacques. "They are Italian. I bought them at Genoa, and brought them here on a ship I chartered for the purpose. That rising sun coming out of a cloud bank—rather a remarkable idea in iron, I think—appealed to me. It is so hard to be original in iron. The stained windows I got at the same time. They are fifteenth century. You'll see them in the schoolroom. Rather imaginative. In a way they are quite remarkable. I think they must be, for I was offered nine thousand pounds for them only a short time ago."

"You mean you put windows like that in a schoolroom?"

"And why not? Youth must have the most beautiful things," Monsieur Jacques said as if stating a dogma.

He lapsed into silence. Not till they reached the carved door of the building and stood in the porch did he speak again.

Then he said: "I would hate anything tawdry; any suggestion of what had been. Only the ancient Greeks understood youth."

He held open the door for Louis and followed him in. They walked down the tiled passage side by side. And everywhere was richness, with wonderful carpets that ended in snug dormitories and cubicles with saxe-blue hangings. The light of a late autumn sun came through the windows weakly and scattered the color in rich pools on the floor, and flung warmth across the little beds through the heavy orange curtains at the windows.

"I always have the curtains changed on the thirtieth of October," Monsieur Jacques explained. "We are pink in summer, and in winter we just borrow from the sun with orange. A decent old fellow, the sun. Bait him with orange when he's wabbly, Louis. Bait him with orange! He's a surly old devil, but he's got a soul."

They wandered aimlessly about for half an hour; then Monsieur Jacques paused at the end of a corridor on the first floor, and looked out through the mullioned windows to the lawn beyond. For a while he

(Concluded on Page 72)

COMING as they are, in ever growing numbers, expressions lauding the LINCOLN CAR afford convincing testimony that motordom discerns a rare achievement—in which even high expectance has been surpassed.

They provide conclusive evidence that motordom perceives intrinsic betterments—refinements which could not be evolved except thru rich and ripe experience, and which could not be accomplished except thru many years' devotion to high ideals.

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(Concluded from Page 70)

gazed thoughtfully at the blank patch of grass, his eyes half closed, till at last Louis thought he slept.

But suddenly he pulled himself up with a jerk and said: "I wish you'd go down and see the children; the two hundred and eight bricks in your mother's mausoleum. I'd rather you went alone."

"Of course I'll go. But won't you come?" Louis asked. "I think perhaps—but maybe it's just guesswork—the children would like it."

Monsieur Jacques seemed not to hear.

"That deodar there," he said, and pointed across the great lawn. He stood with one foot up on the locker beneath the window and his elbow resting on his knee. "That deodar—it made me buy this place."

"You bought it because of one tree?" Louis was a little incredulous.

"Yes, because of one tree. It was just like that at Errington. The deodar was exactly in that position. You remember she used to sit under it when the days were hot. And the bees were there—where those laurels are. You see I've had hives put there; the bigger children tend them. And that patch to the right, in the break between the trees. That's where she used to put your cradle in the sun. You see I've had a sundial put there. She said that on the day you were born July was weeping, but your coming brought the sun, and she never knew winter afterward. That's what she thought of you, Louis."

"I don't understand," said Louis. "I'm silly, but I don't understand."

"You don't understand? No, I suppose you wouldn't. Only God understands why I say these things. He knows."

"Not that—not quite that," said Louis. "But you told me only a few hours ago that you were not my father, and yet you know ——"

Monsieur Jacques glanced at him for an instant.

"She told only one person, Louis. They were the secrets of her soul. She told me. Now perhaps you know—oh, I don't know if you could really understand—why I loved your mother. No, perhaps one has to live these things. Go down and see the children. They'll amuse you. And I would like to stay here a little by myself. I'm rather tired. I think perhaps we shall have rain."

IV

A MONTH later, Monsieur Jacques, sitting beside his open window in the boarding house, went to sleep, as it might have been in the cool of the evening, and forgot to wake up. Louis found him so when he came with the evening paper, his little tubby form leaning low over the window sill, as if the eyes that no longer saw were watching the turmoil of life in the street below.

The boarders, when they heard it, gathered together rather like a huddled flock of sheep inside the dining-room door when the dinner gong sounded, and moved to their places with a stiff attitude of melancholy. They spoke in whispers, some a little afraid. And they ate the meal quietly, speaking now and then in tones conscious of happening—happening that had, unsought, impinged upon them.

"I thuppose," began Miss Flannery to her neighbor, "that thimple people are alwath retherved. I thought it wath tho with Monsieur Jacques." She spooned her soup noisily. "I mean, Monsieur Jacques wath—oh, that beathly cook hath burned the thoup!"

"Soup, my dear Miss Flannery, was created to be burned. To be strictly accurate it was a discovery made in the Garden when Adam, looking after more tender things, burned the dishwater. That is the history of soup in a tureen!" And the major carefully uncorked his bottle of sherry.

Miss Flannery gave a little gurgle that might have been a laugh.

"It ith not about the thoup I wath thinking, but Monsieur Jacques. I thought I thaw him in the doorway ath we came in. Imagination of courth."

"Of course," said the major. "You're jumpy, my dear—nerves. You've got to whack nerves. Nerves are hell, Miss Flannery. We lost 'em in the army—buried 'em—buried 'em slick under. Try the jelly when we come to it. It looks bilious, but I think it might be nice. The sideboard suits its complexion. And possibly the custard is unburned. If so, God save the ruddy cook!"

"I hate jelly. Cold and wabbly," Miss Flannery replied. "I thuppothe we didn't mithjudge him? I mean Monsieu' Jacques. That thrange youth thaid the little man wath too good for thith place. The thauce! He wath going to take him away."

"Let him!" the major retorted. "I hate plumes and hearses. Let him!"

"I think tho. But I would like to know—to be thure—that we didn't mithjudge him. I think he mutht have been a very weak man, major"

"Weak? Jehoshaphat! You know, I do know men! I've ruled 'em, my dear—ruled 'em like iron. Hell and fire water and the King's Regulations!"

In the small blue room kept for very special visitors in the Tudor house Louis watched beside the little crumpled figure of what had once been Monsieur Jacques. He found himself in a room silent with death, that yet seemed stirred with the greatest magic of life. Sunshine blazed; a bird sang in the larches beyond the window the last lament of a lost summer. Somewhere a lone bee droned on a windowpane.

Some foolish person had placed a clock on the mantelpiece. As if time, or the count of time, could ever mean anything to Monsieur Jacques again!

Louis turned at last, conscious that he was not alone in the room. And he looked across the coffin at Alice Royds. Her face was white and tired, but what he noticed above everything was the unnecessary mourning she wore. He felt unconsciously that it would have hurt Monsieur Jacques very much if for one moment his weary eyes could have opened.

"I felt I must come up," she said, surveying Louis a little uncertainly. "I wanted to. I hoped ——"

"Hoped for what?"

"I hoped I should be alone. I had only been alone with him once before. I wanted to talk to him—tell him things." She smiled weakly, believing that he might have thought her foolish. "I suppose it was just sentiment—no more than that. I felt somehow that he still lived."

A burst of children's laughter came from the lawn below.

"He is still alive!" Louis said significantly.

"Those children don't know what they've lost."

"But you know what he ordered. The children were to have a day's holiday and a gorgeous tea, because one of themselves had been fortunate enough to set out on the greatest of all adventures—so he put it."

"I know. Yes, I know all about that. He was rather wonderful."

"And I never knew how wonderful till I first heard those children laugh."

"But I hate it!" she exclaimed. "When he did so much for them!"

"He wanted it so," Louis replied. "You know that. He wanted every child to realize that there is nothing to be afraid of in death. It was his great desire to tone down the conception of death in a child's mind, so that it appeared as no more than an ordinary happening. Fancy our trying to live up to that!"

"We couldn't do it, Louis."

"Not you and I. We've been weak. But we thought we were giants once."

"Yes—we thought."

"And I wanted to kill him. I've never told you about that. I thought him a despicable little person. I wanted to hurl his tubby body out of the window. And yet—I don't know how—he carried me away by something he said. He didn't preach, but he taught me in one hour to understand humanity."

"As he taught me," she broke in.

"It was like being taken round a picture gallery and shown the most beautiful aspects of humanity in rich colors," he told her. "He hypnotized me—that's what he did—hypnotized me, and never let go."

Alice Royds bent her face over the sleeping eyes of Monsieur Jacques, and when she lifted her hand Louis saw that she held in it a small bunch of wild flowers—no, weeds; weeds with little pink eyes and bits of white and yellow blossom. Very carefully she put the bouquet on his pillow.

"He had always seemed to me, till I really knew him, such a little man," she explained, as if to cover her action.

Louis sat down on a trestle and watched her. The piteousness of her offering held him silent. He felt drawn toward her, as if he would gladly carry her burden for her as Monsieur Jacques had carried it.

"And I remember all the things I wanted to do to him," he said, looking away from her, "because I thought he'd hurt my mother. But I was all wrong. Really he had saved her from a Pentecost of suffering, and made her life very beautiful. No, he didn't marry her. He couldn't. But when one loves deeply, I wonder—if it matters. I don't know."

"If a man makes a woman's life beautiful," she began, "and if there's a God—He'd pick the secret out of the woman's heart. He'd know."

"I'm glad you think that way. It may not be true convention—and you know he wasn't my father really."

"Not your father?" She came round to the trestle. "Not your father? Louis, I didn't know."

"No. My mother wasn't quite good till he made her good. Moralists will say that his doctrine was all wrong. I don't care. He made my mother good. You see, Alice, there are some men—a few men—who make women very beautiful. Many men have the chance, but few take it when it comes. Mostly they trade on the ugliness. But he was more than a little kind. His love made him kind. He took her burden, and he gave me his name. That's why I hate myself; I went back on him. Unknowing, it is true, but I went back on him."

They stayed there for a while, talking across the still figure that separated them, exchanging confidences, hopes, beliefs. Maybe that in their ordering this was to be the one chosen place in which they were to exchange beliefs. And he spoke to her with a natural ease, as if he had assumed the right to guard her, as if by some heritage he had stepped into the place of another.

"I wonder what you'll put on his stone," she said to fill in a pause.

"He hated stones," Louis said. "I don't know. Just the name and date, I suppose."

"Yes—plain. He'd want it plain." She got up. "But I remember something he once told me. I remember now how frightened I was when he said it; somehow I thought he was mad. He told me what he would like on his stone if he died that night."

"He told you?"

"Yes."

"What was it?"

"Just these words: 'He was always kind to women.'"

"He meant it?"

"Yes, Louis, it was his creed."

"I know," he said. He pulled a slip of paper from his pocket and jotted it down. "It's your tribute to him, that bit of memory," he said thoughtfully. "Alice, we'll put that." He smiled gratefully. "Yes, I think we'll put that."

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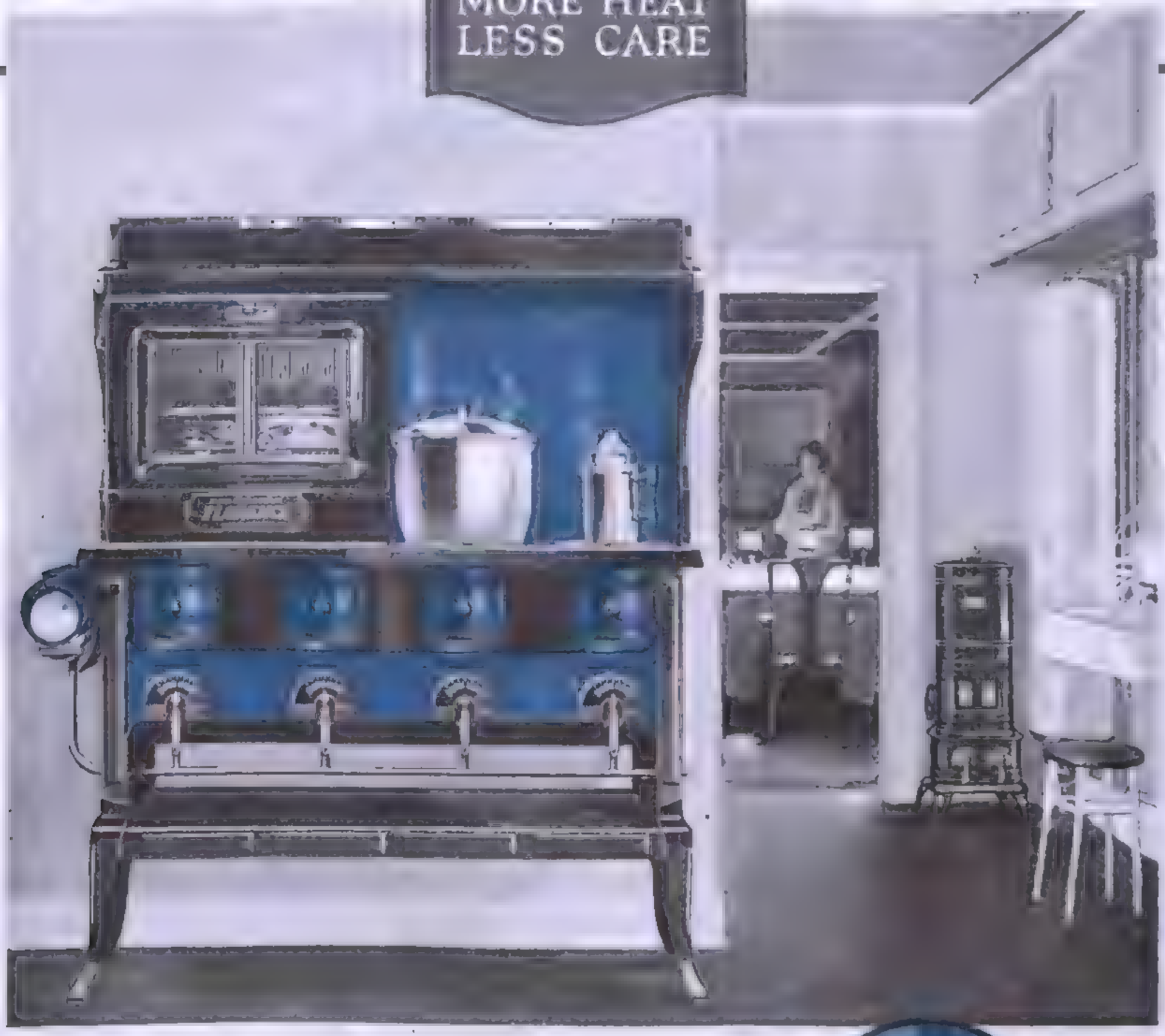

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WHITE SHOULDERS

(Continued from Page 19)

"Look," said Cupid, and turned the envelope of the anonymous letter so they saw the postmark.

"St. Louis!" said Julia Blakelock, reading.

"And if he wrote it," Calvert went on, "there's probably something somewhere behind it."

"Do you mean to say you think they are murderers," asked Belle Davis—"those two women?"

"Well, no. They wouldn't have to be, would they, to be mixed up in it some way?"

"Did you talk to him?" asked Belle Davis, eying him a little close.

"No; only just for a minute," Cupid Calvert told her, his eyes turning off from hers the way they did sometimes.

"Long enough so you exchanged names?"

"Why, yes, I expect so. I expect we did. We would."

"What'd you ask him? What'd you talk about?"

"Oh, nothing," he told her. "We just passed the time of the day. Honest—that's all we did!" he swore to her.

"Murder!" said Julia Blakelock under her breath.

"Look, judge," said Cupid, handing the thing to me. "Here's something in your line."

"Not yet. Not on anonymous letters," I said, looking it over and passing it back.

"Did you ever hear of any Pitman murder case?"

"Not to the best of my knowledge and belief," I told him.

"He wouldn't," said Belle Davis. "Not if it was committed in Dell County, in another state."

"Which it wasn't," said Julia Blakelock.

"I'm not so sure about that," Belle Davis answered.

"Why? What makes you say that?"

"Oh, I don't know," she told them. "I just feel thataway somehow."

Julia Blakelock stood still, her thin lips closed down, reading over the letter that she had taken from Calvert.

"Who'll do it?" she came out finally.

"Who'll do what?"

"Who's going to ask them that?"

"You mean to say," Belle Davis cried, "you'd have the nerve?"

"I certainly do," stated the Blakelock woman, setting her lips together tighter than ever.

"It would be good and amusing, that's sure," said Cupid.

"It would be more than amusing," said Julia Blakelock. "If we've got that kind of characters here we want to find it out and run them out."

"What characters?" Belle Davis asked her.

"That's what we're going to see," said Julia Blakelock.

"You wouldn't ——"

"I certainly would! And I will," said Julia Blakelock—"and right off!"

"I should say, perhaps ——" I started telling her.

"Never mind what you say," she told me. "I'm old enough to take care of myself and do what I think is right. You watch me."

We did, naturally. That's all we could do; we waited and watched and saw the blow starting to fall, if it was to be a blow!

"What's This?" Belle Davis Asked Him, After Reading It

The mother and daughter came down the stairs in the usual order—the mother chattering gay nothings to her daughter, following her, apparently not even hearing her; just coming with her eyes down, silent and white and even delicate looking now, in spite of her size. There was a new way about her since her "unfortunate indisposition" on Victory Day; there was weariness and silence and a certain look of shrinking, as if, I thought sometimes, she felt someone was going to strike her—or worse. Her great eyes were certainly wider and her skin whiter than ever before.

They sat down in the dining room, Julia Blakelock watching them under her eyelids from her seat across the table, waiting for the proper time for her attack. The second course was almost over before she launched it.

"Oh, Mrs. Fairborn," she said in that sweet, high, dangerous voice that women use in verbal warfare.

The Cockatoo looked up. She would, naturally. The other woman almost never spoke to her.

"I almost forgot," the Blakelock girl was going on, with her sharp eyes looking across above her smile. "I had a friend from your state I was writing to about you the other day ——"

"Yes, ma'am," said the Fairborn woman, waiting in anxious silence. I could see the girl, that White Shoulders, stop eating and stiffen in her chair.

"And she told me," went on Julia Blakelock, as sweetly as she could, "to ask you if you ever knew a Pitman family in your county—Dell County, isn't it?"

I saw the girl's hand go out, fumbling for her water glass, and the frozen smile freeze harder than ever on the face of the Cockatoo—as full of mirth as the smile of a mummy.

"Oh, yes," she said after a second. "There was a family of that name there. But I didn't know them—not well."

"Wasn't there something," asked Julia Blakelock, "about a trial? I didn't quite understand it."

The Cockatoo, her eyes set on her face, her mouth in a crescent-shape grimace, jumped out her answer at once—almost before the words had left her mouth. She had courage anyhow.

"There was something—something," she said. "But I forget now just what it was. I was away visiting at the time. I'm afraid I can't tell you," she said, keeping on. "I'm sorry, but I never pay much attention to such things."

And just at that moment the girl's hand, fumbling, knocked her glass of water over on the table

Belle Davis, on the other side of her, jumped up.

"Oh, I'm terribly sorry! I'm terribly mad at myself for that," she said. "I must have hit your arm."

The lips of White Shoulders moved in some sort of murmur. And everybody—the women on both sides of her—were busy mopping up the water.

After they were through and the usual apology and small excitement over such an accident were done, the meal went through in silence. And after it both the mother and daughter got up and went up to their rooms.

"I'm afraid Virginia spilled some of that water on her frock. I'm afraid it will stain. I'm going to have her go up and take it off anyhow," the mother volunteered, and they went upstairs together.

"Did you see that girl—how she ate the rest of the meal?" asked Julia Blakelock.

"She was free and natural in all her motions as the cuckoo on a cuckoo clock!" said Cupid.

"Do you know what that woman was doing to her when Julia was talking?" asked Belle Davis. "She was pinching her under the table."

"Why should you break in," asked Julia Blakelock back—"before we saw what she'd do?"

"We saw enough," Belle Davis told her, "as it was."

"They're certainly guilty," said the Blakelock woman. "It was written all over them."

"Guilty of what?" Belle Davis asked her in that blunt way of hers. "Of murder?"

"What would you say, judge?" Cupid Calvert asked me.

"I doubt if they have committed more than two or three murders at most," I told him. "It wouldn't seem likely to me—if they had killed too many—we'd see them wandering round at large."

"You needn't tell me," said Belle Davis, "that they are murderers or criminals—especially that girl. She looks to me like a great frightened child. That's what she looks like to me."

"Well, they look very different to me, I can tell you that!" said Julia Blakelock. "And they always have!"

"We'll have to look into this case further, eh, judge?" said Cupid Calvert.

"You will," I said. "It'll be quite a field for your talents."

Neither of the women came down again into the hall that night—at least I didn't see them before I went up to bed.

VII

I WENT to my room that night rather late, as usual. A boarding-house bedroom is not, I have always held, a place to heighten the spirits of men well on in life who have the misfortune to be alone in the world. I always preferred to cultivate my leisure either in my office or with the folks downstairs.

It must have been, as nearly as I can place it, about eleven o'clock when I went into my chamber and lit up the gas—the old house not being equipped yet with electricity. When I had done this I was more or less surprised to hear the loudness of the voices in the next room.

The room next adjoining mine I had understood was that of the girl White Shoulders—her beauty chamber, as her mother, with her unusual gift of language, called it. The mother, I had understood, slept by herself in a second smaller room beyond and leading out of this. But now when I entered my room she was evidently in the girl's larger bedroom talking. At the side of my bedroom, away from the hall—used before the somewhat rambling old dwelling was a boarding house—was a door which had been built to connect my room with the chamber now occupied by the girl; a door now bolted on both sides and covered on my side, at least, by a drapery. The women must have been sitting somewhere not far from this.

The indistinct murmur of voices from the next room—such as is often heard through bedroom walls—was familiar enough to me. I had even distinguished words before then spoken by persons near that old door. But that night I was surprised at the distinctness of the two women's voices.

They had talked little in the room when they were once alone together, and then generally in low tones—especially the girl. But now I noticed it was the girl who was

(Continued on Page 81)

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(Continued from Page 77)

speaking loudest—in a strained, hoarse, hurried voice, which, in fact, I took at first to be the voice of a stranger. It was the voice, I then came to the conclusion, of a person under great excitement. And as I listened I could tell from occasional words that she was refusing to do something, in a voice that was growing more and more hysterical.

I undressed and went to bed, thinking that they would soon stop talking; but in the dark and with the ceasing of noises about the house and in the street the voices grew louder and more plain—perhaps because the women moved even nearer to that door. But more than all now, both women, I should have said, were losing their heads, in the growth of their excitement, whatever it might be. I moved as noisily as I could, lay down heavily in bed, to give them warning, but now as I lay there I could hear with great distinctness these two strained voices of women beyond the door.

The voice of the mother rose again sharper and clearer than before. I could hear her perfectly—arguing, apparently, with the girl.

"I've told you, and I've told you, and I've told you, Virginia!" she repeated. "We can't! We're down to our last three hundred dollars."

"Oh, mother!" cried the girl; and their voices fell again.

"They are through, then!" I said to myself, listening. "Their woman's speculation is done for."

The voice of this woman, that so-called Scarlet Cockatoo, rose again and reached me through the darkness:

"We've got to stay. It's here or never. It's the last—absolutely the last chance, Virginia. It's here or it's ruin, for all of us—for you, for Robert Lee, for your mother!"

"Robert Lee!" I said to myself. "What is this? What sort of gamble is this?" I thought, listening now with all my ears in spite of myself.

"But I won't stay," the strange, unnatural voice of the girl, that White Shoulders, answered her. "I won't be stripped and dragged naked again—by that fiend. Never! I'll die first. It would kill me anyhow."

"That devil—Gluber!" said the mother's voice. "If I could only kill him! That's the one we ought to kill."

"You know what he'll do again—with those letters! He'll never stop—never! Oh, let me go! Let me go! Let me go, mother! Please! Please!" cried the girl's voice, like a young child's in a general breakdown and craziness of fear. "I'll do anything if you'll only let me!"

"You can't go, Virginia," her mother said—apparently taking hold of her, quieting her. "You can't, honey. You can't. You've got to stay, for all of us. You can't leave. You can't desert now. Think of Robert Lee—think of yourself—think of me—a little!"

"Robert Lee!" I said to myself again. "Who's Robert Lee? What's this new turn in this thing?" And in the meanwhile the girl's voice was going on.

"Think! Think! What do I do but think?" she cried back. "It's hopeless, mother. It's hopeless!" she cried, a newer and higher tone coming into her voice. "We can't go! We can't stay! It's hopeless, that's all! It's hopeless! We can't escape it!"

"No!" the mother's voice came answering her. "I'm going again to Gluber."

And then I lost the conversation once more.

"But you can't," the girl was saying. "What can you say to him?"

The mother's explanation I only partly heard. But there was a mention now and then, I could catch, of Gluber and then of Gordon's name.

"He won't believe that," the girl spoke up. "It isn't true, anyhow."

"How do you know it isn't true?" the mother's voice came back, growing sharp.

"I know. He isn't that kind."

"He'll have to come back—you'll see!" the sharp-voiced mother said, in the tone of arguing with herself. "He'll have to. He'll never give you up. He's just fascinated—by your beauty."

"My beauty! My beauty!" the girl's voice came back, the tone of hysteria coming back into it again. "Don't talk like that—don't! When we are alone! Let me have that much peace. My beauty!"

"And if not Gordon—then there's that other man."

"Who?"

"The black one with the automobile. He's crazy about you."

"Oh, mother—he's not!"

"Why did he come out and do what he did to Gluber, then?"

"I don't know. But it isn't what you say about me. He isn't crazy about me, nor any of them, the way you say. They can't be—especially after this."

"You trust me, Virginia. You trust me. I know men. Someone, somehow, is going to make you marry him here. I know men. When they see and get to care for a girl like you are, honey, they can't forget her. They've got to come back—they can't any of them give up your looks, your face, your gowns—your whole beautiful body."

"Oh, mother!" cried the girl again. I could almost hear her cringing. "Don't! Don't! Don't make it any worse than it has to be."

There was a silence then between them—the woman, I imagine, quieting and trying to soothe the girl.

Then there was a new sound. The girl apparently must have jumped to her feet. "I won't! I won't! I can't any longer!" she cried out.

"What?"

"I won't be dragged round. It's too disgusting. Marriage!" she said. "I hate and loathe the name of marriage! I've been bred for marriage—like a horse for racing. I've heard nothing but marriage, marriage since I was a child—and began to remember. It's disgusting! It's loathsome! I hate the word."

"Virginia!" cried the other woman's voice. But the hysterical voice of the girl went on:

"Always it's been what I could do, what we could all do—when I came to marry. What they should have said was—when I came to be sold. All these dresses! All those clothes! Clothes, clothes, clothes! Lovely hair! Lovely face! Lovely body! I wish I was dead!"

"Virginia! Virginia!" the mother was saying to the frantic girl.

"I won't stay," the girl insisted.

"You can't go," said the mother, her voice hardening. "How would you go? Where? You haven't the money in the first place to go anywhere."

The girl lapsed suddenly into silence; did not answer.

"What can you do?" her mother said again. "No, there's only one thing to be done. We're Fairborns. We'll stay right here and fight it out—that's all that we can do. I can arrange with Gluber, I know, so he won't go on and write again. I know I can—when I go up to St. Louis and see him. I have a plan worked out to explain things to him—to show him how he will get no more than we by what he's doing."

There was no answer now.

"There'll be no more letters," said the mother confidently, "from now on. And they'll never get any wiser—these fool women here. They'll never go on and learn any more."

"No," said the girl in a low obstinate voice.

"It will all come all right, honey," said the woman, coaxing her.

"No," said the voice of the girl.

"You'll see."

"No," said the girl again, in that dead voice. "It's hopeless. I'll never go through that again. Never."

"Do you forget—everything? Robert Lee and where he is now—all for the protection of you?"

"I don't forget anything—ever. But it's hopeless. I'm sure now," returned the girl's dead voice again.

"You're a wicked, ungrateful girl."

"Maybe I am. Maybe I am. But I won't stay here—to go through that again. I'm through. We both are. Oh, can't you see, mother? I can't stay here. I can't—any longer—sit and smile and be silent—and know every minute may be the last before I am dragged through that filth again. Just ashamed, ashamed, ashamed!"

Her voice slid up again into high-pitched terror. And I could distinguish now—not so much by words as by tone—the voice of her mother trying her best to soothe a frightened child.

"It'll come right, honey. It'll all come right finally," I made out at last the formula she was repeating over and over again.

"It will never come right. Never, mother. It's hopeless, absolutely hopeless—and you know it."

Their arguing went on—less loud, less violent—the woman trying to quiet the girl, but never, it appeared, convincing her. In absence of their exact words now my mind went off speculating on the probable explanation of the matter—trying to arrange and go over in my own mind the new evidence which had developed in the case during the past few hours, since the coming of that anonymous letter from St. Louis, from that dressmaker with the face of a criminal, or at least a criminal's "fence." It was quite apparent by this time that we were seeing developed under Mrs. Tusset's highly respectable roof a somewhat baffling and possibly serious chain of circumstances.

Women's speculations in matrimony are not unknown—even in our somewhat romantic section of the earth's surface. Even here, in every town, every evening from two-thirty to five-thirty o'clock, Sam Barsam used to claim, the women's matrimonial exchange is in session, watching the market from Texas to South Carolina, sharper than the Cotton Exchange at New Orleans ever dreamed of watching the cotton crop.

These two women were doubtless, as the other womenfolks had caught at once, two speculators, two desperate gamblers in matrimony—playing the market on a shoe string, as the market term goes, I understand; probably, from the evidence so far, with the equipment and enhancement of feminine charms furnished on credit by this dressmaker or dealer in costumes, on installment plan—this man Gluber, with the singularly repellent countenance and manners, from St. Louis.

This speculation seemed to me to have been fought to the last ditch—lost by the almost tragic course of events on that day of victory. Women—all but the most case-hardened manipulators of matrimony or worse—would scarcely have remained to fight along beyond that apparently hopeless ending. But here we found these two, or the mother, rather, still forcing the fight—from sheer necessity, it now seemed, and not, as it might have appeared from the surface, because of mere hardness or lack of what might ordinarily have been termed a decent and proper regard for the opinion of others, such as is generally required by sound human society.

The new evidence lay still in an undigested mass, an inexplicable tangle in my mind. Could there have been a murder—a Pitman murder, as this anonymous letter claimed—in which the women were implicated? Assuming the letter to be written by this forbidding dressmaker, it would not necessarily be true—far from it, judging from my casual inspection of that face—except that the apparent probability that he was now using this alleged crime for the purposes of blackmail would tend to the conjecture that there might be at least some truth in the intimation that he was making.

And yet it appeared to me—especially after the enlightenment of the last few minutes from the women's conversations—most repugnant to the general probabilities that these two women were principals or deeply concerned in any murder. The attitude of the girl, the conversation of the mother, would both seem to deny this. And, moreover, no mention, in set terms, had been made in all their talk, as one would naturally have expected, of any such overshadowing matter as a murder would have been in their lives.

On the other hand, who was this Robert Lee, who was introduced into my knowledge for the first time, who had, it appeared, established this obligation—given this protection for which the girl was now called upon to make her obviously reluctant sacrifice, the last with the exception of very few that any woman can be asked to make—the sacrifice of her soul and body for life in an utterly and frankly mercenary marriage.

It was certainly an abstruse and knotty problem—with the evidence so far at hand. I saw I could not solve it with my present knowledge—not until some further development of events, or of further information, which the whispering women and their assistant, Cupid Calvert, would no doubt unearth later.

The sobbing of the girl in the next room had died down and the mother had apparently gone into her own chamber and to bed before I fell asleep.

The girl, I thought afterward that I recalled, sobbed again and stopped; and may have arisen and struck heavily against some object in the room. I am not entirely clear on this.

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Mark Twain's favorite pipe was a corncob. Perhaps you've never heard how his new corncobs were broken in.

He said: "I get a cheap man—a man who doesn't amount to much anyhow, who would be as well, or better, dead—and pay him a dollar to break in the pipe for me. I get him to smoke the pipe for a couple of weeks, then put in a new stem, and continue operations as long as the pipe holds together."

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We're not going to ask them to produce the stems as proof.

We put writers on their honor.

In fact, we're inclined to send samples to all who write to us that they knew the grand old American humorist and smoker.

He knew a lot of people, but we guess we can risk sending out a little more Edgeworth. It seems to make regular Edgeworth smokers in a big majority of cases.

We promise not to publish their letters, no matter how well they speak of Edgeworth, no matter how good are the smokers' stories they tell us about Mark Twain and others—unless the writers happen to say that they are willing to have said letters published.

We've heard quite a number of good stories about pipe smokers, but there must be a lot we haven't heard.

You may know some stories that others would enjoy reading in this column.

Probably they're worth samples of Edgeworth in both forms—Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

In any case, we'll send you samples, whether you have a good story to tell us or not.

Edgeworth Plug Slice is shaped into flat, oblong cakes. Through these cakes keen knives are run that cut them into thin slices. In its box it appears a solid cake, but each slice separates easily from the cake and when rubbed between the hands furnishes an average pipeload.

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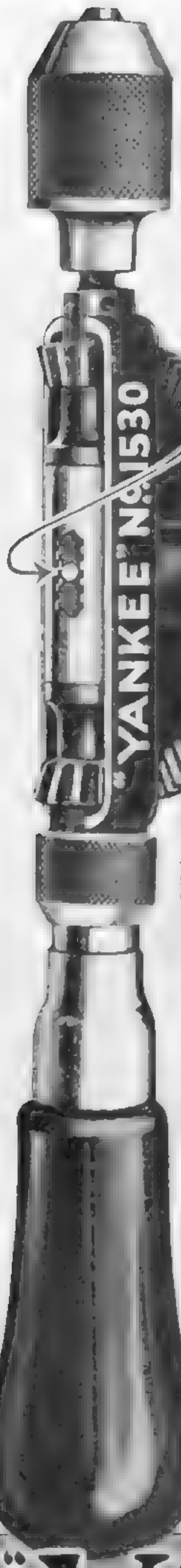

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"YANKEE" TOOLS

Make Better Mechanics

The next thing I remember with certainty is the sound of light knocking and the low and agonized voice of the woman at my door—and then in a moment the faint sweet odor of illuminating gas.

VIII

I WAS out of bed and had snatched my dressing gown from the chair beside me before I was, I expect, entirely awake. The smell of the gas was a certainty now. I could hear the low insistent knocking and the strained whispering of the woman going on with that formula, like a reiterated prayer, which had awakened me: "Judge! Judge Dalrymple! For God's sake, sir, open this door!"

It was not the door into the hallway, I was sufficiently awake now to understand. It must be, then, the door into the adjoining chamber. I ran over to it and started fumbling at the unusual task of opening it. It was fastened, I remembered now, on my side by an old-time iron bolt. I assumed that the same contrivance must have been upon the other side. For as I unbolted my bolt the latch apparently was unsprung and the door was forced outward, and by me; and the woman pitched forward with it and the sickish rush of illuminating gas burst in with her.

"I couldn't lift her. She'll die!" she said in a hoarse whisper, and went down, half fainting, upon the floor.

She was only partly overcome, however, for she could still talk.

"Not me," she said. "Help her. Help her. Hurry!"

I lifted her slightly aside and went into the room. "Lie there," I said. "Wait."

If the door was once closed, I reasoned, being still able to speak, the woman would probably recover in the practically pure air of my room. In any case the obvious thing for me to do was to take the girl out of there. I took a deep breath, closed the door and went in.

It was dark in that next room, and the location of the furniture of the room was naturally unfamiliar to me. I was confused—just shaken from sound sleep, not precisely in a normal state of mind. That heavy, nauseating odor of illuminating gas was in my nostrils; I could smell it even if I need not immediately take it into my lungs. I waited several moments, consequently, before I could locate the bed where the girl was probably lying.

There was an electric street light not far outside, which shone in through a window. This not unnaturally was the first thing that caught my attention. Its rays struck first upon some clothing, some woman's white clothing heaped upon a chair, lit a glint of light upon a glass ornament on a mantelpiece and painted a sharp, irregular oblong of light upon the plain unpapered wall. In the center of this patch was the sharply etched shadow of a branch or frond of a coarse-leafed tree. A brisk breeze was blowing outside, stirring the branches of the tree; and the coarse and magnified frond of leaf moved back and forth, reaching and retiring, it seemed to me for a second, like a black and clutching claw.

Then, far quicker than the telling of this, naturally, I observed that the patch of light and its sinister-acting shadow were close to the great old-fashioned bed, which lay, in contrast, covered by the dim shadow from its high black footboard. I groped into the shadow and my hand fell upon the bare arm and lightly clad shoulder of the girl.

She lay, I could now see, with her arm trailing down upon the floor and her head at the extreme edge of the bed—a position into which her mother had dragged her undoubtedly when she had reached the limit of her strength. I took the limp and yielding body of the unconscious girl into my arms and started for the door again.

By this time the necessity for breath had become somewhat oppressive, and with the extreme effort of carrying the girl's body it grew intensely so. I knew, however, that I could hold out somewhat longer, and fortunately, I could now see, there had been some use for my coming. The girl was still alive; I could feel her breathing in my arms—heavily and rather slowly—but still breathing regularly.

Then, as I was noticing this, through awkwardness and unfamiliarity with the dark room, I walked against some low chair or stool—stumbled, staggered with the weight in my arms and before I had caught myself, struck my unguarded head against the wall of the room. With the jar I almost dropped the girl, who was not light and a not inconsiderable burden for me, I was finding. I caught myself, though, before going quite down.

But another unfortunate development of my accident was that unconsciously I had, I assume, expelled my breath and taken into my lungs some of that thick, sweet, nauseating gas which surrounded me. At any rate, with this and the long holding of my breath and the blow of my head against the wall—and no doubt also from the effort of standing erect with my now quite sufficient burden—I lost for a second in the unfamiliar room my sense of direction in the dark and the exact location of the door which I must find and open up again. I must have turned somewhat in stumbling.

In any case, the chief impressions I retained when I straightened up were that I must get out of there with whatever it was I was carrying and that there was one chief object—one point of location—in the room—an angular oblong of light upon the wall, which now appeared to be a lighted window beyond which a black claw on a long black arm shot irregularly back and forth, with the obvious ultimate intention of strangling me and relieving me of my burden—an intention which I was under serious obligation to defeat. I was beginning to believe that I had made an error in judgment in closing the door into my room when I entered the other.

Fortunately, however, I must have remembered the location of the doorway from the chief white spot in my consciousness—that irregular lighted window which had come in the wall. For in a minute or two more I felt the cool slipperiness of the old pottery door knob in my hand and started fumbling it. As I did so, somewhat unsteady and overbalanced with the rapidly growing burden of the girl in my arms and my straining and now almost convulsive effort not to breathe in the gas again, I was struck, I recall, with a dazed surprise and unexpected satisfaction to see the door open. The mother of the girl, that so-called Scarlet Cockatoo, had, it appeared, recovered sufficiently in the fresh air of my room to crawl back to the doorway on her knees and to open it when she heard me coming.

I went in somewhat weakly, and was much gratified to have shut out behind me the sickening sweetness of the gas, the sense of suffocation and the now almost frantic efforts of the frustrated black claw at the diamond-shaped window to clutch us before we finally fled out through that dangerous and suffocating dark.

It was with almost equal satisfaction that I heard the door close behind me and expelled at last the combination of used-up air and illuminating gas which clogged my lungs, and drank in again the acute and too-little-appreciated luxury of oxygen. After that my strength was sufficient to lay the girl upon the bed—and start helping her mother help her.

"Thank God! Thank God!" I heard the woman whispering by me.

The shock of getting the girl back alive was sufficient, it appeared, following the fresh air in my room, to revive her.

The girl—the so-called White Shoulders—was apparently breathing heavily, rather slowly, but still quite strongly. We could not, naturally, see perfectly—not yet daring to light the gas, even there. There was, however, some light from the electric lamp on the street.

I started back again toward the door.

"Where to?" whispered the mother."

"The gas. I must turn that gas jet off," I whispered again.

"Don't. I did that myself!" she said.

"But the windows," I said. "I must open them."

"There are two open," she said, "already—one in my room and one in hers."

"In hers!" I said.

"Yes. It was never closed!" she told me.

That struck me as strange, naturally, then, but naturally too I dismissed it right away—with other things to think of.

"Well then," I said, "I'll go down now and telephone the doctor."

"No! No!" she whispered back. "Wait. She's coming to. See—she's moving a little already."

The girl actually did move—and gave a little moan. She had all the advantages of youth and perfect health, and the gas probably had never been so dense in there as we had thought. By this time all the windows in my room were open, and the outside air, driven by a strong breeze, was entirely pure and fresh. I started now to light the gas.

(Continued on Page 84)

Easter is Early
—March 27th

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KAHN TAILORING CO.
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MADE TO MEASURE CLOTHES

(Continued from Page 82)

"No. No. Please!" the woman said, preventing me.

And again the white girl on the bed moved.

"But I must call a doctor," I said, still whispering.

"No. No," repeated the woman. "Not if we can possibly help, sir. Not now—if we can possibly help it."

"But, madam," I said, "all that poison in the girl's system ——"

"No, sir," she told me, turning back from where she was bending down above the girl. "I know what to do. I saw one case before. We can do all a doctor could now—more—from being right here now. And besides, she's coming to now fast. She was just trying to open her eyes. She's almost ——"

"But, madam," I insisted, "a doctor is positively ——"

"Listen!" she whispered back sharply. "There's somebody downstairs."

There was someone—entering the house by the front door.

"We can't have this known, judge. We can't have it get out, sir," she told me in a strident hurried whisper. "We can't do it, sir. I can't explain to you now. But it would be the last blow for us. We'd better both be dead!"

As a matter of fact I saw the girl appeared to be breathing much better now. We stood and waited in the dark. The steps came up the stairs—very lightly, very carefully. I suspected, naturally, who it would be—Cupid Calvert back again from another affair of the heart.

The steps came to the top of the stairway.

"He'll smell the gas," said the woman beside me in a despairing whisper. "He'll certainly smell the gas."

The steps stole by, started on toward the third story, where Calvert had his room, wavered, stopped, and then in a moment came stealing over toward my side of the hall.

I could almost watch the woman cringe and shrink together in the dark. I saw, too, that something had to be done. I could only hope that it was Calvert and he was in the not unusual and not too clear state of mind in which he was apt to find himself at this hour in the morning. It must have been at that time about two o'clock.

It occurred to me, from the women's standpoint or my own, if we were going to try to hush this matter up the situation was not without elements of embarrassment, I having these two women in my room.

In any case, Cupid Calvert was the last human being we would want concerned in the matter in any phase.

There was only one thing to do. I put my finger on my lips, looked at the woman and walked over and opened the door. I stepped out quickly into the hall and closed the door after me.

"Who's prowling round out here?" I said; and I grabbed him by the collar with what few remnants of vigor I still possessed.

IX

I WAS right in my conjecture—and in my action. It is something of a shock to be grabbed like that in the dark—more especially when you yourself are not particularly anxious to create an unnecessary disturbance.

"Listen," said a familiar voice in a quick and, it seemed to me, somewhat frightened whisper. "It's only me—Calvert!"

"What were you," I asked him in a whisper myself, "just peering through my keyhole for—the view, or plotting to murder me in my bed?"

"Listen," he said. "Don't you smell it?"

"What?"

"Gas."

I chuckled then—managed to in the dark. "Oh, that's it!" I said. "Well, I should say I did! But I thought maybe I'd got it out—by this time."

"What—what happened?" he wanted to know.

"Well, sir," I said to him—we were both talking, naturally, in whispers all the time—"it was a thing that never happened to me in my life before. I was sitting there by that gas jet by the window reading—and fell asleep. And when I woke up it was dark and the room was full of gas."

"Oh, was that it?" he said.

I could tell now from his voice, and breath as well, that, quite fortunately, he was in a state not generally considered best for clear-cut mental operations.

"That heavy breeze blowing in the window!" I said. "Is it strong out here," I asked him—"the smell of it?"

"I should say it was," he told me in that thick, somewhat damp whisper.

"Well, it's all over with now, anyhow," I said, reaching back and taking hold of my door knob. "And I expect you won't smell it much longer. I've got all the windows open. Where've you been?" I asked him. "Out on another amour?"

"Oh, no, judge. Nothing like that. Nothing like that!" he said; and I could almost hear him grinning in the dark.

"Well," I told him, "crawl along upstairs or we'll wake up the madam, standing gossiping here. But I'll tell you what I'll do," I whispered, "before you go. I'll sign articles of confederation with you. I ain't very proud of what I've just done, exactly; and if you'll agree to overlook it—when tempted to humor in your conversation tomorrow or thereafter—I'll endeavor not to call the attention of Madam Tusset to your continued devotion to late affairs of the human affections, which I see you are still entangled with."

"Oh, nothing like that, judge. You've got me wrong this time," said Cupid. "But at that you know I'd never give you away—in any of your little sins or shortcomings. And I know you wouldn't me, either."

"That expresses my feelings exactly," I whispered back.

And I knew when he turned and went along that there would probably be nothing said from that quarter. His tenure of station had grown a little precarious in recent weeks from his various protracted and late-night excursions, which were not to the taste of Madam Tusset, who was credited, in fact, with the intention of turning him out from that highly respectable house on the next and slightest evidence of any lapses from high moral or social standards.

So he stole upstairs and I turned back into the room.

"Now, then, about the doctor," I said. "It seems to me ——"

"She's all right now," said the mother. "She's coming out fine, sir."

"But ——" I started.

"Judge," she broke in on me, "please, sir, don't insist on that. We can't do it. On top of what's happened already, sir. It would destroy us!"

I lighted the gas then finally and I turned with her and looked at the girl on the bed. She did seem almost recovered. Her face was somewhat flushed, from the effects of the gas, I expect. But she was breathing naturally and regularly. As she lay there I thought she was about the most beautiful human creature I ever saw.

"You see, judge," said the mother, "she's coming out all right. She's almost out already."

And as she said this the girl moved, opened her great eyes, looked at us—first her mother and then me, steadily and with wonder—and spoke for the first time.

"I know, mother. I know," she said. "I had—no right—to die!" she said faintly. "I won't ——"

And her eyes closed heavily, as if to shut the unwelcome world out once again.

Her mother was on her knees by the bedside now.

"You wicked, wicked girl!" she cried in that continued whisper which we both still used, and burst into a great silent paroxysm of weeping—of relief, no doubt, from her anxiety and terror.

I stood aside and let her weep it out, purge her soul of its emotion; and thought meanwhile of the girl's extraordinary greeting to returning life.

"I had—no right—to die!" I said over to myself, and looked at that exquisite creature in her sheer and exquisite white garments in my bed, who wanted, for reasons of her own, apparently, to give up life—destroy herself.

"This certainly is a strange affair," I told myself.

The beauty of the girl was all the more marked by its contrast with the haggard, disheveled person of the mother. The woman's not too abundant hair was tangled upon her head; the crow's-feet at her eyes and the stringy thinness of her neck showed, undisguised; and the rouge of her cheeks, bleared by her weeping, stared out in strange red relief against her dry and whitened skin in the trying greenish light which comes from gas in a mantle burner.

"Madam," I said finally, when I saw she had about completed her weeping, "you may be right. You know your own affairs—and your necessities. She is your own child. Suppose we do this—suppose we wait and see, a little longer, about the doctor."

"You understand, don't you?" she asked, catching me by the sleeve. "But no, you can't, either! I'm not inhuman. I'm not an inhuman mother, sir, but I'm a desperate one. I'm a desperate woman in a desperate situation, and the least thing more now would destroy us."

"It is not necessary, madam," I said, "to explain. I'll take your word for it."

The girl had opened her eyes now and lay staring at us. "She's done that before," her mother explained to me. "When you were outside."

"I see. All right," I said. "And as far as I go in this matter, you must not worry—about my discretion," I told her. I thought I would reassure her. "In my business men are—or should be—graveyards full of just such matters."

She murmured something about a mother's blessing, a mother's gratitude, and tried to take my hand.

"To-morrow," she said—"or when I can—I want to see you—to explain—everything."

The girl now lay there, apparently rapidly recovering, looking at us steadily with her wide-opened eyes and then closing them calmly.

"Any time, madam," I told her mother, "that I can be of any assistance to you! But in the meanwhile," I said, "I expect we'd better count on letting matters stand as they are now—on your keeping my room for the rest of the night. And I'll venture into your rooms now and find out how much they are cleared out from gas. They should be pretty well by this time—especially with this breeze that's blowing in here now. And if so, I can go in there and stay—after—maybe you may want to go into your own room yourself."

For she not only was a somewhat ghastly revelation with her hair and smeared face but she was clothed only in her night garments and some sort of ribboned dressing gown, and with the recovery of the girl we were both becoming conscious of the fact.

I went in there and found both their chambers practically free now from the gas fumes.

And the woman—this Mrs. Fairborn, so-called—went in then and made a hasty toilet in her room.

I sat there while she was gone, slightly away from the bedside, watching that white young creature in my bed. Her eyes opened occasionally and gazed at me with the calm indifference of those folks who, at the edge of unconsciousness or death, seem interested in larger and more serene affairs.

I sat and watched that wonderful young girl, with all her life, all her extraordinary beauty, speculating, turning over in my mind the possible reasons for her act and for those words—that first singular statement on her return to life: "I had—no right—to die!"

She said nothing more, just lay there. Her mother came in again—dressed—more normal. After a few minutes more I went into her room and left her with the girl.

About dawn we helped her back into her own bed.

"Judge," said the mother in parting, "never, sir, can I forget what you did for us last night. You have put us under an obligation, sir, which is more than we can ever repay. Aside from saving my daughter's life, you have saved us—even more! More than you can ever know—not being a mother or a woman, sir. We were more than fortunate in having come to our rescue not only a hero, sir, but a gentleman and a man of discretion."

"About my qualities as a hero, ma'am, I have my doubts," I said, "but I am certain sure that you can count on my discretion. And if there is any other way in which I can serve you in your affairs," I told her, "I hope you will command me."

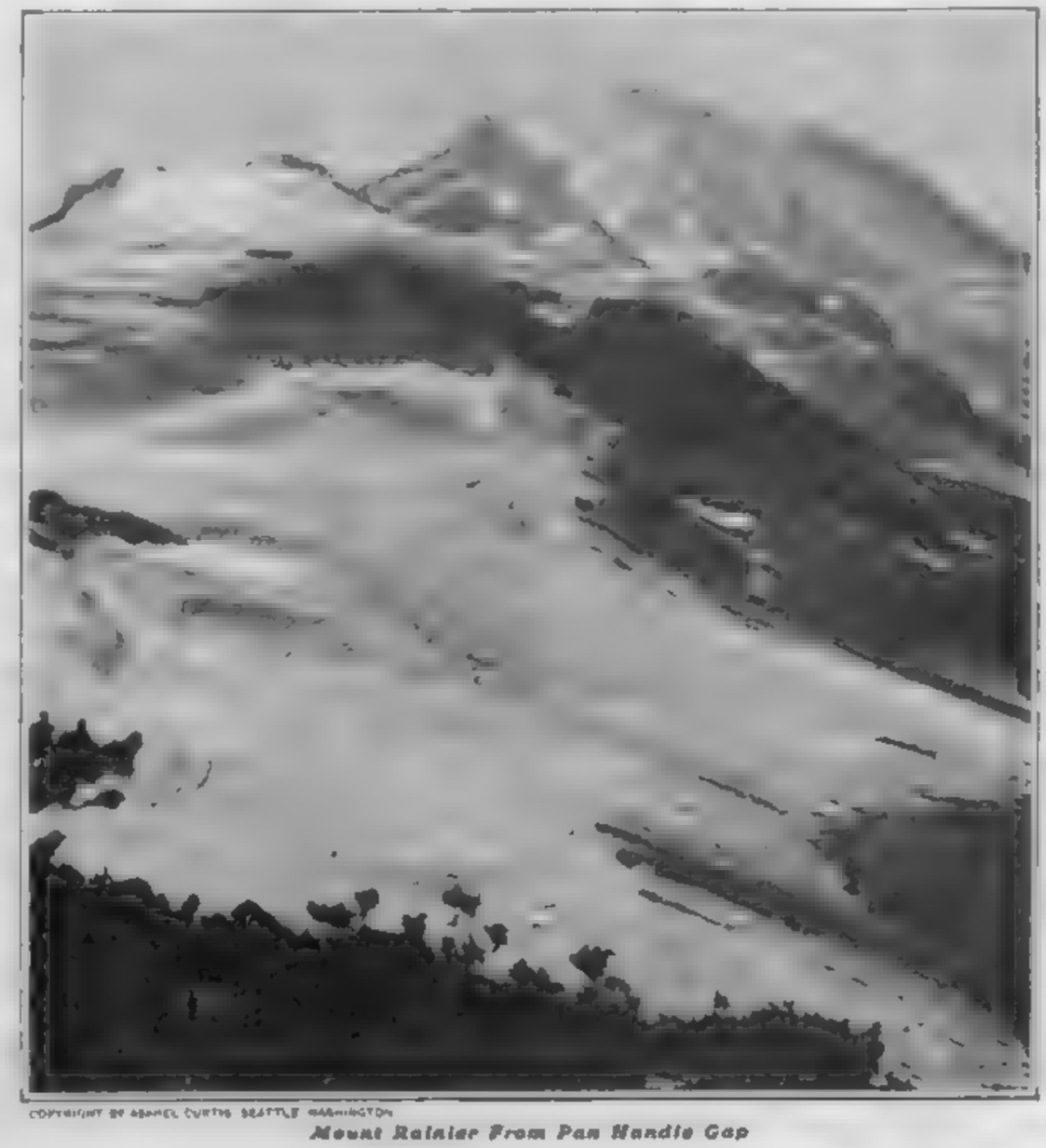
"Bless you for that too," said the woman—the natural normal effusiveness of the Scarlet Cockatoo returning with a return of hope and vigor. "A mother's blessing will follow you forever, sir, and I shall take advantage of what you now say and see you in your office not later, I hope, than to-morrow—or to-day, I should say, sir." For the light of another morning was now already well come.

Her restless, nervous manner had returned to her with a return to taking up again the fixed and pressing burdens of life. Her face showed drawn and haggard in the light of a new dawn—the face, it occurred to me, of a small animal, too weak for the forces round it, which must make up, day and night, by nervous alertness and vigilance and excitement, what it lacks in strength—until in some mistake, maybe, it darts finally of its own motion to its own destruction—into danger, out of life.

The girl was immediately lost in a deep and peaceful sleep in the bed where we had lain her. I was soon in my own room, in a rest as entire and profound.

Of all of us three, in five minutes from the time I had left them, only the mother, I believe, was awake watching with strained eyes and painted face the sleeping girl upon the great old-time black-walnut bed.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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10 years of leadership in piston ring engineering

what it means to car owners

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Small-Town Stuff

By ROBERT QUILLEN

Uplift

WHEN a male person with long hair and a reassuring smile appears on the stage and in a tone of voice that is sticky and eager and soothing begins as follows: "My dear friends—I trust you will pardon me for calling you friends—I like to feel that my audiences are bound to me by a psychic bond of fellowship—I bring you this evening a message of cheer. I make no appeal to the commonplace or the sordid. My message is one of uplift—an appeal to your finer self—an effort to broaden your horizons and give you a vista of the wider spaces. Now let us all purge our minds of dross and concentrate on thoughts of the heights. And let us smile. Everybody, please. That is nice"—when the long-haired person begins that way, as he usually does, the regular men who sit in the audience squirm in their seats and look down their noses. They feel ashamed, and they wish to get away from there. They feel ashamed because a he person, very like themselves in other particulars, has elected to get a living by talking puerile rot, and because this fallen he, by word and manner, gives evidence of his conviction that they are sufficiently idiotic to enjoy it.

Every normal person wishes to grow. He wishes to develop a stronger body, to acquire more wisdom, to collect more facts, to make a better impression on his fellows. But he does not wish to abase himself in the process. He does not wish to shout the record of his imperfections from the housetops, nor does he wish to offer himself as a target for every simpering lack-wit who feels competent to lift the world to the heights inhabited by his faultless self.

If one would learn navigation he sits at the feet of a seafaring man who has handled ships. He does not seek instruction from an elderly spinster who paints sailing vessels on china cups. A trustworthy guide is one who has been over the trails, not one who sits among perfumed pillows and dreams of becoming a bold woodsman.

When one man conquers a state or invents a wonderful device or paints a marvelous picture, and yet walks serenely among his fellows, without pose or evidence of a swollen ego, other men who have achieved less look upon him and exclaim, "How did he get that way?" If he is generous and offers a word of advice or caution, they accept it eagerly and make diligent effort to fit it to their own needs. There is profit in the speech of one whose works have demonstrated his possession of superior abilities.

Unfortunately for seekers of knowledge, accomplishment is a continuous performance. The leading characters in the drama are needed in the cast. They are so busy doing something worth while that they cannot find time to instruct others in the art. The great statesman does not give correspondence lessons in elocution.

The greater part of the world's talking is done by people who are not good for anything else. A man may be too lazy and worthless to get a living at the job of counting money on halves, but he will sit on a goods box in the sunshine and expound homemade theories designed to pay off the national debt. He may not possess sufficient sense to teach his children the rudiments of good behavior and good manners, but he does not hesitate to advance and defend his opinion concerning the science of government. The chronic talkers feel competent to handle any task save the one that lies waiting at their door, and the greater their ignorance the greater their sense of infallibility. Will a frog squat at the side of a pool and give instructions in flying?

The uplifters and the prophets of the new order like to feel that they are martyrs to a cause, patiently and sweetly doing battle against the indifference of a callous world. The truth of the matter is that the world ignores them because it considers them simpletons. Long ago the world learned that results are got by doing, not by making pretty phrases. The hodcarrier may sit on a mortar box and think in terms of uplift until the end of time, and yet not lift a brick to the second story. A division superintendent may sit up all night to think sweet thoughts, and yet not untangle a congestion of loaded freight cars. And one may contemplate the broader life and the higher spheres until his wits are frazzled at both ends, and yet fail to protect the guileless from the shrewd.

He who is wise will get knowledge. Knowledge will make him a more competent servant and bring him a reward. In quest of knowledge he will turn to the world's workers and thinkers, and in their accomplishment find inspiration and instruction sufficient for his needs. The uplift of example will in time glorify the race of man. And when the world is at last made perfect it will be found that pretty talk played an exceedingly small part in the transformation.

Taxes

OUR town now has two banks and three churches, and a desirable lot for a residence or a business house cannot be bought for less than a thousand dollars, but a long time ago, when the town was no more than a wide place in the road, lots sold by the acre and were valued but little higher than adjoining lands planted to field crops.

Among those who lived in the village during its infancy were a few who dreamed that it would become a town. These invested their savings in lots. They were industrious and thrifty folk, and as the growth of the town afforded larger opportunity, they prospered and increased their holdings.

A thrifty man will water and prune and fertilize a tree he has planted. Those who had their money invested in lots were patriotic by reason of selfishness. To insure a profit on their investments, they contributed of their earnings to build schools and churches, to plant trees and to build walks; and in the effort to make money they made a town. Except for their faith and their energy, the town would now be no larger than it was in the beginning.

These town builders have sold the greater part of their property and got the money to live in comfort. The lots they hold are kept for their children or their grandchildren.

The present generation of young business men has little sympathy with the past. It is annoyed by the sight of vacant lots, for it would have a town become a city—not in a generation but in a day. And as it looks upon the vacant lots that appear to stand in the way of its dream it says: "These old men who cling to their idle property, waiting year after year for higher and higher prices, are stumblingblocks in the way of progress. The town has grown up about them and made them rich, and it should get some benefit in exchange for the service it has rendered. It should tax these vacant lots heavily and force them on the market."

This feeling of resentment is not shared by all the younger men. Some of them are investing their savings in lots in the hope of reaping a harvest when the town becomes a city, and these feel that vacant lots should bear no more than a fair share of the tax burden.

Many men have many theories concerning the levying of taxes, but the theories have one point in common: They agree that justice consists in taxing the other fellow.

One who would make money must learn to render a service for which the public is willing to pay or get possession of a commodity for which the public is willing to grant him a profit. In either case his wit deserves a reward.

If one buys a lot or learns the art of surgery or builds a railroad, and a demand for these things justifies his wisdom, it is not just that the public should say to him: "It is not your superior sagacity that gives value to this service or commodity, but rather our desire for it. Since the value is fixed by our desire, our interest is greater than yours. We cannot permit you to get a reward at our expense, for we are a majority."

When civilization decides to make foresight a crime and to provide a penalty for enterprise, there will be no progress, but only a common level of worthlessness. It is the desire to win races that breeds fast horses.

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GOVERNMENT BY CHARTER

(Continued from Page 17)

With the British South Africa Company it was a far different and infinitely more difficult performance to translate the license to operate into action. Matabeleland and Mashonaland were wild regions where warlike tribes roamed or fought at will. There were no roads. The only aliens who had ventured there were hunters, traders and concession seekers. Occupation preceded exploitation. A white man's civilization had to be set up first. Hence the rifle and the hoe went in together.

In June, 1890, the Pioneer Column entered. Heading it were two men who left an impress upon African romance. One was Doctor Jameson, hero of the raid and Rhodes' most intimate friend. The first time I met him I marveled that this slight, bald, mild little man should have been the central figure in so many heroic exploits. The other was the famous hunter, F. C. Selous, who was Roosevelt's companion in British East Africa. Under them were less than two hundred white men, including Captain Heany, an American, who now invaded a country where Lobengula had an army of twenty thousand trained fighters, organized into impis—regiments—after the Zulu fashion, and in every respect a formidable force. Although the old chief had granted the concession, no one trusted him, and Jameson and Selous had to feel their way, sleep under arms every night and build highways as they went.

Upon Lobengula's suggestion it was decided to occupy Mashonaland first. This was achieved without any trouble, and the British flag was raised on what is now the site of Salisbury, the capital of Southern Rhodesia. Most of the members of the expedition remained as settlers, and farms sprang up on the veldt. The company had to organize a police force to patrol the land and keep off predatory natives. But this was purely incidental to the larger troubles that now crowded thick and fast. In the south the Boers launched an expedition to occupy Matabeleland by force, and it had to be headed off. To the east rose friction with the Portuguese, and a Rhodesian force was compelled to occupy part of Portuguese East Africa until the boundary line was adjusted.

Three Years of Peace

In 1893 came the first of the events that made Rhodesia a storm center. A Matabele regiment raided the new town of Victoria and killed some of the company's native servants. The Matabeles then went on the warpath, and Doctor Jameson took the field against them. For five weeks a bitter struggle raged. It ended with the defeat and disappearance of Lobengula and the occupation of Bulawayo by the company forces. This brought the whole of Matabeleland under the direct authority of the British South Africa interests. The campaign cost the company five hundred thousand dollars.

Three years of peace and progress followed. Railway construction started in two directions. One line was headed from the south through Bechuanaland toward Bulawayo, and the other from Beira, the Indian Ocean port in Portuguese East Africa, westward toward Salisbury. Gold mines were opened and farms extended. At the end of 1895 came the Jameson raid. Practically the entire force under the many-sided doctor was recruited from the Rhodesian police, and they were all captured by the Boers. Rhodesia was left defenseless.

The Matabeles seized this moment to strike again. Ever since the defeat of 1893 they had been restless and discontented. Various other causes contributed to the uprising. One is peculiarly typical of the African savage. An outbreak of rinderpest, a disease hitherto unknown in Southern Africa, came down from the north and ravaged the cattle herds. In order to check the advance of the pest the government established a clear belt by shooting all the cattle in a certain area. It was impossible for the Matabeles to understand the wisdom of this procedure. They only saw it as an outrage committed by the white men on their property, for they were extensive cattle owners. In addition, many died after eating infected meat, and they held the settlers responsible for it. The net result of it all was a sudden descent upon the white settlements, and scores of white men, women and children were slaughtered.

Lord Plumer's Exploits

This time the operations against them were on a large scale. The present Lord Plumer, who commanded the Second British Army in France against the Germans—he was then a lieutenant colonel—came up with eight hundred soldiers and drove the Matabeles into the fastnesses of the Matoppos, a range of hills fifty miles long and more than twenty wide. Here the savages hid in caves and could not be driven out.

You now reach one of the remarkable feats in the life of Cecil Rhodes. The moment that the second Matabele war began he hastened northward to the country that bore his name. As soon as the Matabeles took refuge in the Matoppos he boldly went out to parley with them. With three unarmed companions, one of them an interpreter, he set up a camp in the wilds and sent emissaries to the syndicate of chiefs who had succeeded Lobengula. He had become Premier of the Cape Colony, was head of the great De Beers Diamond Syndicate and had other immense interests. He was also managing director of the British South Africa Company, the biggest stockholder, and he determined to protect his interests and at the same time preserve the integrity of the country that he loved so well. He exposed himself every night to raids by the most bloodthirsty savages in all Africa. Plumer's command was camped nearly five miles away, but Rhodes refused a guard.

Rhodes waited patiently, and his perseverance was eventually rewarded. One by one the chiefs came down from the hills and succumbed to the persuasiveness and personality of this remarkable man, who could deal with wild and naked warriors as successfully as he could dictate to a group of hard-headed business men. After two months of negotiating, the Matabeles were appeased, and permanent peace, so far as the natives were concerned, dawned in Rhodesia. After his feat in the Matoppos, the Matabeles called Rhodes the Man Who Separated the Fighting Bulls. It was during this period in Rhodesia that Rhodes discovered the place which he called the View of the World, and where his remains now lie in lonely grandeur.

At Groote Schuur, the Rhodes house near Capetown, which he left as the permanent residence of the Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa, I saw a prized souvenir of the Matoppos conferences with the Matabeles. On the wall in Rhodes' bedroom hangs the faded picture of an old and shriveled Matabele woman.

When I asked General Smuts to tell me who she was he replied: "That is the woman who acted as the chief negotiator between Rhodes and the rebels."

I afterwards found out that she was one of the wives of Umziligazi, father of Lobengula and a noted Zulu chieftain. Rhodes never forgot the service she rendered him, and caused the photograph of her to be taken.

Following the last Matabele insurrection, the imperial government, which is represented in Rhodesia by a resident commissioner, assumed control of the natives. The Crown was possibly guided by the precedent of Natal, where a premature responsible government was followed by two Zulu wars which well-nigh wrecked the province. It has become the policy of the home government not to permit a relatively small white population to rule the natives. Whatever the influence, Rhodesia has had no trouble with the natives since Rhodes made the peace up in the hills of the Matoppos.

A Bloodless War of Words

The moment that the war of force ended another and bloodless war of words began, and it has continued ever since. I mean the fight for self-government that the settlers have waged against the chartered company. This brings us to a contest that contributes a significant and little-known chapter to the whole narrative of self-determination.

Clearly to understand this situation you must know that through its charter the British South Africa Company was able to fasten a copper-riveted rule on Rhodesia. Most of the directors in London, with the exception of men like Doctor Jameson, knew very little about the country. There was no resident director in Africa, and the members of the board only came out just before the elections.

The administrator was always a company man, and until 1899 his administrative associates in the field were the members of an executive council nominated by the company. Meanwhile thousands of men had invested their fortunes in the land, and the inevitable time came when they believed that they should have a voice in the conduct of its affairs.

This sentiment became so widespread that in 1899 the country was given a legislative council, which for the first time enabled the Rhodesians to elect some of their own people to office. At first they were allowed only three members, while the company nominated six others. This, of course, always gave the chartered interests a majority. Subsequently, as the clamor for popular representation grew, the number of elected representatives was increased to thirteen, while those nominated by charter remained the same. To get a majority under the new deal it was only necessary for the company to get the support of four elected members, and on account of its relatively vast commercial interests it was usually easy to do this.

It would be difficult to find an exact parallel to this situation. In America we have had many conflicts with what our campaign orators call special privilege, an institution which thrived before the searchlight of publicity was turned on corporate control. These contests were sometimes decided at the polls, with varying degrees of success.

The Results of the Fight

All the while the feeling in Rhodesia grew. A strong group which opposed the chartered régime sprang up. At the beginning of the struggle the line was sharply drawn between the charter adherents on one side and unorganized opponents on the other. By 1914 the issue was sharply defined. The first twenty-five years of the charter were about to end, and the insurgents realized that it was an opportune moment for a show of strength. The opposition had three plans. Some advocated the conversion of Rhodesia into a crown colony, others strongly urged admission to the Union of South Africa, while still another wing stood for responsible government. It was decided to unite on a common platform of responsible government.

For the first time the company realized that it had a fight on its hands, and Doctor Jameson, who had become president of the corporation, went out to Rhodesia and made speeches urging loyalty to the charter. His appearance stirred the memories of the pioneer days, and almost without exception the old guard rallied round him. A red-hot campaign ensued, with the result that the whole procharter ticket, with one exception, was elected, although the antis polled forty-five per cent of the total vote.

Out of this defeat, however, came a partial victory for the progressives. The imperial government saw the handwriting on the wall and, acting within its powers, which permitted an administrative change in the charter at the end of every ten years, granted a supplemental charter which provided that the legislative council could by an absolute majority of all its members pass a resolution "praying the Crown to establish in Southern Rhodesia the form of government known as responsible government," provided that it could financially support this procedure. It gave the insurgents fresh hope, and it made the company realize that sooner or later its authority must end.

Then the Great War broke. Every available man that could possibly be spared went to the Front, and the life of the council was extended until 1920, when a conclusive election was to be held. Meanwhile the company, realizing that it must sooner or

(Continued on Page 95)

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The British South Africa Company's Premier Estate Near Old Umtali

The picture that made millions wonder Eveready awards $10,000 in cash prizes

HUNDREDS of thousands of answers were received to the Eveready Contest Problem, "What Does The Letter Say?" The picture was displayed during June and July, 1920, in Eveready Dealers' stores throughout the United States and Canada. Eveready now announces the names of the 104 Prize-Winners.

Limited space does not permit of printing all of the winning answers. The replies which the judges have selected for first, second and third prizes are printed herewith, as well as the names of all prize-winning contestants.

The Editors of *Life* judged the answers and, from thousands of interesting solutions, selected those submitted by the following winners as showing the greatest excellence.

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Danger lurks where darkness lies
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SECOND PRIZE $1000.00
WON BY BERNICE V. BROWN, *Cambridge, Mass.*
Second Prize-Winning Answer:
Death has a thousand doors
which a Daylo shuts and locks.

THIRD PRIZE $500.00
WON BY S. L. WRIGHT, SR., *New Albany, Ind.*
Third Prize-Winning Answer.
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then our widows won't need indemnities.

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C. F. Stoddard, Washington, D. C.
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A13-M

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(Continued from Page 91)

later bow to the people's will, got busy with an attempt to realize on its assets. Chief among them were the millions of acres of so-called unalienated, or Crown, land in Southern Rhodesia. The Chartered Company claimed this land as a private asset. The settlers alleged that it belonged to them. The government said it was an imperial possession. The Privy Council in London upheld the latter contention. Thereupon the company filed a claim for thirty-five million dollars against the government to cover the value of this land and its losses throughout the years of administration.

Yielding to public pressure, the legislative council in 1919 asked the British government to declare itself on the question of replacing the charter with some form of government suited to the needs of the country. Lord Milner, the Colonial Secretary, answered in what came to be known as the Milner Dispatch. In it he said that he did not believe the territory, "in its present stage of development, is equal to the financial burden of responsible government." He mildly suggested representative government under the Crown.

The general expectation throughout Rhodesia was that no election would be held until a government commission then and still sitting had inquired into the validity of the company's immense claim for damages. Early last March, however, the legislative council gave notice that the election was set for April thirtieth. It proved to be the most exciting ever held in Rhodesia. The Chartered Company made no fight. The contest was really waged between the two wings of the anticharter crowd. One favored responsible government and the other admission to the Union of South Africa.

The arguments for responsible government briefly were these: That under the supplemental charter it was the only constitutional change possible; that the financial burden was not too heavy; that the native question was no bar; that the imperial government would never saddle the country with the huge debt of the company; that under union a hateful bilingualism would be introduced; that taxation would not be excessive, and that, finally, the right of self-determination as to government was the birthright of British people.

The Fight for Union

The adherents of the Union contended that the original idea of Cecil Rhodes was to make Rhodesia a part of the Union of South Africa; that by this procedure the vexing problem of customs with the Union would be solved; that the system of self-government in South Africa meets every requirement of self-determination. Moreover, the point was made that by becoming a part of the Union the whole railway question would be settled. At present the Rhodesian railways have three ends—one in South Africa at Vryburg, another on the Belgian border and a third at the sea at Beira. It was claimed that through the union Rhodesia would benefit by becoming a part of the nationalized railway system there and get the advantage of a British port at the Cape instead of Beira, which is Portuguese. In other words, the union meant stability of credit, politics, finance and industry.

The outcome of the election was that twelve responsible-government candidates, one of them a woman, were elected. Women voted for the first time in Rhodesia, and they solidly opposed the union with South Africa. The thirteenth member elected stood for the conversion of the country into a Crown colony under representative government. Throughout the campaign the Chartered Company remained neutral, although it was obviously opposed to responsible government. The feeling throughout Rhodesia is that it favors the union because it could dispose of its assets to better advantage.

I arrived in Rhodesia immediately after this election. The country still sizzled with excitement. Curiously enough, the head, brains and front of the fight for union with South Africa was a former American, now a British subject, who has been a ranchman in Rhodesia for some years. He prefers to be nameless.

In the light of the landslide at the polls it naturally followed that the new legislative council at its first meeting passed a resolution declaring for responsible government. The vote was twelve to five. Since this was not a sufficient majority, as required by the supplementary charter, it is expected that the imperial government will decide against granting this form of government just now. The next procedure will probably be a request for representative government under the Crown, or some modification of the charter, and for an imperial loan. Rhodesia has no borrowing powers, and the country needs money just as much as it needs men. The adherents of union claim that on a straight show-down between Crown colony or union at the next election union will win. From what I gathered in conversation with the leaders of both factions, there would have been a bigger vote, possibly victory for union, but for the nationalist movement in South Africa, which I described in a previous article. The Rhodesians want no racial entanglements.

Northern Rhodesia, I might add, has had no part in the fight against the charter. It is only a question of time, however, when she will be merged into Southern Rhodesia, for with the passing of the company her destiny becomes identical with that of her sister territory. Northern Rhodesia's chief complaint against the company was that it did not spend any money within her borders. After reading the story of the crusade for responsible government you can understand the reason why.

Loyal Colonials

In any event, one thing is certain: Charter rule in Rhodesia is doomed, and the great company, born of the vision and imperialism of Cecil Rhodes, which battled with the wild man in the wilderness, will eventually vanish from the category of corporations. But Rhodesia remains a thriving part of the British Empire and the dream of the founder is realized.

Rhodesia produces much more than trouble for the Chartered Company. She is preëminently a land of ranches and farms. Here you get still another parallel with the United States, because it is no uncommon thing to find a farm of fifty thousand acres or more.

I doubt if any other new region in the world contains a finer or sturdier manhood than Rhodesia. Like the land itself, it is a stronghold of youth. Likewise, no other colony, and for that matter no other matured country, exercises such a rigid censorship upon settlers. Until the high cost of living disorganized all economic standards no one could establish himself in Rhodesia without a minimum capital of one thousand pounds. So far as farming is concerned this is now increased to two thousand pounds. Therefore you do not see the signs of failure which so often dot the unspoiled landscape. Knowing this you can understand why the immigration inspector gives the incoming travelers a rigid cross-examination at the frontier.

Also, it is Simon-pure British. It is more like Natal, perhaps, than any other territory under the Union Jack. I had a convincing demonstration in a personal experience. I made a speech at the Bulawayo Club. The notice was short, but I was surprised to find more than a hundred men assembled after dinner, many in evening clothes. Some had traveled all day on horseback or in buckboards to get there; others had come hundreds of miles by motor car.

I never addressed a more responsive audience. What impressed me was the kindling spirit of affection they manifested for the mother country. In conversation with many of them afterward it was interesting to hear the sons of settlers referring to the England that they had never seen as home.

That night I realized as never before one reason why the British Empire is great, and why, despite all muddling, it carries on. It lies in this feeling of imperial kinship far out at the frontiers of civilization. The colonial is often a more devoted loyalist than the man at home.

Wherever I went I found the Rhodesian farmer—and he constitutes the bulk of the white population—essentially modern in his methods. He reminded me more of the Kansas farmer than any other alien agriculturist that I have met. He uses tractors and does things in a big way. There is a trail of gasoline all over the country. Motorcycles, for example, have become an ordinary means of transport for district officials and engineers, who fly about over native paths that are often the merest tracks. You find these machines in the remotest regions. The light motor car is also beginning to be looked upon as a necessary part of the outfit of the farmer.

There was a time when the average Rhodesian believed that gold was the salvation of the country. Repeated booms and the inevitable losses have brought the people to agree with the opinion of one of the pioneers that the true wealth of the country lies in the top twelve inches of the soil. Agriculture is surpassing mining as the principal industry.

The staple agricultural product is maize, which is corn in the American phraseology. Until a few years ago the bulk of it was consumed at home. Recently, however, on account of the farm expansion, there is an increasing surplus for export to the Union of South Africa, the Belgian Congo and even to Europe.

The facts about maize are worth considering. Every year several hundred million bags, each weighing two hundred pounds, are consumed throughout the world. Heretofore the principal sources of supply have been the Argentine and the United States. We have come to the time, however, when we absorb practically our whole crop. Formerly we exported about ten million bags. There is no decrease in corn consumption, despite prohibition. Hence Rhodesia is bound to loom large in the situation. Last year she produced more than a million bags. Maize is a crop that revels in sunshine, and in Rhodesia the sun shines brilliantly throughout the year practically without variation.

Other important crops are tobacco, beans, peanuts—which are invariably called monkey nuts in that part of the universe—wheat and oranges. Under irrigation citrus fruits, oats and barley do well.

Cattle are a bulwark of Rhodesian prosperity. The immense pasturage areas are reminiscent of Texas and Montana. For a hundred years before the white settlers came the Matabeles and the Mashonas raised livestock. The natives still own about seven hundred thousand head, nearly as many as the whites. I was interested to find that the British South Africa Company has imported a number of Texas ranchmen to act as cattle experts and advise the ranchers generally. This is due to a desire to begin a competition with the Argentine and the United States in chilled and frozen meats. One of the greatest British manufacturers of beef extracts owns half a dozen ranches in Rhodesia, and it is not unlikely that American meat men will follow. Mr. J. Ogden Armour is said to be keenly interested in the country, with the view to expanding the resources of the Chicago packers. This is one result of the World War, which has caused the producer of food everywhere to bestir himself and insure future supplies.

No Labor Problem

In connection with Rhodesian farming and cattle raising is a situation well worthy of emphasis. There is no labor problem. You find, for example, that miracle of miracles which is embodied in a native at work. It is in sharp contrast with South Africa and the Congo, where, with millions of colored people, it is almost impossible to get help. The Rhodesian black still remains outside the leisure class. Whether it is due to his fear of the whites or otherwise, he is an active member of the productive order.

The native will work for the white man, but, save to raise enough maize for himself, he will not become an agriculturist. I heard a typical story about Lewaniki, chief of the Barotses, who once ruled a large part of what is now Northern Rhodesia. Someone asked him to get his people to raise cotton. His answer was: "What is the use? They cannot eat it."

In Africa the native's world never extends beyond his stomach. I was soon to find costly evidence of this in the Congo.

The African native is quite a character. He is not only a born actor but has a quaint humor. In the center of the main street at Bulawayo is a bronze statue of Cecil Rhodes, bareheaded, and with his face turned toward the north. Just as soon as it was unveiled the Matabeles expressed considerable astonishment over it. They could not understand why the figure never moved. Shortly afterward a great drought came. A native chief went to see the resident commissioner and solemnly told him that he was quite certain that there would be no rain until they put a hat on Mr. Rhodes' head.

The Lewaniki anecdote reminds me of an admirable epigram that was produced in Rhodesia. Out there food is commonly known as skoff, just as chop is the equivalent in the Congo. A former resident commissioner, noted for the keenness of his wit, once asked a traveling missionary to dine with him. After the meal the guest insisted upon holding a religious service at the table.

In speaking of the performance the commissioner said, "My guest came to skoff and remained to pray."

Whenever you visit a new land you almost invariably discover mental alertness and progressiveness that often put the older civilizations to shame. Let me illustrate. Go to England or France to-day and you touch the really tragic aftermath of the war. You see thousands of demobilized officers and men vainly searching for work. Many are reduced to the extremity of begging. It has become an acute and poignant problem that is not without its echo over here.

Constructive Paternalism

Rhodesia, through the British South Africa Company, is doing its bit toward solution. It has set aside five hundred thousand acres which are being allotted free of charge to approved soldier and sailor settlers from overseas. Not only are they being given the land but they are provided with expert advice and supervision. The former service men who are unable to borrow capital with which to exploit the land are merged into a scheme by which they serve an apprenticeship for pay on the established farms and ranches until they are able to shift for themselves.

The Chartered Company, despite its political machine, has developed Rhodesia on its own, and in rather striking fashion. It operates dairies, gold mines, citrus estates, nurseries, ranches, tobacco warehouses, abattoirs, cold-storage plants, and dams which insure adequate water supply in various sections. It is a profitable example of constructive paternalism, whose results will be increasingly evident long after the famous charter has passed into history.

No phase of the company's activities is more important than its construction of the Rhodesian railways. They represent a double-barreled private ownership in that they were built and are operated by the company. There are nearly twenty-five hundred miles of track. One section of the system begins down at Vryburg, in Bechuanaland, where it connects with the South African Railways, and extends straight northward through Bulawayo and Victoria Falls to the Congo border. The other starts at Beira, on the Indian Ocean, and runs west through Salisbury, the capital, to Bulawayo.

These railways have a somewhat remarkable statistical distinction in that there is one mile of track for every thirteen white inhabitants. No other system in the world can duplicate it. The Union of South Africa comes nearest, with one hundred and forty-three white inhabitants a mile, or just eleven times as many. Canada has two hundred twenty-seven, Australia two hundred forty-seven, the United States and New Zealand four hundred each, while the United Kingdom has more than two hundred inhabitants for every mile of line.

Rhodesia is highly mineralized. Coal occurs in three areas, and one of them, Wankie a vast field is extensively operated. Gold is found over the greater part of the country. Here you not only touch an American interest but you enter upon the region that Rider Haggard introduced to readers as the setting of some of his most famous romances. We will deal with the practical side first.

Rhodes had great hopes of Rhodesia as a gold-producing country. He wanted the economic value of the country to rank with the political Thousands of years ago the natives dug mines, and many of these ancient workings are still to be seen. They never exceed forty or fifty feet in depth. Many leading authorities claimed that the South Arabians of the Kingdom of Saba, often referred to in the Bible, were the pioneers in the Rhodesian gold fields, and sold the output to the Phenicians. Others contended that the Phenicians themselves delved here. Until recently it was also maintained by some scientists and biblical scholars that modern Southern Rhodesia was the famed land of Ophir, whence came the gold and precious stones that decked the persons and palaces of Solomon and David. This, however, has been disproved,

(Concluded on Page 99)

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The Eden driving mechanism is fully and safely enclosed and is packed in solid grease, which does away with all messy oiling

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The Eden washes the dirt out of clothes instead of through them —

The ideal way of washing delicate things is the way the Eden washes everything

"I couldn't believe there was so much dirt in my clothes."

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This exclusive feature is a depression at the bottom of the tub in which quiet water traps all dust and dirt as it is flushed out of the clothes by the gentle Eden dip. The Eden is the only washer with this essential feature, and that is why things washed by the Eden are cleaner and more sanitary than when washed by methods which permit dirt to remain in the water and on the clothes.

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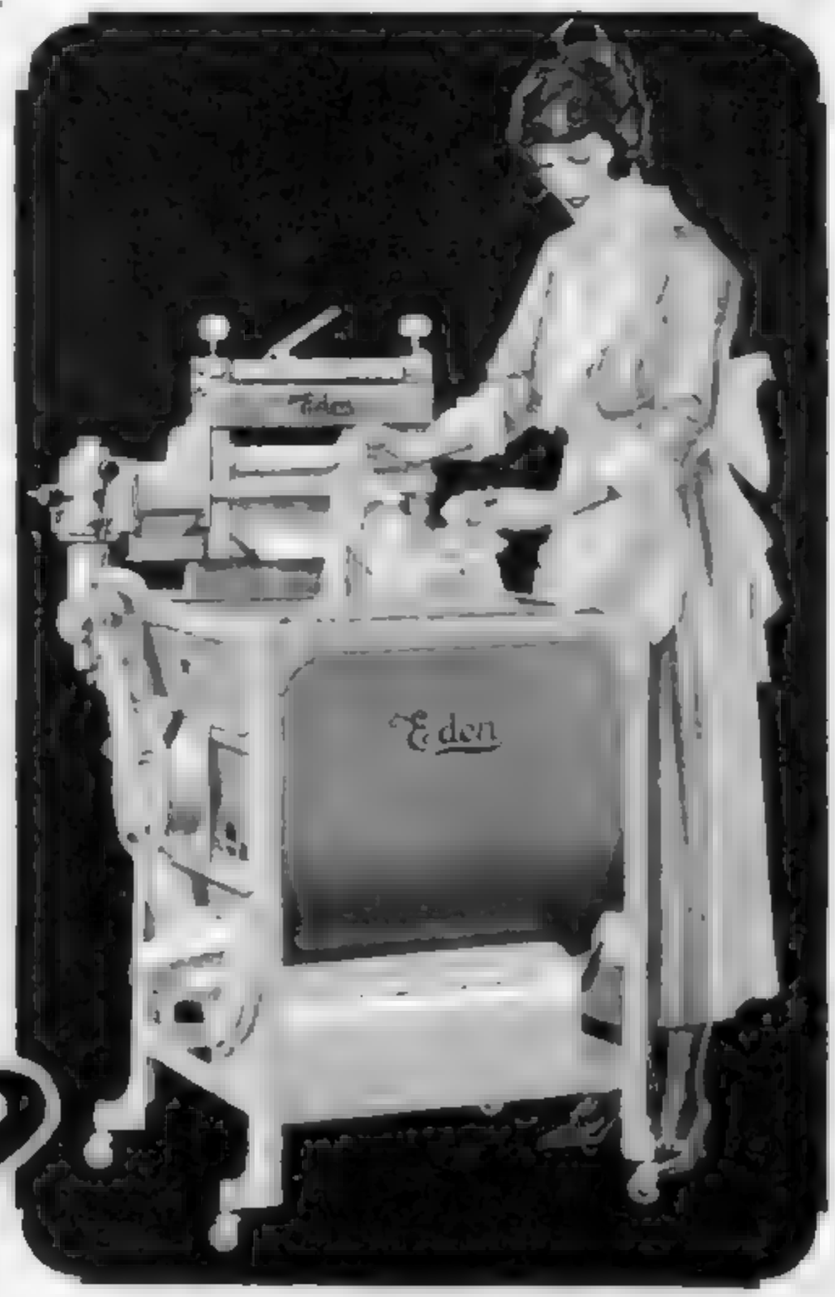

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Snow and rain, cold and heat—all the elements are given a chance to show their power of destruction on sheets of "Armco" Ingot Iron and other metals.

When the metal sheets have been there for months, the chemists and metallurgists examine sections under a powerful microscope. To an outsider, the difference in effect on "Armco" Ingot Iron and other irons would be a revelation.

The survival of "Armco" Ingot Iron is due to its purity. Foreign matter that invites rust has been eliminated during the special process of manufacture.

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and Ophir is still the butt of archeological dispute. It has been located in Arabia, Spain, Peru, India and Southeast Africa.

Rhodes knew all about the old diggings, so he engaged John Hays Hammond, the American mining engineer, to accompany him on a trip through Rhodesia in 1894 and make an investigation of the workings. His report stated that the rock mines were undoubtedly ancient; that the greatest skill in mining had been displayed; and that scores of millions of dollars' worth of the precious metal had been extracted. It also proved that practically all this treasure had been exported from the country, for no visible traces remain. This substantiates the theory that perhaps it did go to the Phenicians or to a potentate like King Solomon. Hammond, by the way, wrote the mining laws of Rhodesia, which are an adaptation of the American code.

The Rhodesian gold mines, which are operated by the Chartered Company and by individuals, have never fully realized their promise.

One reason, so men like Hammond tell me, is that they are overcapitalized and are small and scattered. Despite this handicap the country has produced £45,227,791 of gold since 1890. The output in 1919 was worth £2,500,000. In 1915 it was nearly £4,000,000.

Small diamonds in varying quantities have also been found in Rhodesia. In exchange for having subscribed heavily to the first issue of British South Africa Company stock, the De Beers Company, which Rhodes formed, received a monopoly on the diamond output, and with it the assurance of a rigid enforcement of the so-called Illicit Diamond Buying Act. This law, more commonly know as "I. D. B.," which has figured in many South African novels, provided drastic punishment for dishonest dealing in the stones. More than one South African millionaire owed the beginnings of his fortune to evasion of this law.

Just about the time that Rhodes made the Rhodesian diamond deal a prospector came to him and said: "If I bring you a handful of rough diamonds, what will I get?"

"Fifteen years," was the ready retort. He was never at a loss for an answer.

Rider Haggard's Africa

We can now turn to the really romantic side of the Rhodesian mineral deposits. One of the favorite pilgrimages of the tourist is to the Zimbabwe ruins, located about seventeen miles from Victoria in Southern Rhodesia. They are the remains of an ancient city, and must at various times have been the home of large populations. There seems little doubt that Zimbabwe was the work of a prehistoric and long-forgotten people.

Over it hangs a mantle of mystery which the fictionist has employed to full and at times thrilling advantage. In this vicinity were the King Solomon's Mines that Rider Haggard wrote about in what is perhaps his most popular book. Here came Allan Quatermain in pursuit of love and treasure. The big hill at Zimbabwe provided the residence of She, the lovely and disappearing lady who had to be obeyed. The ruins in the valley are supposed to be those of the Dead City in the same romance. The interesting feature of all this is that She and King Solomon's Mines were written in the early eighties, when comparatively nothing was known of the country. Yet Rider Haggard, with that instinct which sometimes guides the romancer, wrote fairly accurate descriptions of the country long before he had ever heard of its actual existence. Thus imagination preceded reality.

The imaginative miracles disclosed in the Haggard books are surpassed by the actual wonder represented by Victoria Falls. Everybody has heard of this stupendous spectacle in Rhodesia, but few people see it, because it is so far away. I beheld it on my way from Bulawayo to the Congo. Like the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, it baffles description.

The first white man to visit the cataract was Doctor Livingstone, who named it in honor of his queen. This was in 1855. For untold years the natives of the region had trembled at its fury. They called it Mosi-oa-tunga, which means Smoke That Sounds. When you see the falls you can readily understand why they got this name. The mist is visible ten miles away, and the terrific roar of the falling waters can be heard even farther.

The fact that the casual traveler can see Victoria Falls from the train is due entirely to the foresight and the imagination of Cecil Rhodes. He knew the publicity value that the cataract would have for Rhodesia, and he combined the utilitarian with his love of the romantic. In planning the Rhodesian railroad, therefore, he insisted that the bridge across the gorge of the Zambesi, into which the mighty waters flow after their fall, must be sufficiently near to enable the spray to wet the railway carriages.

The experts said it was impossible, but Rhodes had his way, just as Harriman's will prevailed over that of trained engineers in the construction of the bridge across Great Salt Lake.

Victoria Falls

The bridge over the Zambesi is a fit mate in audacity to the falls themselves. It is one of the highest in the world, for it rises four hundred feet above the low-water level. Its main parabolic arch is a five-hundred-foot span, while the total length is six hundred fifty feet. Although its construction was fraught with constant hazard, it cost only two lives, despite the fact that seven hundred white men and two thousand natives were constantly employed on it. In the building of the Firth of Forth Bridge, which was much less dangerous, more than fifty men were killed.

I first saw the falls in the early morning, when the brilliant African sun was turned full on this sight of sights. It was at the end of the wet season, and the flow was at maximum strength. The mist was so great that at first I could scarcely see the falls. Slowly but defiantly the foaming face broke through the veil. Niagara gives you a thrill, but this toppling avalanche awes you into absolute silence.

The Victoria Falls is exactly twice as broad and about two and a half times as high as Niagara Falls. This means that they are more than a mile in breadth and four hundred and twenty feet high. The tremendous flow has only one small outlet about one hundred yards wide. The roar and turmoil of this world of water as it crashes into the chasm sets up what is well called the Boiling Pot. From this swirling mêlée the Zambesi rushes with unbridled fury through a narrow and deep gorge extending with many windings for forty miles.

In the presence of this marvel wars, elections, economic upheavals, the high cost of living, prohibition—all "that unrest which men miscall delight"—fade into insignificance. Life itself seems a small and pitiful thing. You are face to face with a force of Nature that is titanic, terrifying and irresistible.

Up to the present time this vast power has not been harnessed up to industry, for the excellent reason that there is no industry to speak of within thousands of miles. It is, therefore, just so much "waste water."

Since we bid farewell to Cecil Rhodes in this article, after having almost continuously touched his career from the moment we reached Capetown, let us make a final measure of his human side—and he was intensely human—particularly with reference to Rhodesia, which is so inseparably associated with him. His passion for the country that bore his name exceeded his interest in any of his other undertakings. He liked the open life of the veldt, where he traveled in a sort of gypsy wagon and camped for the night wherever the mood dictated. It enabled him to gratify his fondness for riding and shooting.

He was always accompanied by a remarkable servant named Tony, a half-breed in whom the Portuguese strain predominated. Tony bought his master's clothes, paid his bills and was a court of last resort below stairs. Rhodes declared that his man could produce a satisfactory meal almost out of thin air.

Rhodes and Tony were inseparable. Upon one occasion Tony accompanied him when he was commanded by Queen Victoria to lodge at Sandringham. While there Rhodes asked Tony what time he could get breakfast, whereupon the servant replied, "Royalty does not breakfast, sir, but you can have it in the dining room at half past nine." Tony seemed to know everything.

Wherever I traveled throughout Rhodesia I found Rhodes' old associates, who affectionately referred to him as the Old Man. I was able to dig up what seemed to be some new Rhodes' stories. A few have already been related. Here is another which shows his quickness in capitalizing a situation:

In the days immediately following the first Matabele war Rhodes had more trouble with concession hunters than with the savages, the Boers or the Portuguese. Nearly every free lance in the territory produced some fake document to which Lobengula's alleged mark was affixed and offered it to Rhodes at an excessive price.

One of these gentry framed a plan by which one of the many sons of Lobengula was to return to Matabeleland, claim his royal rights and create trouble generally. The whole idea was to start an uprising and throw a wrench into the machinery of the British South Africa Company. The name of the son was N'jube, and at the time the plan was devised he held a place as messenger in the diamond fields at Kimberley. By the system of intelligence that he maintained, Rhodes learned of the frame-up, the whereabouts of the boy and, furthermore, that he was in love with a Fingu girl. These Fingus were a sort of bastard slave people. Marriage into the tribe was a despised thing, and by a native of royal blood meant the abrogation of all his claims to the succession.

Diplomatic Methods

Rhodes sent for N'jube and asked him if he wanted to marry the Fingu girl. When he replied that he did, the great man said: "Go down to the De Beers office, get fifty pounds and marry the girl. I will then give you a job for life and build you a house."

N'jube took the hint and the money and married the girl. Rhodes now sent the following telegram to the conspirator at Bulawayo:

"Your friend N'jube was divided between love and empire, but he has decided to marry the Fingu girl. It is better that he should settle down in Kimberley and be occupied in creating a family than to plot at Bulawayo to stab you in the stomach."

This ended the conspiracy, and N'jube lived happily and peacefully ever afterwards.

Rhodes was an incorrigible imperialist, as this story shows. Upon one occasion at Bulawayo he was discussing the Carnegie-library idea with his friend and associate, Sir Abe Bailey, a leading financial and political figure in the Cape Colony.

"What would you do if you had Carnegie's money?" asked Bailey.

"I wouldn't waste it on libraries," he replied. "I would seize a South American republic and annex it to the United States."

Rhodes had great admiration for America. He once said to Bailey: "The greatest thing in the world would be the union of the English-speaking people. I wouldn't mind if Washington were made the capital."

He believed implicitly in the invincibility of the Anglo-Saxon race, and he gave his life and his fortune to advance the British part of it.

For the last I have reserved the experience that will always rank first in my remembrance of Rhodesia. It was my visit to the grave of Rhodes. Most people who go to Rhodesia make this pilgrimage, for, in the well-known tourist language of Mr. Cook, like Victoria Falls, "it is one of the things to see." I was animated by a different motive. I had often read about it, and I longed to view the spot that so eloquently symbolized the vision and the imagination of the man I admired.

The Resting Place of Cecil Rhodes

The grave is about twenty-eight miles from Bulawayo, in the heart of the Matoppo Hills. You follow the road along which the body was carried nearly nineteen years ago. You see the native hut where Rhodes often lived and in which the remains rested for the night on the final journey. You pass from the green lowlands to the bare frontiers of the rocky domain where the Matabeles fled after the second war and where the Father of Rhodesia held his historic parleys with them.

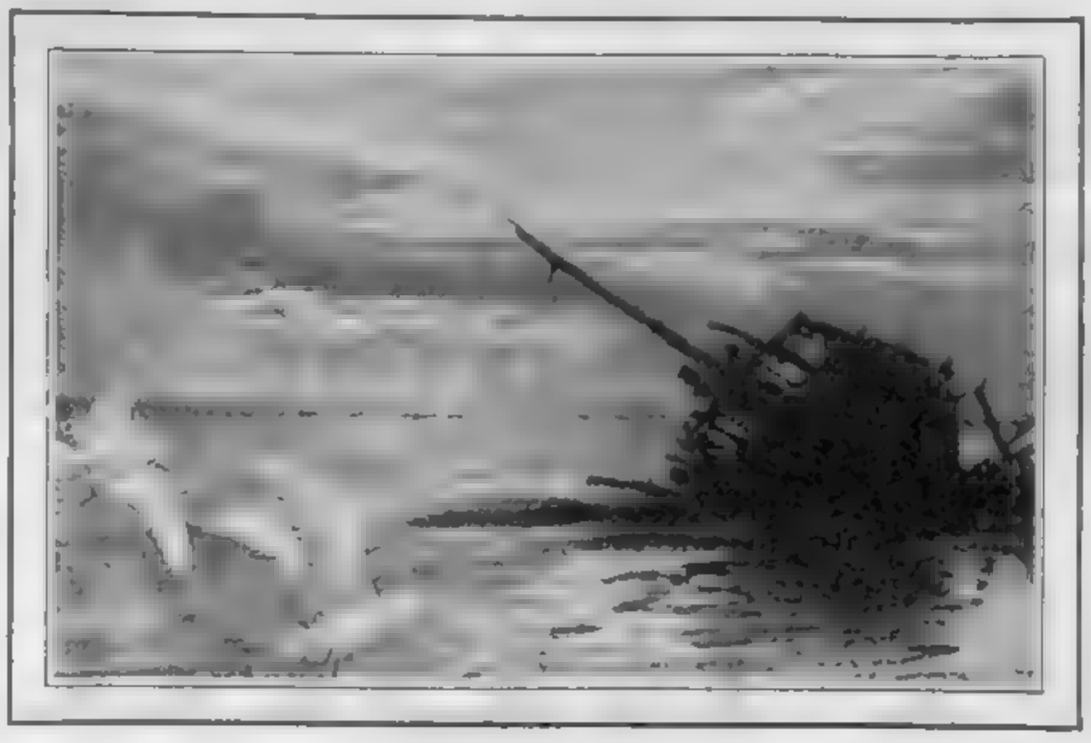
Soon the way becomes so difficult that you must leave the motor and continue on foot. The Matoppos are a wild and desolate range. It is not until you are well beyond the granite outposts that there bursts upon you an immense open area, a sort of amphitheater, in which the druids might have held their weird ritual. Directly ahead you see a battlement of bowlders projected by some immemorial upheaval. Intrenched between them is the spot where Rhodes rests, and which is marked by a brass plate bearing the words: "Here Lie the Remains of Cecil John Rhodes." In his will he directed that the site be chosen, and he even wrote the simple inscription for the cover.

When you stand on this eminence and look out on the grim, brooding landscape, you not only realize why Rhodes called it The View of the World but you also understand why he elected to sleep here. The loneliness and grandeur of the environment, with its absence of any sign of human life and habitation, convey that sense of aloofness which in a man like Rhodes is the inevitable penalty that true greatness exacts. The ages seem to be keeping vigil with his spirit.

During these last years I have seen some of the great things. They included the British Grand Fleet in battle order, Russia at the daybreak of democracy, the long travail of Verdun and the Somme, the first American flag on the battlefields of France, Armistice Day amid the tragedy of war, and all the rest of the panorama that those momentous days disclosed. But nothing, perhaps, was more moving than the silence and majesty that invested the grave of Cecil Rhodes. Instinctively there came to my mind the lines about him that Kipling wrote in The Burial:

It is his will that he look forth
Across the world he won—
The granite of the ancient North
Great spaces washed with sun.

When I reached the bottom of the long incline on my way out I looked back. The sun was setting and those sentinel bowlders bulked in the dying light. They seemed to incarnate something of the might and power of the personality that shaped Rhodesia and made of it an annex of empire.



Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with South Africa and the Congo. The next will be entitled The Congo To-day.

"Courage to endure and to obey"

TRUE COURAGE is neither blind nor fool-hardy, but careful and intelligent. It cannot be taught—it comes from within. It obeys the dictates of thought and conscience in the face of danger and difficulty.

"Courage to endure and to obey"—what better maxim could there be for man or motor car?

"Courage" has a real meaning here at the Peerless factory. It is not a subject men talk about generally among themselves—it is one of those qualities that are expressed in deeds rather than words. It inspires this organization to do things the *right* way rather than the quick way or the easy way. It demands that obstacles and difficulties shall be overcome, not evaded. It steers efforts along the winding, rocky path towards ideals.

The Peerless Two-power-range Eight reflects this organization courage. Carefully and intelligently built, from motor to spring-bolt, it fears nothing.

One-fourth of the Peerless history is told by this car—the first of its line was built five years ago. The Peerless of today, similar, but more advanced in refinements of details, continues those qualities best described as the "courage to endure and to obey".

Touring Car $3,230 Roadster $3,200
Coupé $3,920 Sedan $4,140
Sedan-Limousine $4,400

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"LOAFING" RANGE — "SPORTING" RANGE

PEERLESS

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"It Clamps Everywhere"

Adjusto-Lite
A FARBERWARE PRODUCT

Adjusts to any position

A NEW wonderful invention, ADJUSTO-LITE, a lamp that you can attach anywhere—to bed, shaving mirror, table, desk or chair. Stands perfectly wherever an ordinary lamp is used. Throws the light exactly where you need it most. Prevents eye strain. Cuts lighting cost.

Gripping clamp is felt-faced and cannot scratch. Compact. Durable. Solid brass. Guaranteed for five years—price $5.75.

Ask for Adjusto-Lite at the store where you usually trade. If they don't carry it, order direct.

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141–151 So. Fifth St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Prices in U. S. A., complete with 8-foot cord, plug and socket. Brush Brass finished, $5.75; *Statuary Bronze or Nickel finish*, $6.25. *For Western prices*, 25c *per lamp higher.*

Dealers: Write us for particulars of this fast selling specialty.

Adjusto-Lite
A FARBERWARE PRODUCT

WHY I AM A STANDPATTER

(Continued from Page 4)

Now the procedure of that convention would have been in no respect different had the standpat bosses dominated it as the progressive bosses dominated it. It is likely the platform would not have been written until the evening prior to the convention, when three or four men would have gathered in a hotel room to inscribe the document. But the standpat bosses would not have tried to make it appear that it was an inspired call to political righteousness conceived in the hearts and traced by the hands of untrammeled freemen. They would have mumbled something about the grand old party, and they would have let it go at that.

Our state got the progressive bug early. It sits in the heart of the emotional area in American politics and is always among the first to be stirred and the last to subside. As I write these lines it is indulging itself in a great emotional disturbance over the cigarette evil. Some years ago a progressive legislature in the fullness of its wisdom passed a law making the sale of cigarettes a misdemeanor, punishable by fine, imprisonment or both. The law has been not very well enforced. During the war it practically was nullified. But the war having been fought in a manner that was complete, if not altogether satisfactory to everybody concerned, the progressive citizenry once more have time to turn to the task toward which they naturally incline—that of snatching youth and manhood from the evils that beset them. Because of its former standing as a great oral issue the cigarette evil is one of the first in line. Naturally the soil of such a state was easily impregnated with progressive ideas, and the germ developed early.

Defeated by a Quip

I know now that the first low rumblings of what subsequently came to be the progressive movement was sounded in the campaign to beat Gov. Levi Z. Markley for renomination. I did not at the moment recognize the thing as symptomatic. Neither did a number of other well-known gentlemen. Had they been able to peer around the corner they never would have been bound up to it. Some of them lived greatly to regret it.

Markley, serving his first term, was asking for the renomination accredited by the unwritten law of his party to the governor who had served one term acceptably. There had been a great row between the politicians, who, in our state as elsewhere, are always divided into two or more factions. The faction of politicians opposed to Markley picked Ed Cook to beat Markley for a second term, and by skillfully muddying the emotions of the voters turned the trick handily. There really was no choice between the two men. Both were high-class citizens of good ability, and both were, and are, as far as that goes, friends in long standing of this chronicler. Neither will now object to the construction I here place upon the campaign of 1904. Markley was a good average governor, and so was Cook. They are both to-day citizens of standing and influence in the state. It was not an extraordinary thing that the politicians who combined behind Cook in 1904 got into a row among themselves during his first term and came near beating him for reëlection. He went through by the narrowest of squeaks.

The distinctive thing, however, about the campaign of 1904 was not that Markley was beaten and Cook nominated. That could have happened in any political row. The distinctive thing was that it was the first campaign in which the strategy of progressive politics was employed. They called it a boss buster's movement, but it was purely progressive in all its phases. It was the first campaign in our state in which a purely factional movement was characterized by its promoters as a relief expedition in behalf of the people. It was the first campaign I had ever witnessed in which concerted effort was made to convince me that my Republican neighbor across the street was a low-down skunk who wanted to sell me into slavery. It was the first I had seen in which the leaders encouraged the proletariat in maudlin outbursts of emotion. I think it was in that campaign I began to distrust the omnipotence of the people. It seemed to me if they could not, with the cards face upward on the table before them, detect the difference between a purely factional row and an effort to rescue them from their low estate, they were not so smart as they had generally been credited with being.

By 1908 the progressive movement, authoritatively inscribed and labeled, had enveloped the state, root and branch. The word "standpatter," a comparatively new entry in the lexicography of politics, had become an epithet. The man who bore it, no matter what his estate in life, was considered an enemy of the people. By that time the state had been accorded the beneficence of a primary-elections law and in the primary a professional progressive had beaten one of the old Republican war horses to a nomination for governor.

It is likely, however, that the outstanding incident of that campaign was the *coup de grâce* administered by the voters to Senator Evans B. Huey. They hit Ev so hard he didn't regain consciousness for three or four years. Senator Huey was completing his first term in the United States Senate. He was an able man, who had come up from the ranks by way of the State Senate and Congress to his high political estate. He had made a very good senator. He knew his Washington and had he been permitted to remain in the Senate might have served very effectively the people who mocked him. The progressive bosses picked George L. Joslin to run against him. Joslin, too, was a high-class citizen who had served a long apprenticeship in politics. Probably between the two there was no great choice. Huey looked more like a senator. Joslin was the more industrious. In matters of citizenship and ability they were tolerably evenly matched. But Joslin had made a public profession of the progressive faith. Huey still was mumbling the ritual of the grand old party.

Huey's opponents promptly charged him with being a standpatter, and the state flamed with indignation. Thus branded it might still have been possible for Huey to win. He had a fine organization and much strong support. It was in the heat of the campaign that Dudley Pitcairn Ellis drafted the indelible phrase which wrought Huey's political ruin. "He no longer speaks our language," Dud chortled at a critical moment.

By word of mouth, by letter, through the printed mediums and by wire the deadly quip reached every voting precinct in the state, and Huey was doomed. The people wouldn't stand for the implication that Huey had acquired a crust, and Joslin romped home an easy winner.

Joslin lasted six years in the greater public service. At the end of his first term he suffered the ignominy of being beaten by a standpatter. In some degree the progressive flare had burned itself out. And Joslin left his people as he had found them—in slavery to the interests. He didn't rive a shackle.

Political Medicine Making

From the rosy dawn of the progressive movement through the years when it was flush and possibly a little insolent with power, I was connected in an editorial capacity with the leading progressive newspaper of my state. I saw the prescriptions for practically all the panaceas of government written; I knew the attending physicians. I have seen the people saved many times. I have seen the medicine compounded. The formula was very simple. When on my rounds of the statehouse, the hotels, or the various political hangouts I found two or three progressive bosses with their heads together, or stumbled over them in close conference with the owner or the editor of the paper, I knew the people were about to demand another great reform. I knew, too, that the people were, as yet, wholly unaware of the fact. I felt certain, however, that they would hear of it within a week or ten days subsequent to the adjournment of the aforesaid close conferences.

The test of the prescription, whatever it may have been, was expressed in the ability, or inability, of the progressive press to fan the voters into a frenzy over it. If the voters could be stirred into a seething mass the prescription was carried into the next subsequent platform and campaign. If the people remained cold and distrait the panacea was discarded and another compounded to take its place. I should be very foolish to pretend that all the progressive panaceas were discreditable, impractical or visionary. Some of them were very creditable and in line with real progress. But somehow the services of a standpatter were always needed to whip them into shape and put them into working order. And that statement is neither so broad nor so absurd as it seems. A progressive movement functions on emotion. Men in the grip of emotion or burning under a sense of wrong are seldom practical and often visionary in the conduct of affairs. Whatever his faults, the standpatter nearly always has deft fingers and a cool, clear head.

I presume the average progressive, if asked to count his blessings, would place the primary-elections law first on his list. The primary-elections law represents the utmost in the strivings of the progressive movement to make ideal the methods and machinery of the nominating process. Progressives still seem willing to rest their case upon it and defend it with great vigor. And it is a progressive measure pure and simple. No standpatter was ever for a primary law. Every standpatter I ever knew laughs contemptuously at its patent weaknesses.

An Epidemic Itch

It is not the purpose here to present an argument against the primary law. I have been given no such license. What I shall attempt to do is to express the standpat view concerning it, and in expressing such view I shall relate certain isolated incidents that seem to justify it. The standpat view is that the primary-elections law is a perfectly futile and useless piece of statutory machinery, ponderous and complex in its operation, which imposes a heavy and unnecessary burden on the candidate and the taxpayer. It has accomplished none of the things outlined in its glowing prospectus. It has neither resulted in the nomination of a higher grade of public officials nor has it in any way increased the efficiency of the public service. If anything, the public official of to-day is of smaller bore than his predecessor. It has not, Allah be praised, taken the control of politics out of the hands of the politicians. Once in a while the politicians slip and some impossible candidate is nominated for office, but in the main they have retained control of the situation.

The best point ever made in favor of the primary law was expressed by its detractors. Unfortunately, it wasn't true. The point was that, due to the heavy expense of running for office under the primary system, the poor man practically is barred from doing so. It would be a fine thing if that were true. No poor man has any business running for office, although it probably would be not quite fair to bar him from the exercise of that inestimable privilege by statutory enactment. But the primary hasn't barred anybody. The itch for public office is always epidemic. Men continue to beg and borrow and mortgage themselves blind for the privilege of running for offices they cannot afford to fill. Likely they will always do so.

I have no personal grievance against the primary. In a way, I have been its beneficiary. I was twice nominated for office in a primary election. On each occasion I led my nearest competitor by a wide margin and the field by thousands of votes. Those two primaries cost the several candidates thousands of dollars. They cost the city a sum probably equal to the expenditures of the candidates. I could have been nominated each time by a delegate convention for the price of the hall rent. I would have been so nominated. The political organization which put me over in the primary could have nominated me with equal ease in a convention, and would have done so. Thousands of dollars would have been saved to gentlemen who could ill afford to spend the money—myself among the number—and the result would have been precisely the same.

I have praised Allah because, under the primary, the politicians remain in control. That was no jocosity; I meant it. So long as the politicians remain in control it is unlikely the primary will do any great harm. It is only when a political organization slips a cog that the primary becomes

(Concluded on Page 105)

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Only actual glove photographs are used in Grinnell Glove Advertisements.

Dovetex —leather's rival

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You seek *price* in clothes. You get it in Monroe Clothes along with *smart metropolitan style* and *all-wool, silk-sewn quality.*

Go to the Monroe Clothier in your city, and see how Monroe Prices have *restored* the dollar to its *old buying power.* There are Monroe Clothiers *everywhere* in America.

Attention! Retail Clothiers!

Monroe Clothes has a *special proposition* to make to you. It answers your *spring business* problem.

The exclusive right to handle Monroe Clothes in your town is worth quick action any time. Our *special proposition* gives *special value* to it NOW. Write, or better, wire us for it.

MONROE CLOTHES, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City

New York *STYLES* America - - - Monroe *CLOTHES* New York

(Concluded from Page 102)

an uncertain instrument with great possibilities for evil. Contrary to popular misconception on that point, no political organization is looking for a weak man or a crooked man to put into office. It wants a candidate who will play the game—who will keep his word and distribute the patronage of the office to his friends. But it also wants one who is reputable and respectable. It prefers a candidate of ability who has some qualifications for the office and who has the indefinable quality of attracting votes. Given a free hand in getting up a ticket, the practical political boss will, nine times out of ten, pick that type of candidate. The bosses are always out to win the election. They fancy material that makes their task as easy as possible. It is only when an unguided and unrestrained public, hampered by its lamentable ignorance of the personality and capabilities of the various candidates, goes into the voting booths that a political subdivision has reason to shudder for the result.

In our state in a recent primary the governor, a high-class man, up for renomination, was opposed by a candidate who had never risen above the status of a farm hand. The governor, in the pursuance of his duty, had antagonized a certain segment of the state's citizenry, which was numerically strong and indefatigably active. That segment of the citizenry fell in behind the farm hand. They didn't succeed in nominating him, but he polled thousands of votes. Conceivably they might have won. No political convention would have given his name consideration for any office.

In the same campaign a candidate for reëlection to a state office was renominated without opposition. Due to the expense of making a campaign against the incumbent of the office and the inadequacy of the salary attached to it, no candidate with the necessary qualifications could be induced to oppose him, although efforts were made to induce someone to do so. The official, who was renominated in a primary without opposition, never would have been considered in a party convention. In our state, some years ago, a country town lawyer who had been tried for his sanity ran for a position on the supreme bench of the state and came within a few thousand votes of defeating an eminent jurist for the nomination. On another occasion a woman who had never practiced law fell only a few hundred votes short of a nomination for the same bench. These are but isolated instances. I might multiply them many times.

A Man With Many Friends

I have expressed the foregoing observations concerning the petted child of progressive legislation in the form of dogma. But they are not intended as dogma. Nor have I any intent to give offense. I am merely revealing the intimate workings of the standpat mind. Through due process of reasoning I have reached certain conclusions. These conclusions have been buttressed by many incidents, some of which I have related. Doubtless any smart progressive could tear my mental processes to tatters. I have no wish to argue the matter with him. I am merely disclosing the route traversed by the hardened standpatter in reaching his political destination. It is intended to be a simple exercise in psychoanalysis.

Progressive movements flare on the political horizon and die away. They are as fleeting and as recurrent as the stars. But, curiously enough, they last longer than the progressive leader. A standpat leader goes on to the end of his political generation. But a progressive leader seldom endures as such for more than six or seven years. For a brief period he fills the frame and then fades unostentatiously out of the picture. I am inspired to this pronouncement by contemplation of Hector Marley. Carried to its ultimate expression, the progressive motif becomes a deadly narcotic, and Hector Marley died politically from the effects of that narcotic, self-administered.

Hector Marley might have been a statesman of commanding force and influence, or a great editor. He had the stuff. Eighteen or twenty years ago he was considered the most brilliant and the most promising of our younger writing men. He had behind him the tradition of family achievement. He was the residuary legatee of a fine newspaper property. He had standing, brains, ability, character and great personal charm. The average man has three friends. Hector had a hundred thousand.

When Congressman Jerry Shackleton died in Washington Hec and I were sitting side by side at the press table reporting a session of the legislature. He was, also, as I now recall it, clerk of the committee on mines and mining. I was serving the committee on engrossed bills in a similar capacity. It was a neat pick-up and every reporter was in on it. A clerkship was good for one hundred and fifty dollars, and on the less important committees the duties were negligible. Shackleton had represented the district in which Marley lived. In the wake of his funeral the sentiment that Marley should be nominated and elected to succeed him flamed and swept the district. It was skillfully nursed along and although a field of first-class men gathered to contest the nomination Hec's was the outstanding figure, and he was easily nominated and as easily elected. I took his nomination and election as a personal triumph, and so celebrated it. So did every other newspaper man who knew him.

Hec Marley and Uncle Joe

Hec went on down to Washington. His first row was with the Hon. Joseph Gurney Cannon, then at the zenith of his power. Marley lighted the match that set off the conflagration which raged about Uncle Joe. The progressive movement developed at an opportune moment. It fanned the tiny blaze which Marley had started into an enveloping flame. Uncle Joe curled up in the withering blast. They stripped him of many of the emblems of his power and reduced him to the ranks, but they could not take away his personality or his resiliency. He came back. In those days in our state the name of the Hon. Joseph Gurney Cannon was anathema. Marley got a lot of advertising out of the episode, but it sold no goods for him. He is remembered yet, where he is remembered at all, as the man who laid the fire under Uncle Joe and set a match to it.

Up to 1914 Marley continued to represent his district in Congress. He was the center of the idealistic group in Washington, but he left no discernible mark on legislation. He went with the crowd to Armageddon along with many another estimable citizen. But when the fight was over and a truce had been declared Marley was so far outside the breastworks he couldn't negotiate the return journey. He just kept on going. He might have been reëlected to Congress in 1914. His district still was loyal to him. But although the Progressive Party was by that time an empty husk Marley chose to stand as its candidate for the United States Senate, and went down to ignominious defeat. The campaign of 1916 found him a political lame duck, fighting in the Democratic ranks. President Wilson gave him a bureau job in Washington, where he still is embedded.

Cal Cuyler is the standpat boss of our state. As the antithesis of the Marley type he deserves a place in this story. For more than twenty-five years he has been a figure in state and national politics. Through lean years and fat, through victory and defeat, he probably has been the most influential private citizen in the politics of our state. But he was never so influential as he is to-day nor so strongly intrenched in his party's councils. Six or seven years ago I wrote the only kindly decent story of Cal Cuyler ever printed in a progressive newspaper. For nearly twenty years he has been persistently and continuously abused, slammed and excoriated by the progressive press and the great common people. Nobody pretends that Cuyler isn't a good average citizen who obeys the laws of his country and observes all the amenities of polite society.

His offense is that he is a standpatter who believes in the organization and who devotes much of his time to the task of providing the Republican Party with one in both state and nation.

Cal Cuyler is a contained, repressed, soft-spoken gentleman, grown a trifle rotund and a bit gray about the temples with advancing middle years, whose tailoring and haberdashery are faultless and whose language and demeanor are impeccable. I have sat with Cal Cuyler in the white heat of many political battles. I never saw him when he seemed perturbed, I never heard him express the note of anger, nor abuse or criticize an opponent, no matter how bitter the battle may have grown.

Cuyler went from Yale, where he graduated, to the coincidental practice of law and politics. He made politics his diversion. It is to him the great outdoor and indoor sport. If he ever took a dollar out of politics nobody has been able to trace it to its source. He never held an office in his life, nor asked for one, and never cashed a voucher for individual service on a public treasury. He lacks Marley's brilliance and all the latter's skill in self-projection. He never talked to the extent of half a column in his life. Once, on the eve of a national election, a reporter in our town dragged a two-stick interview from his reluctant lips. It was a journalistic sensation. The longest interview any reporter had previously been able to jimmy out of Cal was one stick in length. I was talking once with Cal's law partner concerning the power he had always exercised within his party.

"Cal's great secret," said the law partner, "is that he always says 'we' instead of 'I.'"

Now, Cal Cuyler is just a plain two-legged man with the limitations of his kind. I never heard him speak of his ideals. Aside from his belief that a man should be honest, kindly, charitable and reasonably decent, I don't suppose he has any great principles. He has been sadly neglectful of reform work and his test of proposed legislation is whether it will help the party. Every voter has the option of picking his boss. When my choice narrowed to statesmen of the Marley type and Cuyler, I picked Cuyler. So long as Cuyler lives I'll have one. Had I selected the Marley type of boss I should have been under the necessity of selecting a new one every four or five years.

And so, for what seem to me to be two very cogent reasons, I am a standpatter. The first and most important is that I am thoroughly convinced if there is anything important that needs very badly to be done a standpatter must do it. The progressive makes an auspicious start, but he never finishes anything. The second is that I just naturally prefer the society of the standpatter. One of the most abstemious of men, I never availed myself of the accommodations provided by the water wagon; I couldn't stand certain of the passengers. I have the same feeling toward the progressive mass formation. I present no crust to the individual progressive. He is, oftener than not, a very fine gentleman. And the progressive motif in government is not without value. I accord to it the same standing that I once gave to 'Ike Heldberg in the business and social economy of our town.

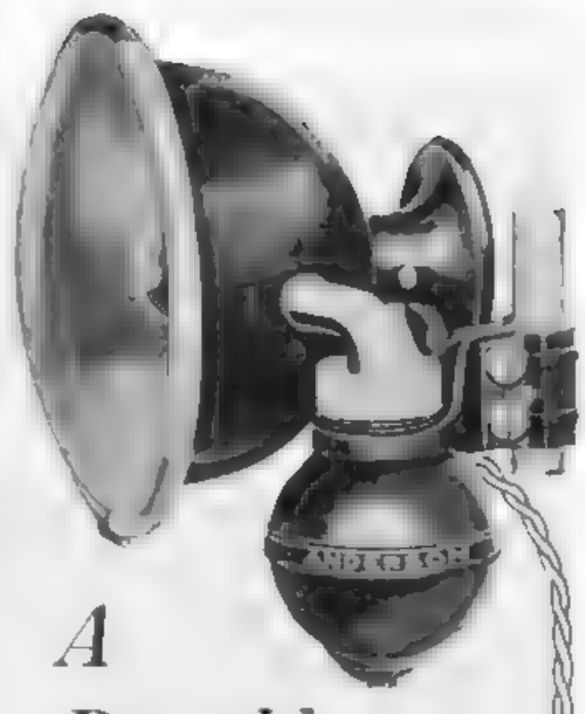
Ike Heldberg, Altruist

Ike Heldberg is an altruist. Being an altruist is his vocation. Intermittently, and as a means of obtaining an often scanty livelihood, he conducts a small tailoring business. The tailoring business is a side line to Ike's real call to life, which is that of succoring the sick and helpless, uplifting the fallen, relieving the distressed and ameliorating in general terms the sad condition of humankind. In the annals of the town there is written what is esteemed a great joke on Ike. It is to the effect that one day when he had left his work to go out and do a bit of succoring the mortgagee foreclosed on his stock and closed his shop. The story may or may not be true. But in any event, Ike Heldberg is a sincere and unselfish gentleman who earnestly desires to be of benefit to mankind.

Across my desk one day some years ago Ike was relating to me the details of an expedition for the relief of humanity which he had in mind, and which he expected shortly to send on its way.

Finally I said to him: "Ike, you never had a practical idea in your life. You never dreamed a dream that could possibly come true. You never formulated a plan you could individually carry through. But you are a great asset to this town. You keep the balance of us constantly at work testing the value, the practicability, the fairness and the justice of our own ideas. You force us to reassure ourselves, to examine our footing and to expand our mental processes. You are a valuable citizen and I do you honor."

It is likely any expert marksman could pierce the position I have taken in a thousand places. But nobody can take from me the joy I have experienced in giving this parade. I am, as far as I know, the first standpatter to give a public exhibition through which he wore all his bells and medals, and in which he pointed vaingloriously to the brand that was upon him. And I've had a beautiful time.



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that not only gives a brilliant light on the road ahead but can be detached instantly for use as a trouble or inspection light anywhere about your car.

"The AutoReelite" Anderson Portable Spotlight

is made with an automatic reel attachment carrying a 12-foot electric cord. By simply turning a knurled ring with the fingers, the lamp can be detached and carried to light any part of your car. No special electrical connections are necessary.

The cord reels back into its compact case just as a window shade rolls up on its roller. It is mechanically perfect and is guaranteed not to get out of order. It costs no more than any good spotlight and serves the triple purpose of spotlight, trouble light, inspection light.

Model B6—6 in. Diameter
20 c. p. lamp . . . $9.00

Model B7—7 in. Diameter
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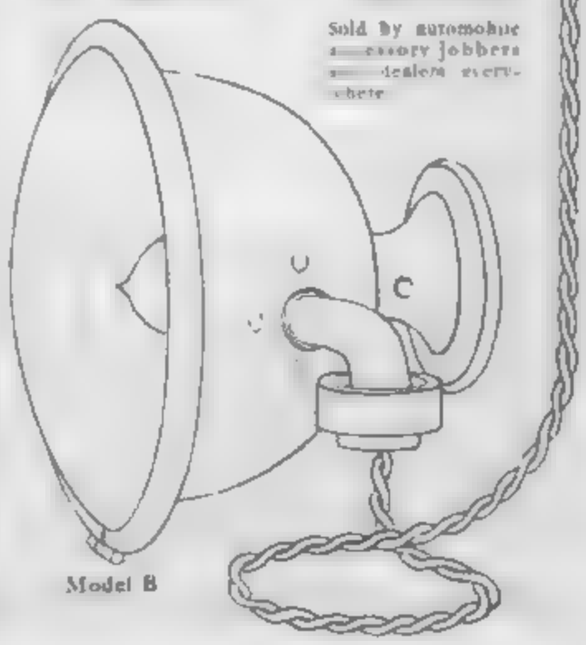

Model B

CORBIN WARE

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CORBIN ware on the Door is visible evidence of good taste in the household and regard for things of substance. You'd want to meet the people who live here.

They appreciate the fine design, the eager usefulness, the mechanical perfection of a CORBIN Handle and Latch.

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CORBIN

LIKE A TREE

(Continued from Page 7)

Alone with his uncles and Scarlow in the sitting room, already restored to its original purpose and aspect, he scowled at his folded hands and waited sullenly. He was puzzled at his mood. It seemed as if he hoped to be left nothing. Scarlow read, smacking his lips on the windy, formal flourishes of the preamble, pausing impressively as he reached the bequests. A thousand dollars to Aunt Allie; smaller gifts to the church and the free library, and then bluntly all the residue of the estate, real and personal, to Luke.

Luke barely heard the concluding clauses explaining why Andrew MacNaughten had left nothing to his sons, appointing Luke himself sole executor without bond. He had room for only a kind of awe at the thought of himself as owner and master of the farm. Something seemed to have changed in him suddenly; he wasn't the same Luke MacNaughten he had been a moment before. He was more erect, aware of a new sort of strength in himself.

He hardly knew what passed until Scarlow had gone. Wallace MacNaughten roused him out of a blankness with a brisk clap on his shoulder:

"Well, Luke, it's less than you deserved. You stood by him splendidly. Your Uncle Joe and I were talking about it on the way down. Father owed you a good deal, and he's done his best to pay. But Joe and I feel that we owe you something too."

Luke shook his head. He didn't want to talk yet. There was too much to think about, and his mind hadn't cleared and steadied to the task. But Wallace patted his shoulder again and went on:

"In a way you've done our duty by father. We've always realized that. Neither of us could stay here with him, of course; and if it hadn't been for you he'd have been alone these last years. We know you gave up a good deal to stay, and we expect to make it right with you now—as far as we can."

Luke struggled to the surface of a confused mental turmoil, remembering that this was exactly what he had hoped for; that Emily and he had hardly dared to count on any such attitude. It cost him an effort to speak:

"That's all right, Uncle Wallace. I didn't mind ——"

"Oh, pshaw, Luke! We know better! You're a MacNaughten—every inch of you. You've got as much ambition as any of us. I can guess how hard it's been, buried alive out here, with nothing ahead of you. Well, that's over. You've done your job. Now you're going to collect. That's only fair."

He glanced at his brother. Joseph MacNaughten struck in ponderously:

"It's a little late to be choosing a career, Luke, but that doesn't matter. If you'd like to take up the law we'll see you through college and law school, and there'll be a place in my office when you're ready. If you'd rather go into business, Wallace will take you in with him. We both feel that you ought to get away as soon as you can. You'll be taking root out here if you don't."

"I'm much obliged." Luke wondered why the words came hard. He ought to be delighted, and he wasn't.

Taking root out here! He remembered his last talk with his grandfather, the homely figures of the old man's speech. Perhaps that was it; perhaps he'd already taken root, so that he held back from the thought of transplantation now.

"I guess I'd better choose business. It—it's quicker. I'd be past thirty by the time I started to practice law."

"That's sensible." Joseph plainly approved. "I should have advised it myself, but I wanted you to feel that you'd be welcome with me."

"When can you come?" Wallace spoke briskly. "The sooner the better, as it happens. I've got a good opening now—a place where your inexperience wouldn't handicap you too much. But I'll have to fill it pretty soon."

Luke hesitated.

"I'll have to straighten things out here, of course. There's a good deal to do. We've got a big crop of potatoes to dig and the corn to cut. And we haven't threshed yet either—grandfather's being taken, you see—and I'll have to sell the stock and tools and the land. It'll take quite a while."

"Well, you can afford to let things go cheap," said Wallace. "Time is worth more than money just now. You'd better talk to Scarlow. He told me he thought he could make a quick sale for us."

Luke got to his feet.

"All right. I got to milk now. Excuse me, will you?"

They laughed.

"Milk!" Wallace shook his head. "That was what drove me off the farm in the first place. I used to dream about a time when we could skip a milking—used to hate the cows I saw in the fields. Twice a day, no matter what happens, regular as sunrise and sunset. Father used to talk about owning cows—he never owned 'em. They owned him—and everybody else on the place."

"They won't wait, that's a fact," said Luke.

He left them smoking and exchanging reminiscences. In his work clothes, the pails swinging from his elbow, he felt better. The cow stable, warm and dark, seemed to smooth the hurrying confusion of his thoughts. There was a steadying rhythm in the resounding jets in his pail, the slow, even grinding of the cows' jaws.

Emily would be glad, he thought. Everything was working out just as she wanted it to. He admitted that he'd done his uncles injustice in his earlier ideas. They didn't care about the farm one little bit. They were mighty decent to recognize that they owed him something. Scarlow could sell the place quick, could he? That meant he hoped it would be offered at a bargain. Scarlow specialized in such transactions. Luke frowned at the idea. He didn't want Scarlow to make a profit on Andrew MacNaughten's death. He would sell the place himself first.

He drove them to the village, after an early supper, to catch the evening train. They were cordial over the parting. He was to wind up the estate as soon as he could and join Wallace when it was done. They gave him a great deal of advice about it, which he scarcely heard. He was relieved when the train groaned away with them.

In the village, on his way back, he stopped to buy tobacco at Hartney's shop. Usually he liked to pause there for a few minutes, exchanging slow banter with the loungers about the two pool tables. Tonight he found himself faintly hostile toward them, conscious of a difference he had never felt before, of the idleness below their surface geniality, of a superior strength and intelligence in himself. Hartney congratulated him with a touch of servility, too—a kind of fawning eagerness which Luke disliked. Tom Farrell, big and soft, his shirt sleeves lifted by purple silk elastics, came toward him, cue in hand.

"Hear you get it all, Luke. That straight?"

Luke nodded. He had always rather liked Farrell; had been puzzled by Andrew MacNaughten's silent aversion to the man. Now he seemed to have inherited that along with the land. Farrell leaned toward him confidentially:

"Be out to see you one of these days. Maybe we can get together. The old man never could see it, but I guess you're up to date, eh? Don't forget to give me a look-in before you close any deal—pay you."

Luke nodded and went out, the keen night pleasant after the smoky warmth, the stars curiously clean in contrast with the yellow bulbs above the tables. The horses trotted briskly on a hard road, the beat of their hoofs stimulating Luke's reaction. He found himself whistling tunelessly over the reins.

At the corners, where the road branched up the hill toward the Wayne farm, he stopped the team and meditated briefly. He didn't want to talk to Emily to-night, but she would expect to hear from him; and he owed her the news, of course. He pulled the horses toward the slope, aware that he somehow shared their reluctance.

Emily's excited satisfaction had a strangely unpleasant effect on his own mood. She noticed his want of anything like her own eagerness, and her glance cooled as it studied him.

"I don't understand you, Luke. You act as if—as if you were sorry it's turned out this way. You're not a bit pleased ——"

"It's queer," he admitted. "I do feel blue, sort of. I guess it's because I was fond of—of him, you know. I'm going to miss him, Emily. I didn't know how much

(Continued on Page 109)

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(Continued from Page 106)

I'd come to—I'm kind of lost without him some way."

She nodded.

"Yes, but you can be sorry about losing him without being sorry you're going to get away from here—going to have your chance ——"

"That's so. I'll get over this, of course. But to-night I don't feel like—like celebrating. I guess I'd better go along now. I'm not good company."

She stopped him.

"How soon can you get away—for keeps?"

"I don't know. There's a lot to do. Take quite a while."

She watched him steadily for a space, so that he grew uneasy under her eyes.

"Well, you'll hurry all you can, won't you?"

"Of course."

"You'd better," she said shortly. "Good night."

The horses, turned toward home, stepped out happily. Something of their spirit came back over the lines. Luke MacNaughten was whistling again as he stabled them.

IV

"I UNDERSTOOD you were anxious to make a quick sale." Scarlow spoke crisply, a touch of reproof in his tone. "I've been at some trouble to find a buyer, on that understanding."

Luke shook his head.

"Who told you I was in a hurry?" he said. "I never said so, did I?"

The lawyer smiled thinly.

"Why, no, but I got it fairly straight. Bert Wayne told me you intended to pull out as soon as you could. And your Uncle Wallace asked me to help you straighten things out too."

Luke scowled. Bad business. They meant well enough, of course, but how could a fellow get a decent price if everybody thought he was crazy to sell?

"I might sell if I got a good offer," he admitted. "Been thinking of it. But I don't aim to give the place away. And this figure—why, the buildings are worth more'n that."

"Well, it's your land," said Scarlow. "If you change your mind come and see me again."

He turned to his desk. Luke left him. After all, it wasn't such a bad offer, everything considered. The way things looked, there wouldn't be much money in farming for the next few years, and there was plenty of land in the market too. Perhaps he'd been a fool to refuse. Winter was coming, and Emily's letters sounded more and more impatient. He drove back to the farm, doubting himself. Maybe Emily had been right about him; maybe he didn't have any ambition. He was frowning when Aunt Allie met him at the door.

"You better drive over to Toland's before you unhitch, Luke. Margie was over to say 't somebody wanted to talk to you on the telephone."

He nodded and went back to his team. The Toland house was half a mile farther from the village, and he rarely passed it. It occurred to him that he hadn't seen Margie since the funeral. He found himself wondering about her as he drove, thinking of her for the first time as an individual, a person, instead of merely John Toland's daughter. Maybe she hated the farm, like Emily, he thought. Maybe she ached to get away into a bigger, quicker life, too. He was mildly curious about this, a little puzzled at himself for the curiosity. It made him survey her, when she came to the kitchen door, with a new interest.

"Tom Farrell wants you to call him up," she announced. He felt an unfamiliar harshness in her tone. "He was right anxious about it, the way he talked."

Luke shrugged. Farrell hadn't kept his promise to make him a proposition. He wondered why the nurseryman was suddenly so eager to reach him. He could have stopped in any time he happened to be passing.

"Much obliged for the trouble," Luke said. "Kind of cool of him to bother you with it."

She led him in through the kitchen to a long, low room, shabbily furnished, carpeted with worn rag rugs. He had a sharp pang of wistfulness. There was something appealing about the very shabbiness, the faded paper, the low ceiling, with its hanging oil lamp. He fumbled with the crude wall telephone, and she showed him how to whirl the crank which summoned Central.

"The line's busy," she told him. "Better wait a minute. It's only Sam McComber getting a grocery list from Lizzie. He won't talk long."

He followed her back to the kitchen. She was baking, and he watched the play of her hands over the rolled dough, the flash of the cutter stamping out cookies.

"Sold your place yet?" She did not look up.

"No." He decided to combat this general impression that he wanted to be rid of the farm. "I'm not trying to sell it. Folks all seem to think I am."

"I thought you were." She paused in her work to look at him. "Heard you expected to quit and go to Bufort as soon as you could."

"Who told you?"

"Emily said something about it, I guess." She resumed her stamping. "Aren't you?"

"I might," he admitted. "It all depends."

There was a silence. She filled a shallow pan with the thin circles and slid it deftly into the oven.

"You know what Tom Farrell wants, don't you?" She straightened from the stove "He's after a lease on your flats. I guess he heard you were going to sell, and wanted to get in his bid beforehand."

"Maybe," Luke nodded.

This seemed reasonable. Farrell would have waited, if he hadn't heard some rumor of a sale, to keep down the price.

"You could get enough rent off the flats to make it pay to keep the place, I guess. He offered us twenty a year for every acre we'd let him have, and he'd give more for yours."

"Why didn't you rent to him?"

Luke was curious. The Toland place barely paid expenses, he reckoned. Certainly a net rental of twenty dollars an acre, without labor or risk, ought to have looked good to John Toland.

"Because we've got some respect for the land," she flashed. "Father'd have taken it, but I wouldn't let him. You know as well as I do that after Farrell's raised trees for three years on anybody's land he might as well keep the land! He's ruined half the glen. When he digs his trees the soil's dead. That's why he's after ours—and yours—it's about all that's left now."

"Bring it back, all right," he said. "You can ——"

"Not if you've got to make a living on it while you're bringing it back," she interrupted. "I'd rather give the land to somebody that would treat it right than rent it to Tom Farrell for twice what he'll pay."

The passion in her puzzled him.

"I don't see that."

"No, I suppose not. But you ought to. You've lived on the land all your life. It's in you—part of you. I'd as soon mistreat my own body as harm the land I'm rooted in. But you wouldn't understand that."

Luke's memory carried him back to the afternoon when Andrew MacNaughten had used the same figure of speech. Again he felt a wonder at the clearness of his understanding, his acceptance.

"I can, though," he said. "I feel like that sometimes—as if I had roots under me holding me here. But I haven't. Men are different from trees. They can go where they want to."

"Of course. Acorns don't have to root where they fall. Lots of 'em don't root anywhere. But some of 'em grow into oaks."

He pondered this deliberately. It drew his attention away from himself to the girl. Didn't she ever want to get away from the monotony of this life she led? Did she mean that she'd rather stay here, working as all farm women worked, denied the excitement and change and speed which Emily Wayne loved?

"Don't you ever want to get out, Margie? You satisfied to go on like this always?"

She laughed.

"Satisfied! I belong here—I've taken root. Yes, I guess you could call it satisfied—if you mean I'd hate to be pulled up and planted somewhere else. It's—oh, if you don't know it for yourself, nobody can make you see it! You can get Farrell now, I guess. Better call him."

"Wait! I want to find out—I thought you'd like to get away, like Stow Barton and—and ——"

"And Emily Wayne? Well, I wouldn't. I—it sounds spiteful, Luke, but I don't

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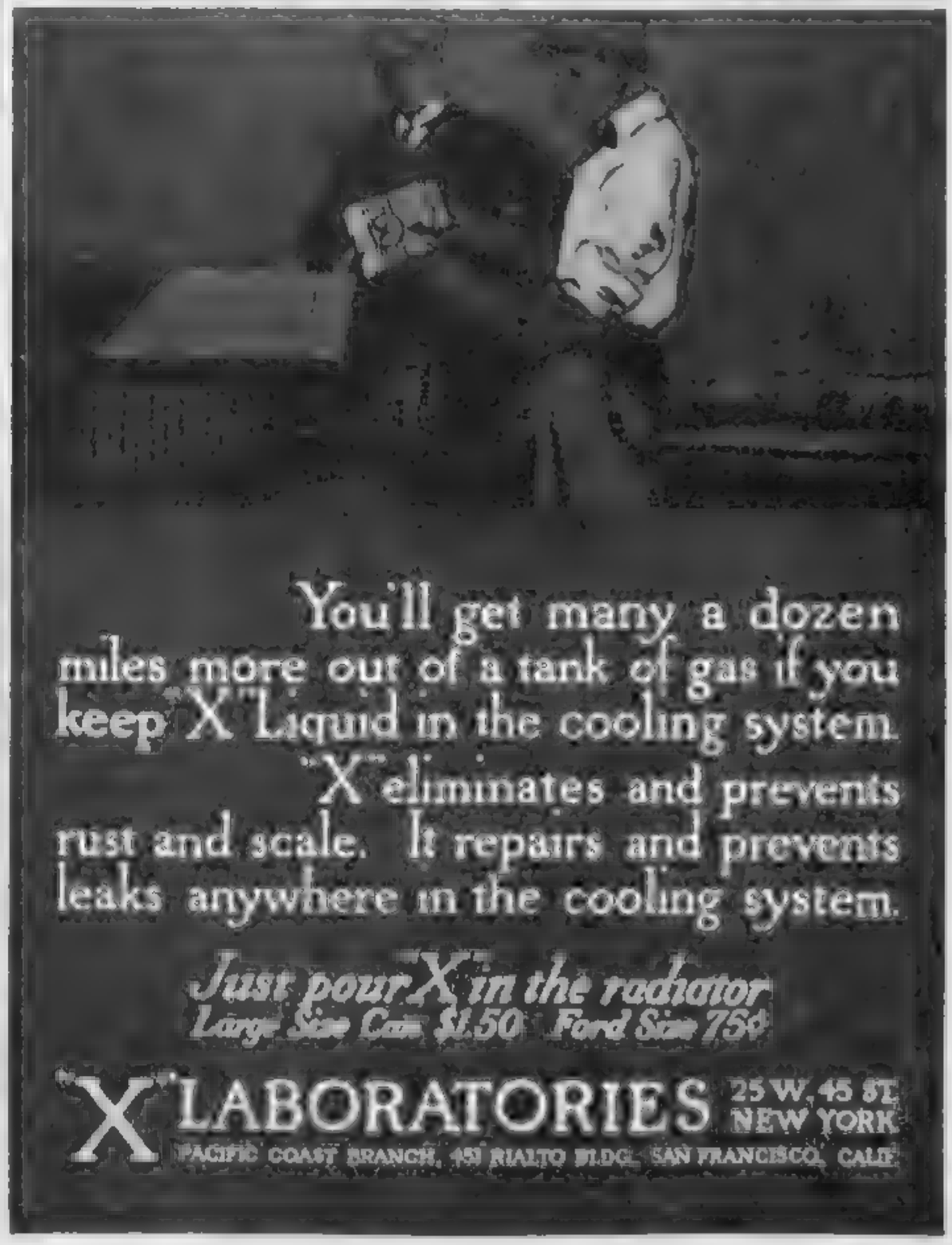
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JULIAN S. CARR, Jr., president of the Durham Hosiery Mills, writes for February SYSTEM

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THEY might have closed down; few orders in sight; market prices slashed. But the Durham Hosiery Mills saw in tight times the opportunity of good management. True, it meant changed buying, a daring policy in handling labor, reaching out for new markets. But doing the unusual has kept their plants to 75% of normal capacity.

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mean it that way. I'm too proud of what I am to want to be anything else. I feel—oh, it sounds silly to say it—I feel as if I had something in me that they never had, or that they threw away. Something worth keeping, worth being proud of. I can stay put—I can stay and be glad of it. They can't. They've got to move—got to change. Maybe it's better to be that way. But I think sometimes that that's the big trouble with this country—with our stock, I mean. We don't root where we grow, any more. We—we've changed, too many of us. We're tumbleweeds instead of trees!"

She rolled down her sleeves. He saw that her color had risen, that her eyes were bright.

"Yes, I'm proud that I'm the other thing. And as long as some of us keep on being like that the breed won't die out—or the strength of it. There's no gypsy blood in me. I can't wander, but I don't want to. I'm glad I can't."

"I can see what you mean," he said slowly. "Maybe there's something in it. Grandfather used to talk like that, some. But it was always the land with him—that came first."

"Of course! He knew! People who root deep are part of their land. They take care of it, and the land takes care of them, and of the others, too. That's what they all forget—the people who have to move. They don't know that they all depend on the ground. It doesn't mean anything to them when a crop fails, except that they have to pay a little more for what they eat. But some day when there isn't enough to go round they'll find out! Some day when we've all degenerated into migrating weeds they'll understand us trees!"

"How do you mean?" He was interested.

"Oh, Tom Farrell's a good illustration. He came here when they'd worked out the nursery district in Madison. And he's doing his best to work out the glen. He doesn't care. When there's no more good land here he'll go somewhere else. And the glen, that used to feed five or six thousand people, will feed five or six hundred. The only good land that's left is ours and yours, and the reason it's good is that you MacNaughtens took root the way we Tolands did. Why, when father and your grandfather quarreled about the line it wasn't money with either of 'em. They each offered to buy that disputed strip, and neither of 'em would hear of selling. It wasn't something they owned—it was part of them—that land. They'd have sold a finger as soon as an acre."

She opened the oven door, and a breath of warm, spiced air came to him. He was suddenly hungry.

"Those cookies smell good, Margie."

She frowned.

"Better call Farrell, Luke."

He went back to the telephone.

Presently Farrell's buoyant voice came to him:

"Luke, I hear you might sell your place. I wanted to lease that flat land—pay you good rent and save you all the trouble. Give you twenty-one an acre, and lease for six years if you're game. How about it? Bring you over a check to-night if you say so."

For a moment Luke MacNaughten saw only figures. There were fifty-two acres of rentable land. Eleven hundred a year for six years—and the rest of the farm untouched.

Why, in a bad year, with back-breaking work in every day of it, the whole farm might not pay any such sum! He could take it and go to Bufort, after auctioning the stock and tools.

"Guess not, Tom." He wondered at the sound of his voice. It was positive, decided. Farrell argued, expostulated. He cut him short at last.

"No, I wouldn't treat good land that way—not for any money. I'd rather farm it."

He came back to the kitchen, meeting Margie Toland's glance of question with a sense of defiance.

"Turned him down," he said. "Guess you're right about it, Margie. Much obliged."

He went out, warmed by the memory of a sudden gleam in her eyes. Afterward he half regretted the decision. Throwing away good money for a lot of sentimental moonshine—but he repeated his refusal when Farrell reopened the offer. And he fancied, with a bashful shame for the romanticism of the thought, that the yield of potatoes they dug out of the low, level field was a kind of token that the land understood and thanked him.

V

"I GOT your letter and thought I'd better come and see you about it."

Luke was uneasy in the parlor of the boarding house. There were too many chairs—especially the slender, fragile gilded ones, and too many gimcracks on the mantel and the table. He felt big and awkward and clumsy; his best suit hampered his elbows and shoulders; the stiff cuffs and collar irritated his wrists and throat. He observed Emily's even glance of appraisal with an uncomfortable guess at the thought behind it.

"I meant it, Luke—every word. You—you've had plenty of time to do something, and you haven't even begun. If you aren't going to ——"

"It's like this, Emily"—he twisted the brim of his hat—"you can't sell a big farm in a minute. I've only had one offer—not half what it's worth. You don't expect me to throw away five or six thousand dollars ——"

"Maybe not. But you haven't advertised it; you haven't tried to find a buyer."

"Better to let 'em come to you," he said. "Get a better price that way."

"Perhaps. But you had a splendid chance to rent. I heard that Mr. Farrell offered you over a thousand a year just for part of the land. Did he?"

Luke nodded. He realized that perhaps Emily should have been told about that offer, and it was plain to him that she took this view.

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"Well, as long as I didn't take it, I thought ——"

"Why didn't you take it?"

He spread his hands.

"I don't know as you'd understand, Emily. You see, Farrell don't farm. He raises trees on rented land; plants seedlings, buds 'em and sells 'em to nurseries when they're fit to transplant."

"I know all about that." She was impatient now. "But I still don't see why, when you knew ——"

"He ruins the land," he said quickly—"takes three years to get the trees off it, and when he's done it's no good. Land won't stand it."

"And you're more interested in taking care of a few acres of dirt than in making something of yourself! You don't care enough about me ——"

Dirt! Luke remembered what Andrew MacNaughten had said that last afternoon. Some people called it dirt—and treated it like dirt! He felt as if he and Emily had suddenly become opponents, almost enemies. He watched her as she flamed at him, scarcely hearing her words. Something had happened to Emily—she was different here. Out in the glen he had thought her splendid, a sort of personification of success and accomplishment. Here, somehow, she wasn't so wonderful. On the way from the train he had seen many girls as superficially attractive. It came to him, as he listened, that Emily wasn't extraordinary here; that the achievements she talked about were, after all, rather commonplace. Even the boarding house, in this new mood of his, lost its formidable impressiveness. He caught the smell of food—flat and stale in the dead, hot air.

"Oh, I ought to have seen it long ago! I've been afraid of it, but I wouldn't believe it. You don't want to amount to anything. You'd rather stay up there in the glen than get out and do things like your uncles! You like it—you actually like it!"

His new impression of her became more definite. She couldn't see that working in a city office, living in a rented corner of a counterfeit home, didn't represent a tremendous improvement on the life she had left behind. She reminded him of Stow Barton, with his conviction that there was something magnificent about the job of assistant advertising manager in Hendrick & Company's store. He saw them both as if with eyes clear for the first time, restless, groping.

"Emily, come on back to the glen. You only think you hate it." He broke into her speech with a new, strange assurance. "You don't belong here. You're a farm girl."

She was on her feet.

"I thought so! I thought so that day on the hill! You never meant anything else—all along. You thought I was so crazy about you that I'd let you whistle me back

(Concluded on Page 113)

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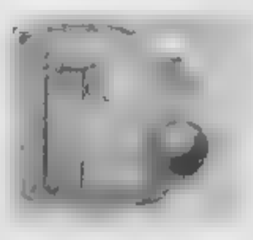

(Concluded from Page 110)

to slave in a kitchen for you! Thanks! I guess we've both wasted enough time, Luke. You want a farmer's wife. You don't want me."

"You mean you're breaking it off?" He was standing, too, now. "Emily ——"

"Oh, yes"—she spoke wearily—"let's forget it, Luke. It was always a mistake. You'd never be happy away from the farm, and I'd die if I had to stay there. We can't change."

He stood silent, watching her. Slowly a weight lifted from his shoulders—a weight he had not known was there. He was free again. He could go back and stay, strike root deep into the land to which he belonged, as the members of his body belonged to him.

"All right," he said. "Good-by, Emily."

"Good-by, Luke. You can't even pretend you mind, can you? We'd have had a sweet life of it, wouldn't we?"

He was uncomfortable. Perhaps he ought to make her think it hurt him more than it did. Good manners—she had her pride, and girls liked to believe that even the men they didn't want still wanted them. He searched for words.

"Oh, don't try! You can't do it!" She laughed. "You look a lot like your grandfather, Luke. I guess you'll probably grow into the same kind of a man."

He went out, wondering at the persistent warmth the parting words had kindled in him. An image of Andrew MacNaughten as he had seen him oftenest came before him—the lean, straight height of the man, the shrewd, placid eyes under the white brows, the infrequent, considered speech. He realized that he wanted to be like that when he was old.

VI

"AND he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water."

Waist deep in the dusty straw which tumbled toward him from the clattering carrier of the thresher, Luke found the words recurring stubbornly in his thought. They made him thirsty, so that he tried to think of something else. It was dry enough to stand on the mounting stack in a cloud of fine dust which clung to eyelashes and parched lips, without imagining rivers of water. He moved his fork mechanically, sliding the mound of loose litter to the man behind him. Rivers of water! Queer how the thing kept coming back. He wondered why he should remember the text now. He hadn't thought of it since that day when he had read it to Andrew MacNaughten. It couldn't be just thirst. He was irritated by the sense that some link in the connection eluded him.

His mind went back to that afternoon: the talk with Emily, while the plowing waited; the bell, booming up over the new furrows; the old man, trying to voice his kinship with the land he owned and served.

"Read something about a tree!"

Queer that he should have put it like that, Luke thought. Perhaps he saw the resemblance too; perhaps he knew that he made you think of an old, straight, proud tree.

The text fitted him, Luke thought. He'd lived like a tree planted by running streams: he'd brought forth his fruit in his season, too, and whatever he'd done had prospered. Yes, it was a good choice—that psalm. He remembered that Margie Toland had suggested it, and his thought moved on to her and his talk with her while she baked in the old spice-smelling kitchen.

Some interruption in the barn let the separator idle for a space; the hurrying slats of the endless belt of the straw carrier flung only thin puffs of chaff and dust up to the stack. A wind caught them as they rose and drove them out in a long stream past the end of the barn. Luke leaned on his fork handle and watched. Suddenly his memory found what had evaded him. He knew now what had made him think of those verses, of trees planted by rivers of water, that brought forth their fruit in their season, whose leaves did not wither.

"The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away."

He felt the contempt in the words. The chaff which the wind drove away—the difference between that which rooted and grew and bore fruit, and that which could be moved and scattered by a gust. Over the peak of the barn he looked up toward the hill where the Toland house stood among the bare trees. He could see a thin smoke lifting over it. He heard himself laughing softly as the thresher groaned with a new stream of grain and the jets of straw flickered out to him again. It was good to be like a tree; to be glad that your roots went deep. He felt that his tightened their hold on the land as he thought of Margie. No wind would drive her away—nor him.

SAVING SISTER

(Continued from Page 9)

She turned now, looked full at him, said deliberately, "I'm beginning to wish you'd gone there for a lark, Perce."

Down on the landing of the stairs the telephone rang. It was a new item in the Green household, this telephone. Goldie had installed it at her own expense shortly after taking on the insurance agency. She ran down there now.

The voice was that of Elsie Whitaker, who had a good job in the offices of Western Coal and Iron and lived with her people a little way beyond the North Sunbury station. Elsie was pretty in a brunet way, with a wide acquaintance among men with good automobiles, and was enterprising in the matter of evening parties. Her steadiest young man drove a blue roadster with red trimmings and a rumble seat.

Elsie said: "Listen, Goldie! Bert and I are having dinner to-night, and afterward we're going to pick up a friend of his—an older man—awfully nice—represents Vorse-Hibbard in New York. I've been out with him before. If you're not doing anything, be at the corner of Filbert Avenue and the Drive at nine sharp and we'll stop for you."

Rarely did indecision creep into Goldie's clear brain, but now she hesitated.

"Where are you and Bert eating?" she asked.

"At the Washington."

"I'll call you there."

She didn't run up the stairs. She was angry, but she was also unsettled. It wasn't a good plan to go out too often. She was learning that the languor that follows late hours and too many cigarettes, even though she never cared to drink much, blunted the usually keen edge of her peculiar gift—her personality, if that was it. Sometimes it seemed as if all the prosperous men in the country—all ages, married and single—were ready at any moment with expensive cars to entertain the nearest attractive girls. At times it was pleasantly easy to respond; at other times the mere thought of it was irritating. She sometimes said sharp things then. She hadn't the historical perspective to know that she was, for better or worse, here and now in America, living through what is perhaps the most sordid period of materialistic self-indulgence in the modern history of man. Though even Goldie at times found the blatant prosperity, the triumph of crass money over faith and beauty, depressing. There was too much money; too many jewels and furs; too many automobiles. Human character showed signs of breaking down under the weight.

P. Heigham said, when the door was closed, huskily, his face a grayish white, as if he had been working himself up into a still more excited state during her brief absence, "We don't seem to speak the same language."

"We don't—exactly."

He was standing now. There was a fanatical earnestness about the erect, slender figure and the set face with the small features gathered curiously, inadequately, in the middle of it. And his voice was weakly husky.

"I've got to ask you this"—it was as if he were speaking to a stranger—"will you give me your word not to see this man again?"

Her flippant tone, when she replied, belied the blaze in her eyes.

"I'm not giving out words to-day."

"You won't promise then?"

"Certainly not!"

"Of course, you must realize"—his throat appeared to be dry—"this has got to be settled once and for all. If you're determined to bring disgrace on this—the fact is, we can't both stay in this house."

She hummed, "You must pay, or get out in the snow."

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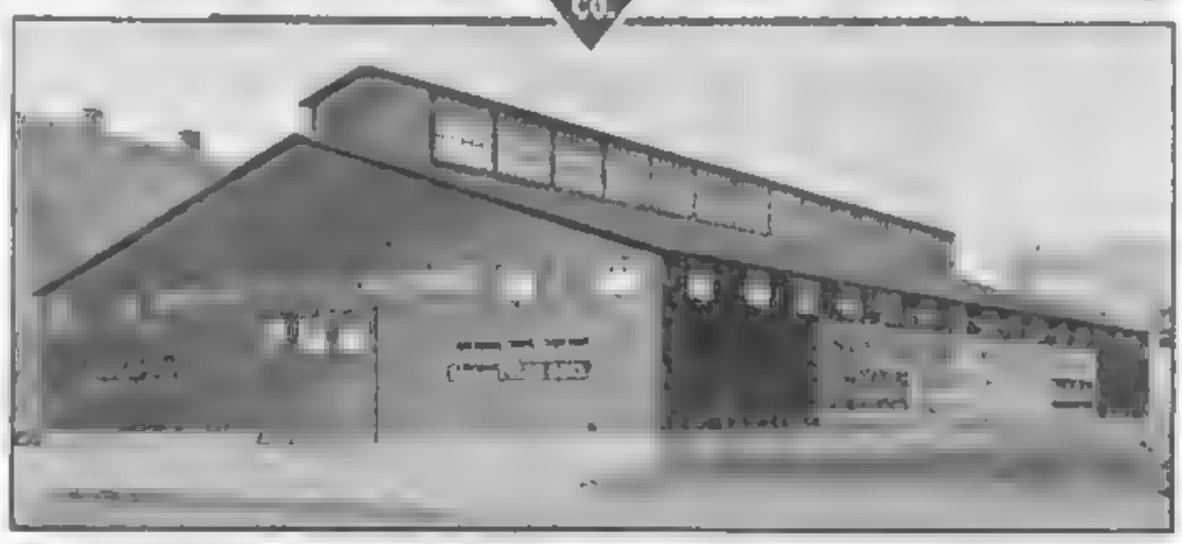

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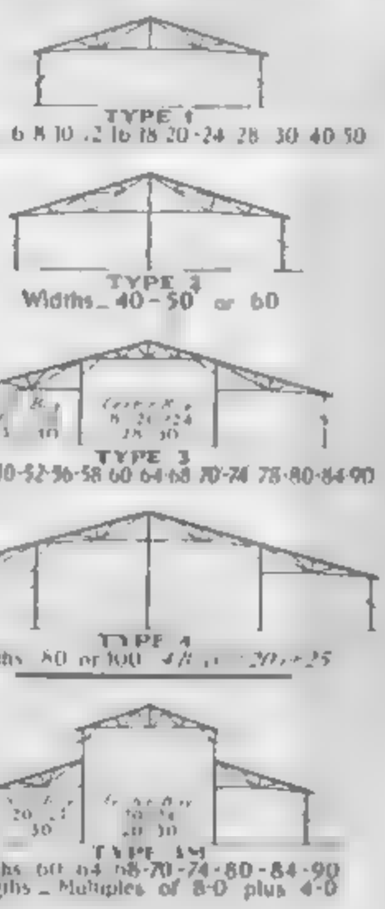
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"I'm giving you your chance, Goldie. You know papa isn't himself these days. I have to regard myself as the responsible head of the house. Give up this evil life you're drifting into—it is evil—or leave the house, or I shall have to go."

"What'll papa do without your board money?"

"We have come down to moral principle now. Don't talk money!"

"But if you drive a girl out because she's cutting up a little, aren't you making her worse?"

He was not to realize then, in his confusion, the significance of her question; a question to which no earnest moralist has ever yet been able to frame a reply. He merely compressed his lips and went to his own room. She heard his key turn before she turned her own.

She got out from the crowded closet her one really pretty evening frock; the one that distressed the entire family—excepting the twins—whenever she wore it. An evening wrap followed that she had bought from her first income in the new work and had not yet worn. Laying these bright garments on the bed, she stood a long time regarding them, and her spirits rose somewhat. It was odd how pretty things to wear stirred up one's self-respect. Perce, now—new, really good clothes might work wonders with him. Curious about Perce. She sat for a long time by the window considering Elsie Whitaker's invitation. More than ever she was undecided about accepting it—a state of mind that was somewhat alarming to Goldie. Quick decisions had always come to her so much as a matter of course.

But the anger was still there. Suddenly it blazed up into defiance. She got out last night's package of cigarettes from the pocket of her coat and lighted one. It was the first time she had ever smoked at home.

She heard Perce's key turn again, and then his step coming slowly down the hall. He tapped at her door. For one brief instant she considered hiding the cigarette, then felt shame at the thought. She opened the door, held the cigarette up in graceful, careless fingers. She saw him start. His face set again painfully.

"Is that your answer?" he asked, lifting his hand toward the cigarette.

"Perce," said she, "is there nothing in honesty?"

"How can you! How ——"

He was going to rant. She knew the signs.

"Babe," she said scornfully, "you burn me up!" And closed the door.

IV

GOLDIE moved bits of the pot roast unhappily about with her fork, taking in with quick glances the nearly silent scene. Papa's bald head was bent forward over his plate, leaning on a thin hand. He ate without a word, washing down the food with coffee from the mustache cup that had been a wedding present.

Mamma ate silently, too, speaking only when the twins quarreled as a result of colliding elbows. Anderson was ravenous of course. Goldie wished he wouldn't eat with his mouth wide open; wished, too, that he wouldn't pour down so much water. She counted six glassfuls before he went noisily out to the kitchen to refill the old blue pitcher.

"Where's Percy?" asked mamma with a slight whine in her voice. "Anderson, go up and see what's the matter with him."

"You always make me run the errands," groaned the youth, helping himself largely from the platter.

"Well, of course, I've done nothing for you all these years!"

Mamma was mournful. After a silence she turned helplessly to the twins. "One of you go up. Mind, now!" But neither twin seemed to hear.

"Has this thing got to end in me going," she cried at last to the boy—"or your father? You know he has a headache. I should think you'd ——"

"Oh, I'll go! I'll go! This is the way it always ends!" And loudly, all dangling arms and legs, Anderson stormed up the stairs.

Papa glanced wearily up, crying, "Can't a man have a little peace in his own house?"

"I've not been feeling at all well lately," observed mamma to no one in particular. Then to papa: "Henry, I wish you'd step over to the drug store after supper and get a large bottle of sodium phosphate—the effervescent kind. Bicarbonate of soda doesn't help me a bit."

Anderson's clicking vocal saxophone whined out a strain of Left All Alone Again Blues as he ran down the stairs.

"He ain't coming," was the report.

"Why not?" asked mamma weakly.

"Packing his things. Said something about going away. Acted funny. I don' know what's eating him."

For just a moment, at this, Henry C. Green straightened in his chair; let his hands fall, knife in one, fork in the other, beside his plate; stared at Goldie. She could feel his eyes. Promptly she excused herself; without her hat, stepped over to the drug store and called up Elsie Whitaker at the Washington in Chicago.

"I'll be there at nine sharp," she said briskly.

It was pleasant, a little later, to put on her pretty things.

V

IT WAS not Bert's trim little blue roadster that pulled up beside the curb at Filbert Avenue and the Drive, but a long, smoothly running seven-passenger car. The bright-eyed, rather demure little person cuddled up in the back seat was plainly Elsie, and the young man with her was Bert. The girl in one of the middle seats was a stenographer named Louise with whom Goldie had been out on parties once or twice before; and her companion was apparently that older man from New York. Names were mumbled casually.

The only vacant place was beside the driver. He opened the door and then leaned forward to turn up his lights. Goldie was on the step when he lifted his head; and for a moment, as their eyes met, she stood motionless. Under the pulled-down cap—and it was odd how far he had pulled it down—she saw a faintly, somehow humorously familiar face. Where had she seen it before—the well-cut, long features, the quaint little side whiskers? And he knew her was confused about it, turned quickly away.

The long car, its high-powered motor purring softly without the slightest skip or valve tap, was a joy. And she knew that he drove with subtle skill, at once fast and carefully, with expert judgment of momentum and distance and a delicate regard for road manners. All this Goldie delighted in. Unknown to her family, she drove rather well herself—expensive cars, taught by a series of indefatigable beaux. Who on earth could he be? Where—clearly a man of ability.

"Perhaps you'll need a rug," he was saying stiffly.

Goldie caught abruptly and suppressed an impish impulse to reply in a mocking British accent, "Oh, dear no, Mr. Montmorency! My wrap is quite sufficient." She merely said, "No, thanks."

The car spun softly along the Drive. The fresh evening air of early autumn blew briskly into Goldie's face. She even leaned out a little way to catch it full.

"Where'll we go?" asked Elsie brightly from the rear seat—"Henderson's?"

Goldie glanced up at the profile beside her. The mouth was set stubbornly. Who was he? She slyly studied the one visible whisker—and then it came—"Our Mr. Watson Hibbard!"

"Why not just drive?" murmured Louise, snuggling close to that silent older man on the middle seat. "Who wants to sit in a stuffy restaurant on a night like this?"

"I think perhaps it would be better just to drive," remarked our Mr. Hibbard in that stiffly correct manner of speech.

And Goldie, for an uncontrolled instant, chuckled softly. Mr. Hibbard glanced halfway around, then leaned forward and drove intently. Swiftly she was putting the little situation together, as one puts together a picture puzzle. Of course! The older man represented Vorse-Hibbard in New York. Mr. Hibbard was entertaining him here in Chicago—was now caught with him. Henderson's road house wasn't a mile from the great country estate of this Mr. Hibbard's father and mother, the Gordon Hibbards. There would be, as well, wealthy and respectable neighbors. It was comic. You could get booze at Henderson's—or Elsie could; they knew her. The place had been raided once or twice.

Demurely she looked up sidewise at the uncomfortable Mr. Hibbard, and said, "We might stop at Henderson's."

For a long moment he drove, staring out through the wind shield with an air of desperation.

(Continued on Page 117)

1921 Velie LINE

Thousands Compare Velie Quality at the Shows

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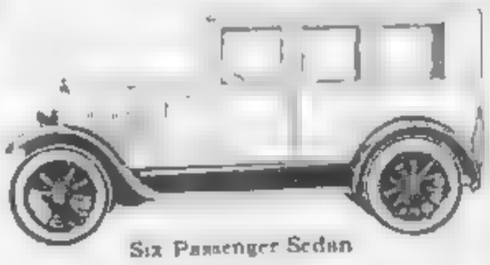
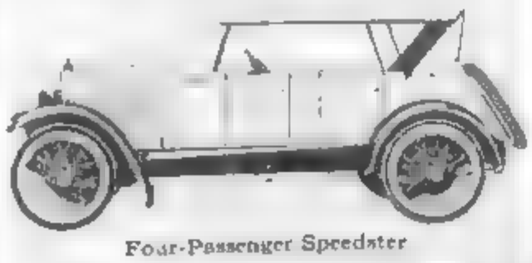
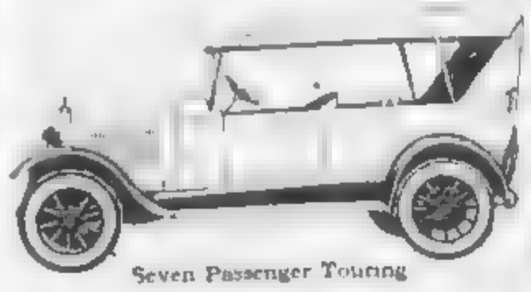


Six Passenger Sedan

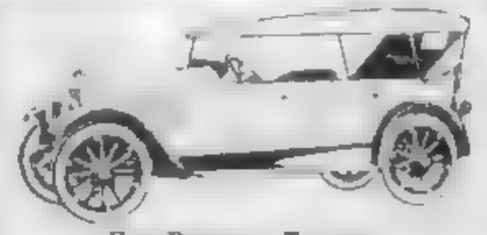


Four-Passenger Speedster



Seven Passenger Touring

MODEL 48 SERIES



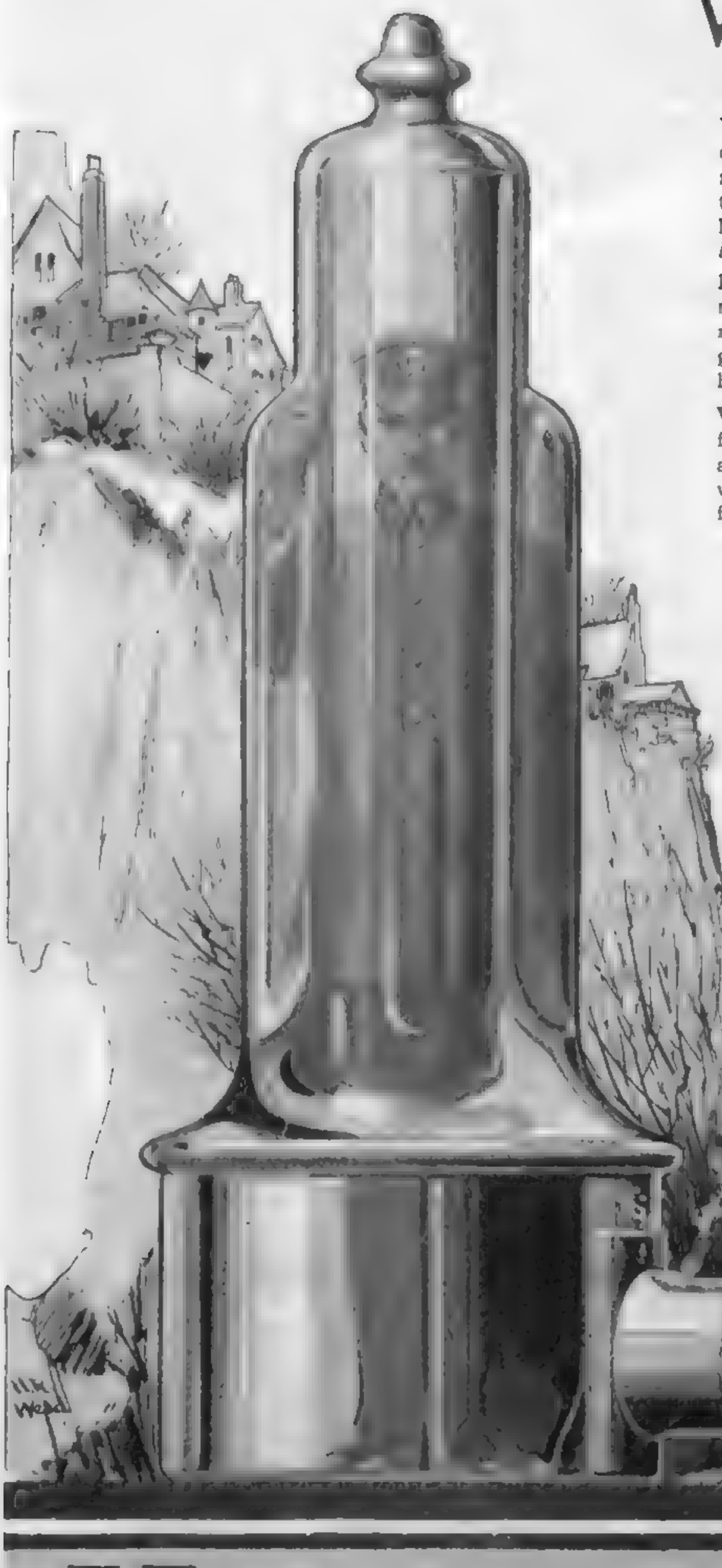
Five-Passenger Touring

Five-Passenger Sedan

Four Passenger Coupe

Two-Passenger Roadster

MODEL 34 SERIES



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Give me a job. I know I'll satisfy—my manufacturer guarantees it. Your heating contractor recommends and sells me. He'll put me and brothers on all your radiators in a few hours. Telephone him today.

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405 S. Hill Street

HOFFMAN VALVES

more heat from less coal

(Continued from Page 114)

"I—I beg your pardon?" finally came from him.

"I said we might stop at Henderson's."

"Well"—keenly, joyously she watched the evidence of mental struggle that played about the firmly set mouth—"really!"

Deliberately then he drove past the huge black-and-white sign that marked the entrance to Henderson's.

Very softly, cuddled back in her deeply upholstered corner of the seat, Goldie chuckled. Her humorously pagan god was again in his heaven. The snail was on the thorn, the hillside dew pearled. All was delightfully right.

A full minute later Mr. Hibbard said, "I beg your pardon?"

"What for?"

"I thought you spoke."

"I only speak when I'm spoken to," she murmured sweetly.

There was another long silence.

The sentimental Louise began singing a current popular ballad in a light soprano. Bert and Elsie cheerfully joined in. The older man, in an embarrassed, tentative way, essayed a muffled bass. Goldie, who had a freshly pleasant voice and the gift of easy, if crude, harmonization, sang a third part that was sometimes alto and sometimes tenor. But Mr. Hibbard drove silently, sternly on.

Suddenly a light car darted out from a blind driveway and turned closely to the left. Louise screamed. There was a crash. The light car careened off and came to a stop a few rods down the road. And Mr. Hibbard's beautiful machine crashed off to the right, the left mud guard, step and door crumpled in, the right front wheel bent nearly at right angles against a stone post.

VI

WHILE those in the rear seats were disentangling themselves and calming the hysterical Louise, Goldie stepped lightly out. Her left hand had been cut here and there by flying bits of glass from the wind shield, and she twisted her handkerchief around it. Then she glanced down the road. A man was stepping down from the other car. Apparently he wasn't hurt.

To Mr. Hibbard she said then, "You'd better get out."

"I can't—my foot's caught."

"You don't want this man to see you, and you don't want a suit."

"No."

He was staring, wide-eyed, at this competent young person.

"Have you got any money on you?" she asked next.

With a slight groan of pain he shifted his position and drew out a roll of bills.

"Give it to me," commanded Goldie; and swiftly, by the light on the cowl board, she made sure that there was a fifty-dollar note and a number of twenties and tens.

To the descending Bert she said: "Get him out and help him back among the trees. There'll be people stopping the first thing we know. And you'd better hang a rug over the license plate."

Then she walked briskly down the road.

The man from the light car, apparently a laborer, was coming toward her, crying excitedly, "I was running eight miles an hour!"

"Come back here!" said she. "I want to see your car."

"This is no job for you, miss. I'll talk to the fellow that was driving."

She caught him fairly by the arm.

"Get this straight!" she said emphatically, her lately suppressed vocabulary freeing itself for the occasion. "We didn't hit you—you hit us."

"I was running eight miles an hour!"

"We've got six witnesses to your one—and you've hurt a man. Do you want to go into court with that against you? Come back here and let me see your car." And she led him firmly.

After a brief examination she said, "Crank your motor and see if it'll run."

"I've got a self-starter."

"Well, use it!"

The engine evidently was undamaged.

"We'll settle this right now," said she then. "How much do you want?"

"How do I know? Wait till I ——"

"You can buy a new mud guard and lamp for fifty dollars, and put twenty of it in the savings bank."

"But there might be more to do, miss!"

"Wait a minute!" Standing before a headlight she found in her wrist bag a stub of a pencil and wrote on the back of one of her own business cards an acknowledgment of payment in full for any damages sustained.

"Sign it!" she commanded. "I'm giving you a hundred."

He hesitated, then meekly signed.

She handed him the money, saying, "Now see if your car'll run."

He climbed in, and after a moment of muttering drove away. She waited to make sure he had no idea of turning back, then rejoined her party. They had taken Mr. Hibbard into a grove and seated him on a log that was hidden from the road. The older man was carefully removing his left shoe with the aid of a knife, while Bert stood by with a pocket light. Louise was sobbing and laughing.

"You folks had better walk back to Henderson's and telephone to a garage," said Goldie—"and take Louise. We don't want her crying around here."

When they had gone she gave Mr. Hibbard the bills that were crumpled in her hand and then flashed the light on the card.

"You're out of it," she explained. "I reckoned you'd think it worth a hundred."

"You did it in your own name," said he.

"As good a name as any," said she.

She knelt then and examined the shoeless foot.

"It's badly swollen," she said. "Hurt much?"

"Not at all now."

"Looks like a break. The swelling would ease the pain."

"I think that's what it is."

"H'm! Hard luck!"

VII

SHE seated herself on the log beside him and switched off the pocket light. Faint rays of moonlight sifted down through the trees. A silence settled about and upon them. He broke it.

"You"—his manner was quite as stiff as before—"you handled that very well."

"It's in my line, more or less."

"Of course I'm greatly in your debt."

"Oh, no!"

"Yes, indeed!"

"Well, if that's the way you feel about it—listen! There's something I do want to say to you, but the way you've been high-toning me it's hard to get natural."

"High-toning?"

She thought she could make out the slightest conceivable smile on his grave face. Could it be possible that he could be, after all, a human being—even in spots?

"About that certain little matter ——"

"That certain little ——" He was smiling, and she was nearer confusion of mind than perhaps ever before in her cool young life.

"Yes, you and Perce—my brother ——"

"My dear girl, I assure you I shall never speak of that."

"Of what?"

"Of seeing you in that place last night."

"Oh, speak on! I'm the angriest little advertiser you ever saw. But listen! I want you to get this straight. Perce works for you, and you must think a little something of him or you wouldn't have had him along."

He waited, perhaps mystified, but now quite the attentive business executive. She reflected that no man, even a member of the Hibbard or Vorse family, could remain indefinitely as one of the directing heads of that large business house unless he had positive ability. She felt no impulse to chuckle over him now. Her brows were knit earnestly as she talked on.

"Let's admit that you do owe me something, and that I'm cashing in. I saw the chance. That's why I sent them all away—the others. It's Perce. I'm worried about him."

"Oh!" Mr. Hibbard was indeed mystified.

"Yes, and I'm afraid you're the only man that can help him."

"Of course, my dear young lady, anything that I can ——"

"It'll help some if you'll can that dear-girl-young-lady stuff."

"Can?"

"Call me Goldie—or I could even stand Miss Green. Oh"—this in her flippant manner—"just be your own sweet self! You see, I'm only nineteen."

"Really, I should have thought ——"

"Yes, I know. But let's get back to the argument. Perce is pretty nearly sunk."

"Sunk?" Mr. Hibbard lifted his head and chuckled.

"That does help! I was afraid you didn't have a laugh in your system."

Printzess

DISTINCTION IN DRESS

This Spring!

You should inspect Printzess Styles before deciding

You can then be sure of being fashionably dressed

ORIGINATED in Paris, Printzess coats and suits are then adapted to the demands of American women. They are developed in fabrics guaranteed to be all wool by actual test.

They are guaranteed to hold their shape for at least two seasons. The most careful tailoring makes this possible. The linings will last the same period or be replaced without charge.

They are produced in the most modern of work-shops by skilled workmen. They are sensibly priced—as low, in fact, as ordinary garments which are not guaranteed.

In every town and city there is a reliable merchant who repeats our assurance of satisfaction. Go to him this Spring and see those garments which typify "Distinction in Dress". Look for the Printzess label

THE PRINTZ-BIEDERMAN COMPANY

Paris CLEVELAND New York

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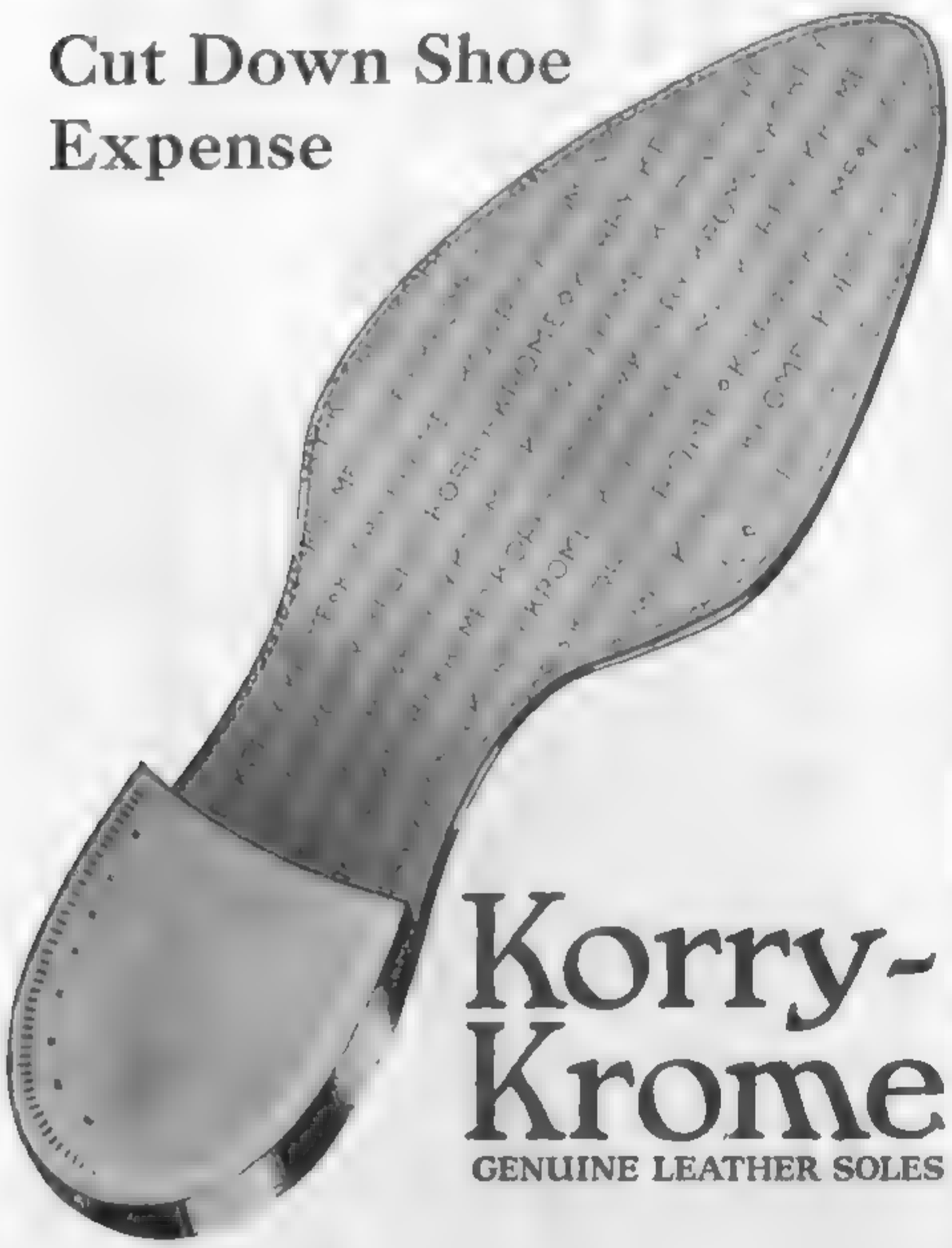
The Printz-Biederman Company

Cut Down Shoe Expense



Korry-Krome

GENUINE LEATHER SOLES

You want your shoes re-soled as long as the uppers are worth it. But the longer a pair of soles wears, the better off you are, and the less your shoes lose in shape.

Korry Soles will last as long as two pairs of ordinary soles. On the score of economy, Korry Soles will save your family a good many dollars in a year. In addition they give unusual satisfaction, for they are permanently waterproof, won't slip on wet pavements, and are pleasantly flexible. They are as good for dress shoes as they are for work shoes.

It is worth your while to inquire when buying new shoes if your dealer has any with Korry Soles. Your repair man has them or can promptly get them for you.

Korry Soles are made in two brands—the name is stamped on the bottom.

Korry-Krome

Korry-Krome is made from selected portions of the hide, and takes a somewhat higher finish. This is the most durable sole in the world.

Korry Special

As this sole is cut from the shoulder, it has a coarser grain; but Korry Special will outwear any other kind of leather except Korry Krome, and costs less.

If your repair man does not have Korry Soles for you, send us $1.00 and we will send you a pair of Korry-Krome half-soles (or two pairs children's sizes up to size 13), which any repair man can attach. Full soles, $1.75. Give size of your shoes.

J. W. & A. P. HOWARD COMPANY *Established 1867* **Corry, Penn.**

"Really you mustn't mind if I find you extremely amusing—and—interesting."

"Of course I don't! I've got to interest you. And it looks like I'd have to get it all said before the others come back. You see, Perce never had any fun in him. He's prickly with conscience ——"

Mr. Hibbard laughed aloud.

"Now listen! He's been keeping books too long. He's been broke too long. He's stale. He's cold. He needs a couple of new suits of clothes and a new dress suit and a ride in somebody's car once in a while. If something isn't done pretty quick to save him the Green family's going on the rocks."

"To save him?" Mr. Hibbard's face drew up into a reminiscent frown.

"That's what it comes to. So he can pull his weight. I'm not strong enough yet to swing the whole thing."

"I should think the support of a family might be difficult for a girl of your age."

"I know this is too personal, but it's on my mind."

"What do you feel that I can do?"

"Take Perce off the books and put him where he can at least shake it up a little. Try him out on the road—something. Heaven knows he's earnest and honest! What he needs is a little mixing in the shaker. It's too late now to get at the thing he used to think with. It's set. Gotta work in from the outside."

It was all out. Goldie, caught unawares by this uprush of emotion, rather shamefacedly gathered up the cut bits of Mr. Hibbard's left shoe.

"It's usually best to attack problems in that broad way," said he thoughtfully. Then, after another silence, he asked, "Have you tied up your hand?"

She inclined her head.

"What was it—the glass?"

She nodded.

"Of course you know I'm liable for any injuries to the persons in my car."

"That's so!"

From the way she seemed to leap at this he suspected sudden humorous intent. So far she had not delayed a second in seizing opportunities. He was smiling more kindly than she would have thought likely.

"Please switch on the light," he said.

She did so. He removed the blood-stained handkerchief and studied the cuts.

"Not serious," said she.

"Apparently not."

"But about that certain little matter—what insurance do you carry? Collision, liability, property damage, fire and theft, tornado and water leakage, other extended coverage—all of it?"

"All," said he, watching her.

"What's your car valued at—six thousand?"

"Exactly."

"Your premiums, with the rebate for your fire extinguisher and your front and rear bumpers, comes to about—let's see—a touring model, this year—locking device? H'm—about four hundred and seventy dollars."

"That's my memory of the amount."

"I insured a car like yours last week. When is your year up?"

"Next month."

"Then, next month"—she rose and coolly brushed the leaves and twigs from her pretty wrap—"I'm going to put you into the Motor Universal—same coverage for twenty per cent less. That'll be—let's see—around three-seventy-five."

"You know, of course, Miss—Goldie—that you're really asking very little of me."

"Just tackle that job of broadening Perce. Six months from now you won't call it little."

"But for yourself?"

"Oh, well, I've got a desk at the Beach Hotel in Sunbury. You can send me all the business you like. You won't find me shrinking."

VIII

AT FIVE-THIRTY on the following afternoon Goldie sat again by her window in the little rocker without arms. The five-twenty-six had stopped. She had heard the puffing exhaust and the bell, and through the opening between Henry Berger's house and the corner drug store she had seen the dense bituminous smoke rolling upward and spreading across the sky. A few of the passengers—business men from town, and a stenographer who lived in the second house down the street—were now walking by. It was time for Perce to appear.

But he didn't come. A quarter of an hour later she went to his room. His suitcase and most of his clothes were gone from his closet. She stood a moment out in the upper hall. Papa wasn't back yet. Mamma would be lying down. She hadn't seen any of them at breakfast—the two men always caught the seven-forty-four—or since. She heard Anderson running up the front steps. He came on upstairs.

"Sure!" he explained. "Perce moved last night—over to Mrs. Watson's." This was a boarding house. "The poor fish! Mamma's sick and cross. It'll be fierce when papa gets home. Wha'd he wanna go 'n' do it for?"

Goldie put on her hat and went to Mrs. Watson's.

A forlorn "Come in!" answered her knock. P. Heigham was sitting on the edge of an iron bed, staring.

"Oh!" was all he had to offer by way of greeting.

She closed the door and took a chair.

"So you really did it!" said she.

"Well, now look here, Goldie ——"

"I'm not so strong on quarreling," said she. "Let's talk sense."

"I'm all mixed up, Goldie." He smiled miserably.

"What's the matter?"

"Things have been happening so fast this afternoon ——"

"Tell me!"

"Well, it was about four o'clock—Mr. Hibbard called me in. Goldie, he's really human! You'd be surprised! They're going to change me over to the sales organization—keep me on the jump for a while, he said. I'm to travel too! They want me to get a broader understanding of the business."

"Perce," said she coolly, "we're going home."

"But—what do you think they'll say?"

"What does it matter?"

"But I'm afraid I made a scene. It'll look rather funny if I just walk in. I've been tired lately, and I was terribly disturbed about you. Can't you see, Goldie"—the ranting note was creeping into his voice—"can't you realize how I felt, finding you in that den?"

"I'm off the Salvarotti places, Perce. They cut into your work too much."

"But don't you see—I felt that if I couldn't save you—my own sister—nothing else ——"

Goldie, steering dangerously—for her—near to sentiment, laid a strong young hand on his shoulder.

"We'll be late for supper, Perce. Come on. I'll help you pack. Next job's to cheer up the folks. You've got to take your responsibility now. You said it yesterday—papa's slipping. You've got to be the head of the family."

And so they went home to supper.

Mt. Moran Across Jackson Lake, Teton National Forest, Wyoming

New England Faith and the New Prosperity

FOR three centuries, faith has been the foundation upon which America has builded. America's faith is the faith of the Pilgrim Fathers, born of vision, resolute purpose, and a love for freedom and useful life. The ancient faith of New England steadies us to this day. It has reached across the land from Plymouth Rock to the Golden Gate—and beyond.

The Pilgrims looked always forward—and worked. Their enduring belief in the "great oaks from little acorns" creed has ever been characteristic of New England. The steady, consistent growth during three hundred years of its people, its industry, its commerce, its agriculture—all testify to the fine sanity of New England life.

With the accession of more normal conditions in the nation's business—which, the Old Colony Trust Company feels, is the beginning of a new era of genuine, long-lasting prosperity—more than seven million people of New England will seek to justify further the faith of their fathers. In the thriving manufacturing and commercial centers of the six New England states, there is apparent today the usual evidence of thrift, contentment, progress; in short, of high confidence in the future.

The Old Colony Trust Company believes in New England and in the wholesome policies that have made New England symbolic of soundness. To those who live in New England it offers decided advantages in matters pertaining to banking or trust estates.

Also, the Old Colony Trust Company is ready to co-operate with firms or individuals as agent in transactions which involve foreign exchange, management of estates, and other banking and trust services.

This year is particularly appropriate for a visit to Boston and the innumerable centers of nation-wide interest throughout New England. It marks the passage of three hundred years since the arrival of the Pilgrim Fathers.

Know the pleasure of going back, as through the years, to replicas of New England's past. In the meanwhile, we should like to send you a copy of our interesting historical brochure, "*New England—Old and New*"—issued to mark the Tercentenary of the first Pilgrim landing.

OLD COLONY TRUST COMPANY
BOSTON

Huyler's Bill and Post Big Holiday Rush of Orders Without Overtime on Elliott-Fisher Machines

This giant candy concern has successfully demonstrated how Elliott-Fisher Machines lower office expenses. Twelve thousand active accounts are handled on only five machines.

HUYLER'S have a tremendous avalanche of orders at certain times of the year. These orders must be filled promptly, and all bookkeeping must be kept on time to avoid mistakes, losses, and delays in collections.

Elliott-Fisher Bookkeeping Machines met the full needs of billing and posting for Huyler's some years ago. No matter how fast the business comes in from their 12,000 active accounts, including their 70 branch stores, it is handled promptly and without extra help or overtime.

Under pen-and-ink methods the billing work alone would require more people than are now employed in the entire accounting department.

Handles all billing work

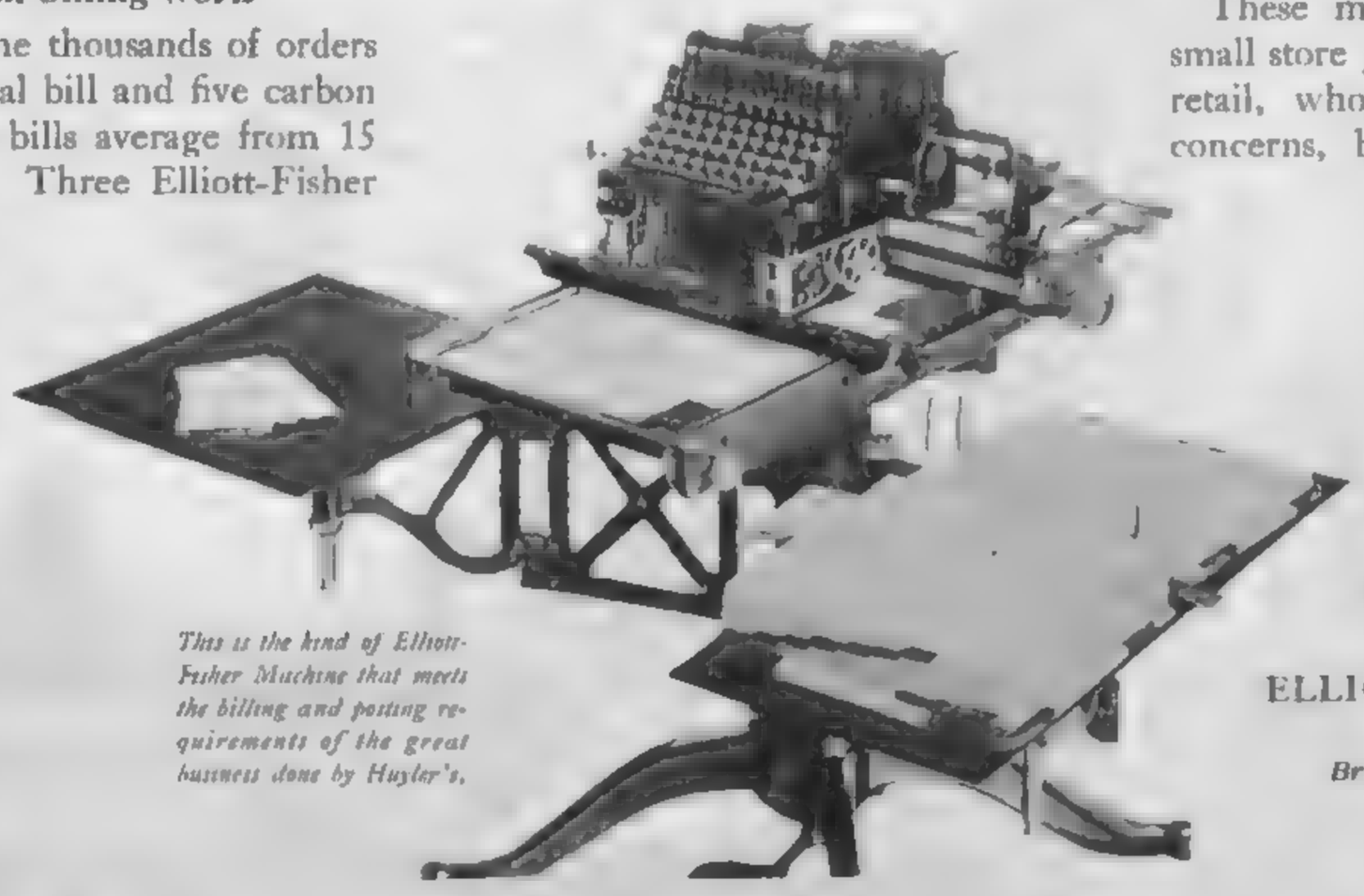
Every one of the thousands of orders requires an original bill and five carbon copies, and these bills average from 15 to 20 items each. Three Elliott-Fisher Machines take care of all Huyler's billing, making all copies at one writing, with carbon copies always clear and in register.

These same carbon copies serve as guides to the shipping, checking, and other departments, and their clearness and complete readability help speed the shipping as well as protect Huyler's and their thousands of customers.

Work proved as written

In the posting department the work is also handled on a one-operation basis. Ledger-card, proof sheet, and statement are written at one time, and every total is automatically proved as written.

The flat writing surface of Elliott-Fisher Machines permits the rapid handling of all kinds of forms, from cards to loose-leaf and bound books. Any number of carbon copies can be made, every one of which is clear and in perfect register.



This is the kind of Elliott-Fisher Machine that meets the billing and posting requirements of the great business done by Huyler's.

The posting department requires but two Elliott-Fisher Machines. There is no time lost at the end of the month getting a trial balance, because the Elliott-Fisher method keeps all accounts in daily balance. It is the only mechanical system of bookkeeping that completely proves the work as it is written.

Elliott-Fisher Machines meet present-day business conditions by minimizing office expenses and by maintaining accuracy in accounts, showing, without extra work, all the facts and figures of stocks, cash, credits, and every other detail of a firm's liabilities and assets.

For every kind of business

These machines are adapted to the small store just as much as to the giant retail, wholesale, and manufacturing concerns, banks, railroads, and other public service corporations.

Let us send you a booklet describing the use of Elliott-Fisher flat writing machines in your business.

One of our representatives will be glad to call upon you—without the least obligation.

ELLIOTT-FISHER COMPANY
Harrisburg, Pa.
Branches in 100 Principal Cities

Elliott-Fisher

Flat-Bed System of Accounting—Bookkeeping—Billing—Recording

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Concluded from Page 30)

but at the same time is likely to show an increase in land value which is not affected by the return from the annual harvest.

In the matter of blue-sky legislation, to protect the ignorant and unwary from losing money in unworthy mining schemes, the industry appears to favor the idea of having the Federal Government control the situation through national legislation. It has been further suggested that all state laws which conflict with the proposed Federal measures be repealed. The idea is to have a Federal statute which shall provide for the authentication of each corporation in its originating state through some designated Federal official. The law would specify that each mining company must file under oath the required information before the concern will be permitted under license to solicit capital in any state of the Union. It is a noteworthy fact that most of the present state blue-sky laws leave an open door, through the United States mails, to residents of other states. The mining people agree that it is squarely up to themselves to declare unequivocally for an effective proposal that will tend to remove mining fraud, which just now is the most serious handicap to legitimate mine promotion.

The mining industry of the United States is giving serious thought to the benefits which the members of the industry may derive from the standardization of practices and equipment. The aim of the movement is to secure interchangeability of machine parts and bring about a minimum number of types, grades, ranges and sizes of manufactured products. In conjunction with other industries, an effort is being made to secure an international agreement on the cross-sectional shapes of structural steel. Another thing is the simplification of safety codes. In the past there have been more than a hundred different organizations engaged in the formulation of safety codes without any systematic coöperation. In some cases certain devices have conformed to the regulations in one state, while the use of the same device has been prohibited by law in the mines of another state.

The experts on industrial standardization contend that the movement now under way will enable the buyer and the seller of commodities to speak the same language; it will promote fairness in competition by putting all bids or tenders on an easily comparable basis; it will lower unit costs by fostering mass production; it will simplify the carrying of stocks, speed up deliveries and lower prices; it will decrease litigation, the burden of which always falls upon the public, and it will eliminate indecision in production and utilization, which is a common cause of inefficiency and industrial waste.

In most every industry there are producers who are unable to meet successfully the offerings of foreign competitors, even here in our own domestic markets. So in mining there are those who claim that American producers of certain minerals should have the benefit of the American market on equal terms with their foreign rivals. For example, Chinese tungsten is mined with labor costing ten or fifteen cents a day, while similar labor in this country that is very little more efficient costs from three and a half to four dollars a day. At the same time the cost of transportation of the Chinese product by water to our seaboard is less than the cost of transportation by rail from the Rocky Mountain states to our own Eastern and Western markets.

All of this sounds quite plausible, but the average thinking American citizen will probably view this question of a protective tariff on some of our minerals in the light of the extent of the resources of each metal we possess. For instance, if we have an unlimited supply of a certain mineral, and the industry is dormant because of foreign competition, there is justification back of a demand for the equalization of wage costs. On the other hand, if the product in question is one that would be vital to the United States in a time of war or other disturbance, when the lanes of the oceans might be closed to us, and in addition the mineral is one of which we possess only a limited supply, then it is only the better part of precaution to save such an essential resource for a possible day of need. The protection of an industry producing such a mineral might add to the wealth of a few individuals to-day, but bring disaster to the whole nation on a possible critical to-morrow. It is of course necessary for us to recognize and provide for the fact that in case of unexpected trouble a vital mineral deposit here in the United States could not be developed in a day.

The plainest lesson of the war was that the nation which exercises dominion over the minerals of the earth controls the earth. In addition to producing the bulk of the world's copper, America also leads in the production of zinc, molybdenum, uranium, radium and aluminum. We are first in the production of phosphate rock, and are likewise dominant in the mining of that important mineral, sulphur, on which the chemical industry is largely based. Vanadium is a vital element, and is commercially controlled by Uncle Sam, although territorially by Peru. But Great Britain exercises absolute control over the key mineral, tin, and is supreme territorially in nickel and tungsten. We also fall short in the cases of manganese, chromium, antimony, mica, potash and asbestos.

Politically and economically, mining is the most important business in which the United States is engaged. It is an industry which concerns the welfare and deserves the attention of every citizen.

TOM

(Continued from Page 13)

"Well," said Mattie, "I've noticed that people generally call you what you call them. If you say 'Bill' to a man he's just sure to say 'Tom' to you. Suppose to-day you get in the first word always, and just say 'you.' Then they won't call you anything at all."

Tom wiped his razor and began stropping it. Then he paused for a moment, the blade poised above the lather.

"Sounds like a pretty good idea," he said slowly. But the dour native pessimism inherited from his Scotch side clutched him again.

"How are they ever going to know who stopped that strike?" he asked.

Mattie recognized the force of that argument. How were they going to know? Of all people in the world, Tom was least able to tell them. But she drew a bold face nevertheless and fell back to proverbial philosophy. "Actions speak louder than words," she said with her air of a schoolmistress.

"And everybody calling me Tom," he repeated, slowly and carefully closing his razor.

"Not if you remember what I told you!" replied Mattie. "But if everybody knew about you what I know, they'd call you Sir Thomas Harrington."

Whereat Tom laughed for the first time in two days; but nervously.

So, as recorded before, Mattie watched him off to that vital crisis in the lives of the Thomas Harringtons; and the look of worry conquered the expression of her eyes. She wore it all the morning as she went her accustomed round of marketing, of dressing, dandling and amusing Thomas Harrington Jr. A little before noon she surprised a tear dropping on the sheer white lawn of Thomas Junior's new dress. She yielded frankly to the storm which followed; and felt better.

Meantime, Tom had as usual run his car into the plant garage, had as usual punched the clock, had as usual stopped for a minute to look over the time slips, had as usual stationed himself by the big main gate, his eye on the procession of dusty, weary workmen crawling home from the graveyard shift. As they passed, half of them nodded, smiled or spoke. The automatic riveter had just started up in the repair shop. Its sharp, staccato volleying killed all lesser sounds; Tom could not make out whether or no they were using the invidious epithet. The volleying suddenly stopped; there was silence except for the distant muffled roar of furnaces and the rumble of a load of pyrites, rolling into

Sewell
Cushion Wheels
The Resiliency is Built in the Wheel.

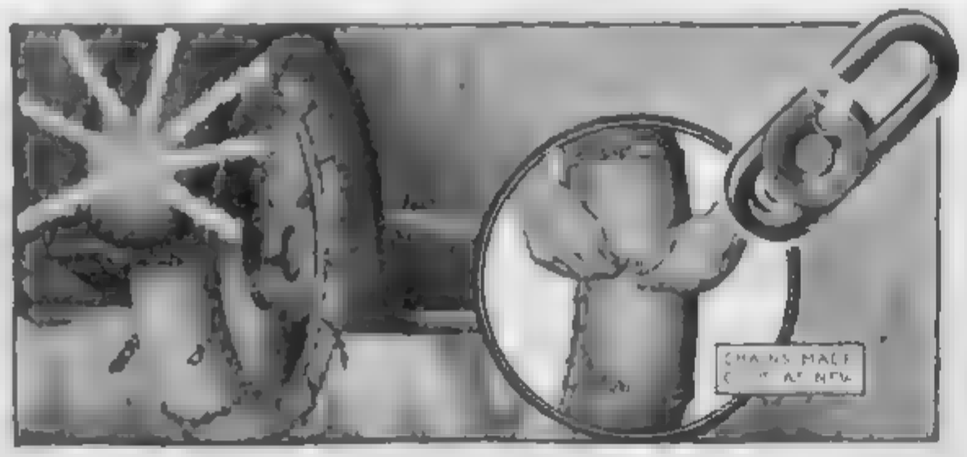
SEWELL Cushion Wheels are built for but one purpose—to reduce the costs of truck operation and protect a very substantial investment of capital.

They have been accomplishing this purpose for more than twelve years and are now recognized as the standard resilient truck wheels of the nation.

Because they actually save money, Sewell Wheels are a sound, practical success. Because they justify the capital investment, they have been ordered and re-ordered by truck users in practically every line of industry.

The Sewell Cushion Wheel Company
Detroit, U. S. A.

Branches and Dealers in all Principal Cities



Stop that Bang Instantly

THE din and damage due to broken cross-chains thumping at the fender is instantly stopped by joining broken cross-chains with Clamert Chain-Repair Couplers. You don't have to put on a new cross-chain or pay a mechanic to do the job for you.

The Clamert Chain-Repair Coupler is a double case-hardened larger link you can snap into place the moment a break occurs. Then, your chain is far stronger than it was before—stronger at the point of replacement and at either side, as the larger Clamert link protects the two smaller original links.

A set (36 couplers) will make a new pair of chains last twice as long—and save repair bills and fenders. Guaranteed not to injure the tire.

Ask your dealer or send us direct and we will send post paid

To the Trade: The Clamert Chain-Repair Coupler is a big winter money maker—write for discounts.

The Clamert Manufacturing Co.
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Factory, Latrobe, Pa.

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CLAMERT Chain Repair Couplers
Make Chains Better Than New

its bin. Just then a dark-complexioned little runt of a man, tripping with short steps on a pair of very bowed legs, stepped out of the file.

"Hello," said Tom. "Hello, Tony."

There! It had slipped out in spite of himself. Something which took automatic possession of him had prevented him from using that safe, impersonal "you."

"How's the missus this morning?" he added.

The little man was shifting his mental gears from Italian to English. His broad Latin smile underwent several queer contortions before he managed to speak; and his first word, of course, was that invidious epithet.

"Torm," he said, "she make fine. Doctor-a he say she will come outside nex' week."

"That's good," replied Tom.

But Tony had not finished. Grinning broadly he was fumbling in the pockets of his stained and dusty working coat. He produced a package, wrapped in a dirty old newspaper.

"She aska me give you thees," said Tony, his face now all white teeth. "She sew heem while she become better. Eet ees for the bambino-babby ——"

Tom unwrapped the package. A fluff of pink wool lay incongruously in the hollow of his big stubby hand. He shook it out, revealing a pair of tiny socks.

On his part he seemed to have as much trouble in expressing himself as did the Italian.

He spluttered before he said: "The missus will like that—it's great!"

Tony, Latin though he was, seemed to catch a little of his chief's embarrassment. He shifted his feet awkwardly and turned away. "Tell her," said Tom, "I'll be coming to see her again before she's out."

Now, another man, this one with the hawklike American face, had dropped out of the file. He spoke first, and "Say, Tom ——" he began.

But Tom, for the moment, did not notice him. His eye was fixed on a discovery. Just across the path, and inside of the gate, stood a kind of wooden sentry box. This was the cage of the checker, who, after nine o'clock, would be receiving the material which came by truck from town. It was empty now; but against its outer wall there lounged a man in a plain brown business suit and a derby hat, his eye also on the procession of workmen, and on Tom himself. He was a slim man, smooth shaved, unobtrusive, somewhere in the thirties. Tom's first impulse was to step forward and question him. Then his memory worked. Two or three days before, passing the open door of the general manager's office, he had seen this man in close conference with Philbin. That memory and this present apparition clicked together in Tom's mind. Here was one of the representatives of Eastern capital, due that very day. "One of Philbin's sort," his mind registered. He even looked like Philbin! And he had heard the men —— A slow flush began to creep downward from his cheek bones. It turned from pink almost to purple as Schultz, the foreman of the graveyard shift, hailed him.

Again that automatic something had taken possession of him. He had said, before he could choke it back: "Hello, Charlie."

"Hey, Tom," replied Charlie; "the stirring arm in Number Four busted again at six o'clock—down and out this time. I've shut her down, and ——"

"Can you wait your breakfast half an hour?" Here Tom gave a gulp. He had swallowed that "Charlie."

"Sure, Tom," replied Charlie Schultz.

Tom simply grasped the arm of Charlie, who looked round at him, amazed by this unwonted familiarity, and hurried blushing away.

Two hours later Tom and Charlie Schultz—who had by now forgotten all about his breakfast—were peering into the darkened mouth of Number Four mixer. Charlie was giving the last test to the replaced stirring arm; Tom was holding for his convenience a swinging incandescent globe. He had taken off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, folded about his collar and tie a muffler which he kept in his pistol pocket against just such emergencies. And he was aware that someone behind him was calling his name—and wasn't calling him Tom. The sound seemed, nevertheless, to rasp all his nerves, even before he was aware that it was Philbin who spoke. He whirled round, revealing a smudge of black-gray dust across his cheek, to face Philbin, that silent man who had stood watching by the gate, and another stranger. This new arrival was preternaturally tall, lean and a little stooped. He was hatchet-faced; he had a filmy brown eye. Like the first stranger he was perfectly, although unobtrusively, dressed. On second glance Tom noticed that he was wearing a wrist watch. Now Tom, owing to circumstances over which the local draft board held control, had not gone to war; and still there lived deep within him a violent old-fashioned prejudice against a man who wore his watch like a woman.

"May I introduce Harrington, our plant foreman—plant superintendent we call him," said Philbin. "Mr. Searles" this was the stranger who had stood by the gate—"and Mr. Allender"—this was the tall man with the glazed brown eye. "You probably know, Harrington, that a change is contemplated in the—er—ownership of the plant. These gentlemen are looking us over. I want you to show us round."

Tom, at the introduction, put out his hand, withdrew it, looked at his palm. It was horribly smudged.

"Guess I can't shake hands," he said.

The two strangers let it go at that, and Tom's prejudice took on a deeper tinge. Were they afraid of getting their hands dirty—in a plant like that? Tom began to make his formula then. They were just a pair of Philbins—that same careful dress, that same refinement stuff and, when they began to discuss mixers and stirring arms, that same difficulty in pronouncing the letter "r." Allowing for his height and the fact that he did not wear nose glasses, this Allender also looked like Philbin.

Before they passed on, Philbin, who was carrying the burden of the conversation, remarked to Mr. Allender: "You remember how Daddy Mannix used to hammer that principle into us in Mechanics 3!"

They had been college classmates, then! If anything more were needed! As they turned away he noticed that Schultz stood waiting by a corner of the mixer.

"It's O. K., Charlie. You can go now," said Tom. That automatic something within him had done it again.

"All right, Tom. See you in the morning," replied Charlie Schultz.

And at this moment, glancing hastily to his right, Tom could see Mr. Allender's fishy eye fixed upon him. Hastily he led the way out of the door.

So for an hour they threaded the gigantic confusion of the plant, Mr. Philbin keeping up his rattle of conversation. Now and then Mr. Allender, who seemed by far the more communicative of the Easterners, addressed a question to Tom. But while he was searching his soul for expression Philbin always cut in with a glib reply. Not but that Tom wanted to talk at times. For example, they were standing by the doors of the roaring furnaces and Philbin, articulating so fast that he had to catch his breath now and then, explained his new installation of an automatic feed.

"Has it paid?" asked Mr. Allender.

"You'll find the figures in the office," replied Philbin with an air of pride.

"Wish I could tell 'em," said Tom's mind. "It'll have to be scrapped in two years—won't half pay for itself by then—the little stiff!"

He found his lips moving with the impulse of disloyal expression. But he looked up just then and again found the fishy eye of Mr. Allender fixed upon him. It seemed to accuse him. It seemed to ask: "Why do you not strive for technical improvement?"

With an effort Tom veiled his face in unexpressive blankness.

Now they were peering into the vivid hell of the roasters, and Mr. Allender, who seemed to have a way of straying from the subject in hand, turned and addressed Tom directly.

"Do you have many accidents?" he inquired.

"No more than we have to, I guess," began Tom. "We ——"

But Mr. Philbin cut in as usual.

"We've seen figures on industrial compensation from Carson-Coolidge. Allowing for the difference in the working force, we average nearly forty per cent lower."

"How do you manage it?" asked Mr. Allender.

Again he had addressed Tom; and again Mr. Philbin answered:

"Proper organization. It's my theory that if a plant is rightly organized from the

(Continued on Page 125)

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BUICK

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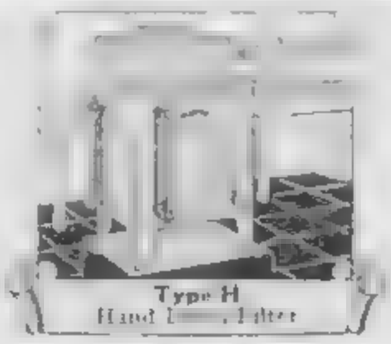
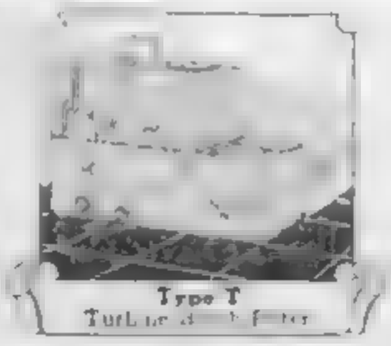


Type H
Hand [illegible] Filter



Type T
Turbine [illegible] Filter

No. 227
Portable Oil Tank

(Continued from Page 122)

ground up, there are none of those loose ends and hurry which lead so often to accidents."

Again Tom found himself checking an impulse toward speech. His organization! Who was it that spent half his time seeing that holes were filled and runways and ladders kept in repair—yes, and pounding into the men that failing to wear masks about the gases meant instant discharge? But again the fishy gaze of Mr. Allender was on him; also the quiet Mr. Searles was looking him over.

Beside them an iron ladder slashed the vivid brightness of the reflections from the doors of hell. It appeared and reappeared in the belts of light and shadow, ending above the gigantic bottle-shaped bulk of the roasters in a narrow edging of scaffold. Mr. Allender turned his gaze from Tom's face and looked upward. A workman was just crawling along the scaffold with the motion of a cat on a fence.

"I'd like a look from above, I think," he said.

With no further by-your-leave he swung on the ladder, mounted, spite of his unusual bulk, with a trained lightness and agility. Mr. Searles swung on behind him, and afterward Tom. The ladder shivered again; Philbin was mounting, following. But when they crouched, balanced on the narrow strip of iron scaffold, their eyes smarting with the hell below, their throats choking with occasional whiffs of diluted gas, Mr. Philbin began a discussion of the chemistry of the proposition. Tom followed the fire of reactions and formulas as long as it kept to his practical chemistry of the plant. When it soared beyond his ken and he began to feel more an outsider than ever he fell back on his own morose thoughts. A new worry was creeping to the foreground of his mind. For the past three days things had been going ominously steadily well about the plant. Not an accident—not even a burn. Not a breakdown—until that trouble with the stirring arm. It was his most deeply rooted superstition that troubles with machinery never come singly. What next? He found himself listening to the muffled roar and hissing below, his instinct for trouble trying to mark any suspicious irregularity. Just then the bad dream came true.

Out from the artificial mists and banded light of the floor emerged the figure of a man in a flopping slouch hat, waving a signal upward; his voice cut through the muffled roar:

"Hey, Tom! Leak in Number Three chamber, Tom."

Before he could catch Philbin's opening remark Tom had muttered "Excuse me" and swung to the ladder.

"She's sure goin' strong," said the man in the battered hat as Tom dropped to the floor.

"Casey on the way?" asked Tom.

"Sure thing."

"Then you beat it back and be sure he hurries. I'll go for a look."

For the first time in an hour he had forgotten his visitors. But he was aware of footsteps behind him. Mr. Allender had dropped to the floor, with Mr. Searles just behind; Mr. Philbin was halfway down.

"I think I'll go for a look too," said Mr. Allender, dusting his hands on a monogrammed handkerchief.

"Sure—come along," replied Tom.

As they crossed the main road of the plant Mr. Allender asked: "What is your procedure—your routine in case of breakdowns or accidents to machinery?"

Of course it was Philbin who answered: "Mr. Seymour, second assistant superintendent, is notified at once. In case of a grave emergency the notice is passed up to me. It is a very strict rule."

Had Tom been given an opportunity he might have said the same thing—but much more. He could have added that Seymour, owing to the multiplicity of orders from the office, was seldom to be found when wanted; that when trouble came the workmen ran to him, Tom Harrington, or to Casey, his repair man; that in nine cases out of ten the office never knew of the breakdown until he himself reported it as repaired.

But when they threaded the iron runway beside Number Three, Casey was already busy with sheet lead and putty. The crisis was over. They had descended and Mr. Philbin stood on the floor dissertating on an idea of his own for saving material, when a new sound pierced the distant symphony of roaring furnaces, hissing condensers, burring machine tools, tapping hammers. It was a long and heavy metallic clang accompanying a dull boom. A *cholo* workman, rolling a wheelbarrow-load of refuse through the door, dropped his handles, pushed back his sombrero, looked and smiled backward.

"T'e boiler he ees drop," he said.

Yes, the day was living up to expectations!

Then into the door raced a dusty man, calling "Tom—Tom!"

"Yes—I'm coming," responded Tom, and without excusing himself sprinted out of the door.

Down by the tracks the dead-black bulk of the new boiler lay half on and half off a flat car; over it reared the arm of the five-ton crane, bent at a right angle. Like flies about a black sugar loaf clustered half a dozen workmen, making futile motions. As he ran Tom saw one bright spot in the universal gloom—for a few minutes he would probably be free of those Easterners.

As he came in among the men he was calling: "Keep away. I want to see if she's going to roll!"

Alone he crawled under the uptilted end of the great cylinder and satisfied himself that it rested firm. Emerging, he addressed Swanson, the big Swedish foreman of the gang.

"Come here, Ole!" he called, and nodded to the other side of the flat car, beyond earshot of the gang.

"How did this happen?" he asked. "Didn't you know that crane was good for only five tons? I did."

Swanson was as tall and blond and placid and altogether Scandinavian as his name indicated. His pink cheeks grew only a little pinker as he replied "So did I."

"Went ahead on your own, did you?" asked Tom. "Or what?"

"Orders from the office," replied Swanson defiantly. "Mr. Seymour said unload this boiler this morning. I said the crane wouldn't do it. He said he guessed he knew it would. You wasn't round, Tom ——"

Tom's eyes shot one glint; then veiled his feelings.

"The best of us make mistakes," he said. "Hold your men—no, start 'em rustling lumber for a cradle. I'll be on the telephone if any other damn thing happens."

As he ran to the nearest instrument of the plant telephone, he glanced back. Mr. Philbin and his guests had reached the boiler; they were looking it over, Philbin was gesticulating. The nitrate bins answered now; confirmed his memory that they were nearly cleaned up—could not wait much longer than noon for the delayed carload down the track. As he called for a transfer to the yard boss he looked round again. Mr. Philbin was still talking, but to Mr. Searles alone. Mr. Allender was interviewing Swanson.

"Heaps of good that'll do me," he thought. "That big Swede will never peach on the office!"

The yard boss answered; Tom ordered the car of nitrates to the main track ahead of everything. He transferred now to the repair shop to order up the tractor. Glancing round again he saw that Mr. Philbin and his Easterners were looking in his direction, as though waiting for him. As he neared them little Harlan, the clean-up man, approached him. Harlan was the character of the Mandrill plant. He was an invaluable smeller-out of small flaws, such as uncovered holes, cracked rungs, broken floor boards and leaks. These great qualities had their corresponding defects. Harlan was a kicker. He could not speak on any topic without airing his grievances against his fellow man, his foreman, the plant management, the Government and this sad world.

"You'll have to wait a minute, Jimmy," said Tom, anticipating him. By now he had utterly abandoned Mattie's formula for gaining respect. "Can't be bothered just now. Busy with those men over there."

"Well, I kin wait," said Harlan with his most sinister expression.

"We and Mr. Philbin—have an appointment in the office at a quarter to eleven," said Mr. Allender as he approached. "Thank you for showing us round." This time he shook hands, but without any special cordiality, Tom felt.

Mr. Searles, addressing him directly for the first time that morning, added:

"All very interesting."

Their backs turned. Instantly Harlan leaped from the mark.

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"Tom, look here, Tom! How'm I goin' to work without a shovel, Tom? Tom, your rotten old ——"

To that volleying of the invidious epithet the new management of the Mandrill works passed out of the yard and, Tom Harrington felt, out of his life. Well, it was all over but the formal pink slip. There was a kind of relief in that.

Mattie had for the last half hour been running intermittently to the windows. As the familiar little car rounded the corner she flew to the front door and opened it. Something, she did not know what, inhibited her from running down the path while he brought the machine delicately up to the curb, stopped and took out the switch key. But she noted as he approached her that his shoulders were bowed. That same something inhibited her from asking any questions as he kissed her as she bustled round helping him to clean up. He paid his regular evening visit to Thomas Junior, now tucked into his crib with his Teddy bear in his arms, awaiting his father and sleep.

Tom's manner was even more deliberate and subdued than usual; beyond that sinister sign she read nothing. But she asked no questions until they were seated at dinner. If he noticed that she wore the pink dress in which he liked her best; that on the center table stood a bowl of petunias, the flower for which he had once expressed a preference; that she was serving him his favorite chicken fricassee with hot biscuits—if he observed all these things he made no comment. And finally, having like a wise woman fed the male before irritating him, she caught his eye across the table, and ——

"Well?" she asked.

"Rotten."

She was silent for a moment, controlling herself.

"Did—they let you go?" she asked at length

"Might as well. Two of 'em ran over the plant with me. Everything went wrong. Bad day. And everybody"—here his voice took on a bitter tone—"everybody calling me Tom."

"Did they say anything about letting you go?"

"No. They didn't say anything about keeping me either."

"What kind of men were they?"

"Philbin's kind. Wore wrist watches."

"A pair of sissies!"

Tom sat knitting his brows as though formulating something. "No," he said at length; "they were and they weren't. No, I guess they're regular men inside."

"Well, if that's so, they'll keep you."

"Fine chance I stand!"

"They'll know whose fault it was ——"

"I guess I won't want to talk about it any more to-night," he said. He rose, walked into the living room, picked up the evening newspaper.

Wise woman that she was, Mattie found business with the maid in the kitchen, with Thomas Harrington Jr. upstairs. She heard his footstep downstairs; heard the front door slam. Probably he was only going to put the car into the garage as he always did after dinner. But ——

She waited through motionless intervals until the step returned and the door slammed again. She invented business for five minutes and descended. He was standing absently in the center of the living room, looking at a picture of a girl in a canoe, which they had received as a wedding present, as though he was seeing it for the first time. He turned on her, came out of his reverie.

"I guess I'm going to turn in now, Mattie," he said.

She understood that too. He had the gift of sleep as she had not. It was as though worry or grief or any other invidious emotion generated a toxin which in him drugged his great body, while in her it merely poisoned and irritated the nerves. She kissed him good night with little pats on the cheek, whispers of "It's all right."

When he was gone she tried to read; gave that up. She picked up her embroidery frame and went to work on a red peony. But her needle plied slower and slower, until at intervals she dropped her hands into her lap and sat staring for long minutes together. Then she would shake herself, fall rapidly to work and run down again.

Out of the silence came the rippling peal of the doorbell. She glanced at the mantel clock. It was just nine—not too late for visitors; and a visitor was the last thing wanted by the Harrington family that night. The maid was out; if she did not answer the door no one would. She crept to the side pane of the bay window, glanced to the piazza. A young man in district-telegraph uniform stood looking up at the number.

She flew to the door, opened it, and signed nervously. The letter bore on an upper corner the smart, engraved head of the Hotel Sinclair, it was addressed to "Thomas J. Harrington, Esq." She and her husband had an old understanding that she was to open any message which came for him when he was asleep or away. Under the hall light she tore the envelope. It was a long letter written in a close, firm hand. Ignoring the superscription, she read:

"We were not fully introduced at our pleasant meeting this morning, and perhaps Mr. Philbin did not state to you our business in its entirety. Pardon me for beginning by saying that I am managing director of the combination which is taking over the Mandrill works and that Mr. Searles is district manager.

"To proceed at once to business: Would you consider an offer of general manager for this branch? We decided at a conference this afternoon to transfer Mr. Philbin to our head laboratory in Massachusetts, where his scientific knowledge and gift of invention will be more widely useful. He is probably a little misplaced in his present position. Perhaps the trouble has been that he is a little too big for a strictly limited job. In our scheme of organization for the whole combination, the gift of handling men will be more useful to a manager than highly specialized education. Such expert technical advice as you need can easily be furnished by men on your office staff; and besides, most experiments with a view to economics and improvements will be conducted in our general laboratories.

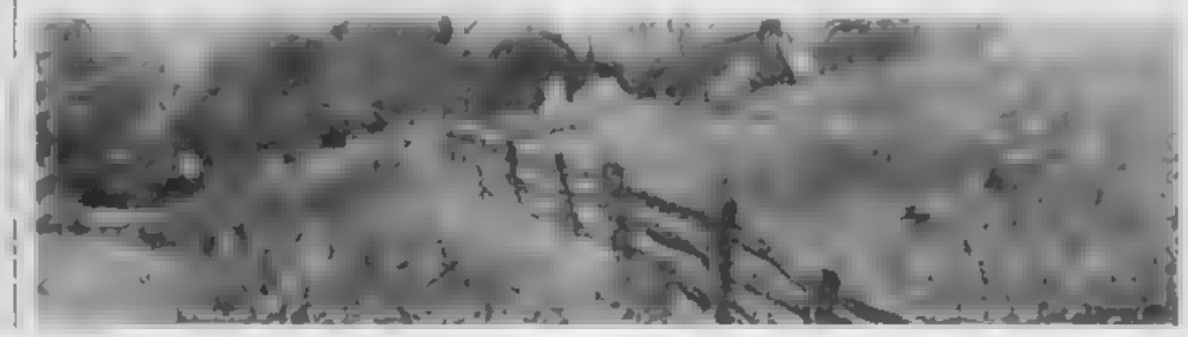
"I may say frankly that we make you this offer because of your brilliant record with the labor in the Mandrill plant, on which we had informed ourselves even before we came West. Frankly again, what clinched the matter in our minds was our observation yesterday of your intimate yet effective relations with your men and the manner in which they turned instinctively to you in emergency. Of course, after you tackle the job you may find or we may find that you are unequal to it. But if we get on, I shall make the appointment permanent.

"I am writing this to-night because I think it just as well that you should be aware of the situation when you report to-morrow morning. If all this is agreeable to you, we can then discuss the details—including, of course, the matter of salary

"Yours very sincerely,
"T. J. ALLENDER."

The envelope fluttered from Mattie's hands, but she held the three sheets of the letter as she skipped like a squirrel upstairs. Tom's door was ajar. She switched on the electric light, but his eyes gave only a little flutter. The first tinkle of the telephone beside his bed always woke him; otherwise he could sleep through a battle or a fire. She stood for a moment looking down on him; and all her old expression of tender amusement was in her eyes. Then she stooped and kissed his lids.

"Wake up! I have news for you—Mr. Harrington!" she said.



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Mo-lyb-den-um Steel

The American Super Steel

SALESMANSHIP IN TRANSPORTATION

(Continued from Page 26)

the possible establishment of a second-class if not a third-class system of passenger rates and service in this country. At once there comes a wave of protest. My ancient traffic friend joins in it.

"It isn't American—the second-class idea," says he. "You couldn't put it over in this country. The very name is against it."

Well, I am not quite so sure. Remember, if you will that there are increasing signs, even in this mad hour, that some Americans at best are making toward things that spell thrift and economy. Both may come either from necessity or else from just good sense.

We may grant, if you wish, that the name "second class" is bad. The principle certainly is not. Americans go overseas, and if they are only reasonably wise folks they ride second class or third class, and enjoy the experience amazingly. I have ridden in a third-class carriage out of London on the Midland Railway, and found it vastly superior in both comfort and cleanliness to the day coaches in many of our own branch-line or short-distance main-line locals. And it ought to be not only possible but feasible and good salesmanship to provide in this country some sort of slower day-coach service which would sell at a perceptibly lower rate than that of the heavy all-steel day coaches of fast through trains and the tickets required for the standard Pullman service.

The lower-rate tickets, no matter under what name they went, might also be made available for the tourist sleepers, and in the coming days of greater sanity a larger number of these provided across the land.

Round-Trip Rates

With such a general second-class rate granted, the general public would probably not complain very strenuously against the new standard first class per-mile rates. It might not be possible to adopt so radical and farseeing an excursion-rate plan as that of the Italian railways before the war, but much lower round-trip rates ought to come in. The present standard all-the-year round-trip ticket from the East to the Pacific Coast and back—good for nine months of usage and almost unlimited stop-overs—sells at approximately ninety per cent of the single-trip fares, the one out and the other back. Yet ninety per cent is hardly enough of a bargain to spell real attractiveness in ordinary years and circumstances. Even the railroads themselves have recognized this by lowering the round-trip fares on a three months' ticket to about eighty per cent in the summer months, which in the past has resulted in some passing strange anomalies.

Before the war and its abolishment of all but a few favored excursion rates one might go in summer from Chicago to New York or Boston and return for approximately twenty-seven dollars and fifty cents—an extremely low figure. Yet one could not go from New York or Boston to Chicago and return for anything like that figure. That round trip cost approximately forty-five dollars. Why? The answer is simple but ingenious. The railroads leading west from Chicago made a trip to Colorado and return for thirty dollars. In order to compete with this the eastbound lines out of the city by Lake Michigan made the Atlantic Coast trip—roughly speaking, the same mileage—at a fraction less fare. The New Yorker and the Bostonian were simply out of luck in having no such competitive pressure brought in their noncompetitive localities, which may or may not be interpreted as an argument for railroad competition.

A Lesson From Canada

Not long ago a young Englishman walked into the consolidated ticket office in San Francisco and had a bad quarter of an hour of it. From a steamship agent in Hong-Kong he had purchased a one-way-ticket order across the United States—our railroads are not yet enough internationally organized to sell through tickets overseas—and he had been permitted to assume that he would be allowed to stop over in Santa Barbara, the Grand Cañon, Chicago and one or two other points en route to New York, where he was to embark for Liverpool. When he reached San Francisco he encountered the hard-and-fast American rule that one-way tickets are not good for stop-overs—a rather fair privilege which was abolished with the coming of the war, and which our transportation salesmanship has not yet restored to us. The young Englishman nearly exploded.

"If I had used my ordinary good sense," said he, "and come across your continent by the Canadian Pacific, I could have stopped indefinitely en route—at Banff or Winnipeg or Montreal—anywhere else I chose. That is the route I shall choose next time—my friends as well."

The ticket agent kept quiet. If he had not been bound by rules of his office and of courtesy he might have added that transportation salesmanship stands at a higher point in Canada than in the United States. The Canadian roads miss few tricks. I stood in one of the great stations in Montreal last summer and watched section after section of harvesters' excursions pull out of its train shed bound for Winnipeg and the wheat fields beyond. They were composed of day coaches of a better type, and they were comfortably filled with young men bound on a thirty days' holiday. The rate for each of them out to Winnipeg—about fifteen hundred miles—was but fifteen dollars, with an extra rate of half a cent a mile from there on to the point where they were to help Canada harvest her bumper crop. The flat rate back was fixed at twenty dollars. A low rate, yes; but the Canadian railroad structure was doing its fair part as a public servant in a national emergency.

"It all tends toward the better nationalization of Canada," said the young railroad officer who stood there beside me in the Montreal station. I asked him if there was

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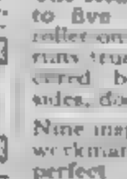

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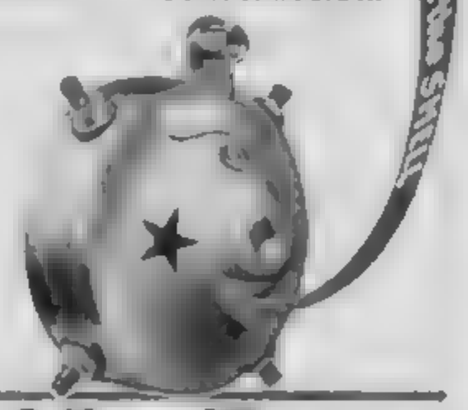

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not a tendency for regular travelers to use these low-rate trains. He shook his head.

"No," said he, "our tickets are properly safeguarded against such abuse. And even if they were not, neither the equipment nor the running schedules of these trains are such as to bring them into anything like the class of our high-grade transcontinental limiteds."

I understood. Here was the kernel of the theory of salesmanship in transportation.

One can have no quarrel with the railroad which charges extra to ride upon its high-speed trains. In a land where time is money to the nth degree a business man can and should pay for the great accommodation rendered to him by a really fast train. Few of them are unwilling to do so. The fact that for nearly two decades past the most popular trains between New York and Chicago have been the twenty-hour flyers of the New York Central and the Pennsylvania, where a flat charge of one dollar and twenty cents for each hour saved over the fixed slow-train schedules has been imposed, would seem to prove this. The same has been true of the high-speed trains between New York and Boston and New York and Atlantic City and Washington. These until recently have been the crowded trains. They charged and charged plenty for expedited service, but there was no complaint. Nor was there any even in the days before the coming of our abounding prosperity. It was only when the supercharges reached the recent traffic levels that the worm began to turn. And even to-day there remains a sufficient proportion of worms, to whom money seems to be no object whatsoever, to fill them to half or better than half their capacity.

If the powers that be had always been gifted with real transportation salesmanship ability they might easily have worked further along this plan of making the traveler pay for time actually saved, in making their passenger surcharges, instead of placing them upon the shoulders of the user of a Pullman sleeper on a reasonably slow train, who avails himself of that facility not in a search for luxury but as a matter of mere necessity in a land of such overwhelmingly great distances as ours. That not only would have been more scientific but it would have been vastly more equitable.

That is really all that any fair-minded man may demand in this situation—a square deal for every type of railroad patron. The railroad to-day is getting the square deal; a generous one, according to a good many folk. It ought to be broad-minded enough, scientific enough, progressive enough to work out a plan for the differentiation of its service upon modern lines. For the arrogant traveler who not only demands the best, but demands also that he be permitted to talk about it afterward, supercharges and supersupercharges, too, if you wish. But for the patron of modest means—and there are some of that sort still left in this broad country, to whom travel is as much a genuine necessity as any sort of luxury—a scale of charges and service suited to his or her modest necessities. Is that not fair?

I think that it is. I think that it is more than fair—that it is good business to boot. Some of the railroaders are beginning to look at it in the same way.

"The real test of private operation here at the end of the ninth inning," said one of the biggest of them to me just the other day, "is coming when the tonnage begins to drop, the passenger travel to fall off. The test of any business is in adversity, not in its prosperity. And in that final test we who still think that private organization, private initiative and private ability can and should run our railroads are to stand or fall."

All this is respectfully commended to the attention of the big traffic men of the roads all the way across the land. The time to plan for adversity is in prosperity. It will hardly do to go out for the business after the traffic has begun to take the big slump. The hour for the railroad to get the business is to-day—while the getting is still good.

Which brings us squarely to the point at which we began. One might expatiate at great length on the infinite possibilities of salesmanship in transportation—upon utilizing to fullest extent the return movements of California limiteds against the popular tides of traffic by fascinating rates—at present the empty Pullmans move by the dozen in reverse movement—of dovetailing in motor busses or *chars-à-bancs*, steamships, steam launches, perhaps before this new decade is finished airships as well. The paths for transportation salesmanship are almost limitless, if only the spirit and the enterprise and the vision be there.

With these three things in hand the others will quickly come; and our national railroad structure will find not only better patronage, but that it has become, in addition to being a better patronized servant, a vastly more popular one—which of itself is a consideration not to be overlooked.

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On the other side is the live stock raiser. He must have his daily market. He must be able to dispose of his live stock at any time. For it is seasonable. And we must provide him with this market by keeping our plants in operation.

So we must go on.

In November, for instance, at a time when other industries were holding off on raw materials, reducing output, submitting to stagnation all along the line, to safeguard themselves, we handled more hogs in a certain half week than we had handled in any similar period for ten months.

At Chicago, alone, the hogs received were as follows:

Monday, Nov. 22 .	50,658
Tuesday	61,738
Wednesday . . .	22,928
making a total of	135,324

for the three days.

We helped to absorb this rush, as a matter of course. We bought what we could use at prices determined by the number of animals arriving and the public demand at the time for meat and by-products. We sold the fresh meat and by-products from these animals at prices determined under competition by those who use them. What we will get for the cured meats by the time they are ready for the market depends upon conditions which we can neither foresee nor control.

We may make money on these "runs"; we may lose money on them. Naturally, the balance must be in our favor in the year's averages, or we could not continue.

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